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A Household Book of Poetry.

Goldwin Smith.



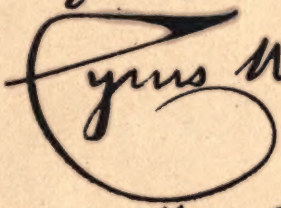


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Prof. Goldwin Smith L.L.D.

from his friend,



New York January 1st 1869.

Prof. Hobart Amiatt L.L.D.

from his friend,

Yale W. Beale.

New York January 1st 1869.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY.



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THE

HOUSEHOLD BOOK

OF

POETRY.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

CHARLES A. DANA.

ELEVENTH EDITION—REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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PREFACE.

The purpose of this book is to comprise within the bounds of a single volume whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language. In executing this design, it has been the constant endeavor of the Editor to exercise a catholic as well as a severe taste; and to judge every piece by its poetical merit solely, without regard to the name, nationality, or epoch of its author. Especial care has also been taken to give every poem entire and unmutilated, as well as in the most authentic form which could be procured; though the earliest edition of an author has sometimes been preferred to a later one, in which the alterations have not always seemed to be improvements.

The arrangement of the book will be seen to be somewhat novel; but it is hoped that it may be found convenient to the reader, and not altogether devoid of æsthetic congruity. The Editor also flatters himself that in classifying so many immortal productions of genius according to their own ideas and motives, rather than according to their chronology, the nativity and sex of their authors, or any other merely external order, he has exhibited the incomparable richness of our language in this department of literature, quite as successfully as if he had followed a method more usual in such collections.

That every reader should find in these pages every one of his favorite

poems is, perhaps, too much to expect; but it is believed that of those on which the unanimous verdict of the intelligent has set the seal of indisputable greatness, none, whether of English, Scotch, Irish, or American origin, will be found wanting. At the same time, careful and prolonged research, especially among the writers of the seventeenth century, and in the current receptacles of fugitive poetry, has developed a considerable store of treasures hitherto less known to the general public than to scholars and to limited circles. Of these a due use has been made, in the confident belief that they will not be deemed unworthy of a place with their more illustrious companions, in a book which aspires to become the familiar friend and companion of every household.

New York, August, 1856.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

It is hoped that the revised edition of this collection of poems, which is herewith issued, may not be thought in any respect less worthy than its predecessors of the remarkable favor which the public has accorded to the work. In its preparation, the poetry produced during these eight years, both in this country and England, has been perused, and the observations of the numerous critics who commented upon the first edition have been diligently consulted. Some pieces may now be missed which were formerly to be found in our pages; but as their places are filled by others which are believed to possess greater merit, while the volume is considerably enlarged, it is presumed that these changes will not be disapproved, especially as the system of arrangement and the general character of the collection remain unaltered.

New York, August, 1866.

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Born at Dusseldorf, Germany, Jan. 1, 1800; died in 1856.
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The Lorelei. (*C. P. Cranch's translation.*)... 553
The Water Fay. (*Leland's translation.*)..... 553
The Fisher's Cottage. (*Leland's translation.*) 598

HEMANS, FELICIA.
Born in Liverpool, England, Sept. 25, 1794; died May 16, 1835.
Willow Song 67
The Wandering Wind 79
The Adopted Child 153
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers 376
Casabianca 387
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HERBERT, GEORGE.
Born in Wales, April 3, 1593; died in Feb., 1632.
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HERRICK, ROBERT.
Born in London in 1591; date of death unknown.
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To Primroses 35
To Blossoms 35
To Daffodils 35
To Meadows 91
Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler 247
Night Piece 249
Gather ye Rose-buds 324
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Upon Julia's Recovery 632
To Perilla 689
The White Island 699
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Litany to the Holy Spirit 780

HEYWOOD, THOMAS.
Lived in England, under Queen Elizabeth and Charles I.
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HILL, THOMAS.
Born in New Brunswick, N. J., Jan. 7, 1818.
The Bobolink 22

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO.
Born in New York in 1806.
Sparkling and Bright 184
Monterey 881

HOGG, JAMES. Page
Born in Ettrick, Scotland, Jan. 25, 1772; died Nov. 21, 1835.
The Lark ... 19
The Moon was a Waning ... 486
Kilmeny ... 537

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.
Born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809.
The Steamboat ... 600
The Last Leaf ... 689

HOLTY, LUDWIG. (GERMAN.)
Born near Hanover, Germany, Dec. 21, 1748; died Dec. 1, 1776.
Winter Song. (*C. T. Brooks's translation.*) ... 112

HOOD, THOMAS.
Born in London in 1798; died May 3, 1845.
Flowers ... 43
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HOWE, JULIA WARD.
Born in New York about 1820.
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HOWITT, MARY.
Born in Uttoxeter, England, about 1800.
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Summer Woods ... 66
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HOWITT, WILLIAM.
Born in Derbyshire, England, in 1795.
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HUGO, VICTOR. (FRENCH.)
Born in Besançon, France, Feb. 26, 1802.
The Djinns. (*O'Sullivan's translation.*) ... 589

HUNT, LEIGH.
Born in Middlesex, Eng., Oct. 19, 1784; died Aug. 28, 1859.
Chorus of Flowers ... 44
Grasshopper and Cricket ... 70
To J. H.—Four Years Old ... 126
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HUNTER, ANNE.
Born in Scotland in 1742; died in 1821.
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HYSLOP, JAMES.
Born in Scotland, July, 1798; died Dec. 4, 1827.
Cameronian's Dream ... 362

INGRAM, JOHN KELLS.
Born in Ireland about 1820; is a Fellow of Trin. Coll., Dublin.
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JOHNSON, SAMUEL.
Born in Lichfield, Eng., Sept. 18, 1709; died in London, Dec. 13, 1784.
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JONES, ERNEST. Page
A leading Chartist; lives in England.
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JONES, SIR WILLIAM.
Born in London, Sept. 28, 1746; died April 27, 1794.
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JONSON, BEN.
Born in London, June 11, 1574; died Aug. 16, 1637.
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Triumph of Charis ... 244
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KEATS, JOHN.
Born in London in 1796; died Feb. 24, 1821.
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Ode to a Nightingale ... 52
Hymn to Pan ... 64
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Fairy Song ... 585
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Lines on the Mermaid Tavern ... 639
On first looking into Chapman's Homer ... 654
Ode—Bards of Passion ... 656
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KEBLE, JOHN.
Born in Gloucestershire, Eng., April 25, 1792; died March 29, 1866.
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KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE.
Born in London about 1811.
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KENYON, JOHN.
Died in London in 1857.
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KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT.
Born about 1790; died in Baltimore, Jan. 11, 1843.
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KING, HENRY.
Bishop of Chichester, England; born in 1591; died in 1669.
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KINGSLEY, CHARLES.
Born in Devonshire, England, June 12, 1819.
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LAMB, CHARLES.
Born in London, Feb. 18, 1775; died Dec. 27, 1834.
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LAMB, MARY.
Born in London in 1765; died May 20, 1847.
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LANDON, LÆTITIA ELIZABETH. (MRS. MACLEAN.)
Born at Chelsea, Eng., in 1802; died in Africa, Oct. 16, 1838.
The Shepherd Boy ... 137
Little Red Riding Hood ... 188
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LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE.
Born in Warwickshire, Eng., in 1775; died in Florence, Sept. 17, 1864.

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LEONIDAS, OF ALEXANDRIA. (GREEK.)
Born in the year 59; died in 129.

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LEYDEN, JOHN.
Born at Denholm, Scotland, Sept. 8, 1775; died in Batavia, E. I., Aug. 21, 1811.

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LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON.
Born in Glasgow in 1792; died at Abbotsford, Nov. 25, 1854.

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LOGAN, JOHN.
Born in Scotland in 1748; died in Dec., 1788.

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LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.
Born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807.

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LOVELACE, RICHARD.
Born in Kent, England, in 1618; died in 1658.

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LOVER, SAMUEL.
Born in Dublin in 1797; died in 1866.

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LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.
Born at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819.

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The Birch Tree	65
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LOWELL, MARIA WHITE.
Born at Watertown, Mass., July 8, 1821; died Oct. 27, 1853.

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LUTHER, MARTIN. (GERMAN.)
Born at Eisleben, Saxony, Nov. 10, 1483; died Feb. 18, 1546.

Martyrs' Hymn. (*W. J. Fox's translation.*)	775
A Safe Stronghold. (*T. Carlyle's translation.*)	799

LYLY, JOHN.
Born in Kent, England, about 1554; died about 1600

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LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER.
Only son of Lord Lytton, born in Herts, Eng., Nov. 8, 1831.

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MACAULAY, LORD.
Born at Rothley Temple, England, in 1800; died in London, Dec. 28, 1859.

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McCARTHY, DENNIS FLORENCE.
Born in Cork, Ireland, about 1810.

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MACKAY, CHARLES.
Born at Perth, Scotland, in 1812.

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McMASTER, GUY HUMPHREY.
Born at Bath, Steuben County, in 1829.

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MAGINN, WILLIAM.
Born in Cork, Ireland, about 1793; died Aug. 20, 1842.

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MALLETT, DAVID.
Born in Scotland about 1700; died April 21, 1765.

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MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER.
Born at Canterbury, Eng., Feb. 26, 1564; died June 16, 1593.

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MARVELL, ANDREW.
Born at Kingston-upon-Hull, England, Nov. 15, 1620; died Aug. 16, 1678.

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MENDOZA, LOPE DE. (SPANISH.)
Born in Corrion de los Condes, Spain, Aug. 19, 1398; died March 26, 1458.

Serrana. (*J. H. Wiffen's translation.*)	230

MERCER, MARGARET.
Born at Annapolis, Md., in 1791; died at Belmont, Va., Sept. 19, 1847.

Exhortation to Prayer	776

MEREDITH, GEORGE.
Born in Hampshire, England, about 1828.

Love in the Valley	285

MERRICK, JAMES.
Born in England in 1720; died in 1769.

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MESSINGER, ROBERT HINCKLEY.
Born in Boston about 1807.

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MILLER, THOMAS.
Born in Gainsborough, England, Aug. 31, 1809.

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MILLER, WILLIAM.
A native of Scotland, now living.

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MILLIKEN, RICHARD ALFRED.
Born in the county of Cork, Ireland, in 1757; died in 1815.

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MILMAN, HENRY HART.
Born in London, Feb. 10, 1791.
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Hymn—Brother, thou art Gone ... 788
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MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON. (LORD HOUGHTON.)
Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1809.
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MILTON, JOHN.
Born in London, Dec. 9, 1608; died Nov. 8, 1674.
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To the Nightingale ... 51
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Lycidas ... 504
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Epitaph on Shakespeare ... 638
L'Allegro ... 661
Il Penseroso ... 663
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On the Nativity ... 743

MOIR, DAVID MACBETH.
Born at Musselburgh, Scotland, Jan. 5, 1798; died July 6, 1851.
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MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDER.
Born in Ayrshire, Scotland, before 1550; died about 1611.
Night is Nigh Gone ... 16

MONTGOMERY, JAMES.
Born at Irvine, Scotland, Nov. 4, 1771; died April 30, 1854.
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MONTROSE, JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF.
Born at Montrose, Scotland, in 1612; hanged at Edinburgh, May 21, 1651.
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MOORE, CLEMENT C.
Born in New York, July 15, 1779; died at Newport, R. I., July 10, 1863.
Visit from St. Nicholas ... 142

MOORE, THOMAS.
Born in Dublin, May 28, 1779; died Feb. 25, 1852.
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Fill the Bumper Fair ... 186
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MORE, HENRY.
Born at Grantham, England, in 1614; died in 1687.
Philosopher's Devotion ... 739
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MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM.
Born in Glasgow, in 1797; died in 1835.
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MOULTRIE, JOHN.
A Clergyman of the Church of England; born in Eng. about 1804.
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MUELLER, WILHELM. (GERMAN.)
Born at Dessau, Germany, Oct. 7, 1794; died Oct. 1, 1827.
The Sunken City. (*Mangan's translation.*) ... 677

MULOCK, DINAH MARIA.
Born in Staffordshire, England, in 1826.
North Wind ... 111
Philip, My King ... 121
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NEELE, HENRY.
Born in London in 1798; died (by his own hand) Feb. 7, 1828.
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NEWTON, JOHN.
Born in London in 1725; died there in 1807.
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Jesus ... 758

NOEL, THOMAS.
Author of "Rhymes and Roundelays," London, 1841.
The Pauper's Drive ... 502

NORRIS, JOHN.
Born in England, 1657; died in 1711.
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NORTON, CAROLINE.
Born at Hampton Court, England, in 1808.
To Ferdinand Seymour ... 121
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We have been Friends together ... 183
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The King of Denmark's Ride ... 480

OGILVIE, JOHN.
Born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1733; died in 1814.
Hymn from Psalm CXLVIII. ... 802

O'KEEFE, JOHN.
Born in Dublin, June 24, 1747; died Feb. 4, 1833.
I am a Friar of Orders Gray ... 688

ORLEANS, CHARLES, DUKE OF. (FRENCH.)
Born in Paris, May 26, 1391; died Jan. 4, 1465.
Fairest Thing in Mortal Eyes. (*H. Cary's translation.*) ... 822

PALMER, JOHN WILLIAMSON.
Born in Baltimore, Md., about 1828.
For Charlie's Sake ... 171

PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAM.
Born in Boston, Mass., Aug. 18, 1819.
Song for September ... 90
Saint Peray ... 191
The Groomsman to his Mistress ... 277
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PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES.
Born in Berlin, Conn., Sept. 15, 1795; died May 2, 1856.
May ... 15
The Coral Grove ... 85
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It is Great for our Country to Die ... 345

PERCY, THOMAS.
Born in Shropshire, Eng., in 1728; died as Bishop of Dromore, Ireland, in 1811.
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PERRY, NORA.
Lives in Providence, R. I.
Loss and Gain ... 171

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PHILOSTRATUS. (Greek.)
Born in Lemnos, Greece, about 182.
To Celia. (*B. Jonson's translation.*) 245

PIERPONT, JOHN.
Born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785; died Aug. 26, 1866.
My Child 170
Centennial Ode 774

PINKNEY, EDWARD COATE.
Born in London, Oct., 1802; died at Baltimore, April 11, 1828.
Serenade 270
A Health 273

POE, EDGAR ALLAN.
Born in Baltimore, Jan., 1811; died Oct. 7, 1849.
Annabel Lee 315
The Raven 584
The Bells 621

POPE, ALEXANDER.
Born in London, May 22, 1688; died May 30, 1744.
The Rape of the Lock 406
Messiah 747
Dying Christian to his Soul 781
Universal Prayer 810

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.
Born in London in 1802; died July 15, 1839.
The Vicar 442
Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine 443
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PRIEST, NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY.
Born in Hinsdale, N. H., about 1834.
Over the River 730

PRINGLE, THOMAS.
Born at Blacklaw, Scotland, Jan. 5, 1789; died Dec. 5, 1834.
The Lion and Giraffe 74
Afar in the Desert 75

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE.
Born in London, about 1826; died there, Feb., 1864.
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PROUT, FATHER. (Francis Mahony.)
Born in Ireland about 1805; died in Paris, May 19, 1866.
The Bells of Shandon 620

PRUDENTIUS, AURELIUS. (Latin.)
Born in Spain, 348.
Each Sorrowful Mourner. (*J. M. Neale's translation.*) 786

QUARLES, FRANCIS.
Born at Stewards, near Rumford, Eng., in 1592; d. Sept. 8, 1644.
Sonnets 757
Fasting 768
Delight in God only 812

QUARLES, JOHN.
Son of Francis Quarles; born in Essex, England, in 1624; died of the Plague in 1665.
Divine Ejaculation 810

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER.
Born in Budley, Eng., in 1552; beheaded Oct. 29, 1618.
Milkmaid's Mother's Answer 254

RAMSAY, ALLAN.
Born in Crawford, Scotland, in 1685; died in 1758.
Lochaber no More 365

RANDOLPH, THOMAS.
Born in Badby, England, in 1605; died March 17, 1634.
Song of Fairies. (*Leigh Hunt's translation.*) 536

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN.
Born in Chester county, Penn., March 12, 1822.
Autumn's Sighing 97
The Windy Night 109

ROBERTS, SARAH.
Born in Portsmouth, N. H.; lives in one of the Western States.
The Voice of the Grass 57

ROGERS, SAMUEL.
Born near London, July 30, 1763; died in London, Dec. 18, 1855.
A Wish 331

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RONSARD, PIERRE. (French.)
Born in Vendomois, France, in 1524; died in 1585.
Return of Spring. (*Anonymous translation.*) 10

ROSCOE, WILLIAM.
Born at Mount Pleasant, near Liverpool, 1753; died June 30, 1831.
On the Death of Burns 650

ROSCOE, WILLIAM STANLEY.
Born in England in 1782; died October, 1843.
Dirge 512

RYAN, RICHARD.
A native of Scotland; lived in the last century.
Oh, Saw ye the Lass 268

SALIS, JOHANN GAUDENZ VON. (German.)
Born in Grisons, Switzerland, in 1762.
Song of the Silent Land. (*Longfellow's translation.*) 500

SANDYS, GEORGE.
Born in Bishopsthorpe, Eng., 1577; died in Kent, March, 1643.
Psalm LXVI 800
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SAPPHO. (Greek.)
Born in Lesbos in the sixth century before Christ.
Blest as the Immortal Gods. (*A. Phillips's translation.*) 257

SCHILLER, FREDERIC. (German.)
Born in Marbach, Germany, Nov. 10, 1759; died May 9, 1805.
Indian Death-Song. (*Frothingham's translation.*) 375

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.
Born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771; died Sept. 21, 1832.
Jock of Hazeldean 233
Lochinvar 234
Song—The Heath this Night 259
Song—A Weary Lot is Thine 294
Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee 363
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Pibroch of Donuil Dhu 369
Coronach 509
"Proud Maisie is in the Wood" 633
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SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.
Born in Stratford-on-Avon, England, about April 23, 1564; died April 23, 1616.
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Song—The Greenwood Tree 58
Blow, blow thou Winter Wind 110
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Sonnets 238
Come away, Death 258
Crabbed Age and Youth 279
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SHAKESPEARE AND JOHN FLETCHER.
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SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.
Born in Field Place, England, Aug. 4, 1792; died July 8, 1822.
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Arethusa 29
The Question 33
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Ode to the West Wind 80
Autumn—A Dirge 96
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Lament 521
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SHENSTONE, WILLIAM.
Born in Hales-Owen, England, in 1714; died Feb. 11, 1763.
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SHIRLEY, JAMES.
Born in London, about 1594; died Oct. 29, 1666.
Victorious Men of Earth ... 605
Death's final Conquest ... 717

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP.
Born in Penshurst, England, Nov. 29, 1554; died Oct. 7, 1586.
Sonnets ... 240

SIMMONS, B.
Author of "Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems," Edinb'h, 1843.
Stanzas to the Memory of Thomas Hood ... 519

SIMONIDES. (GREEK.)
Born in Julis, island of Cos, B. C. 554; died B. C. 469.
Danaë. (*W. Peter's translation.*) ... 152

SKELTON, JOHN.
Born in Cumberland, England, toward the latter part of the 15th century; died June 21, 1529.
To Mrs. Margaret Hussey ... 631

SMITH, CHARLOTTE.
Born in Sussex, England, in 1749; died in 1806.
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SMITH, HORACE.
Born in London, Dec. 31, 1779; died July 12, 1839.
Hymn to the Flowers ... 46
On the Death of George the Third ... 517
Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition. 597

SMITH, SYDNEY.
Born in Essex, England, June 3, 1771; died in London, Feb. 22, 1845.
Receipt for Salad ... 426

SMITS, DIRK. (DUTCH.)
Born in Rotterdam, June 20, 1702; died April 25, 1752.
On the Death of an Infant. (*H. S. Van Dyk's translation.*) ... 161

SOUTHEY, CAROLINE BOWLES.
Born in England, Dec. 6, 1786; died July 20, 1854.
Autumn Flowers ... 93
The Pauper's Death-bed ... 500
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SOUTHEY, ROBERT.
Born in Bristol, England, Aug. 12, 1774; died March 21, 1843.
The Holly Tree ... 110
The Inchcape Rock ... 482
Battle of Blenheim ... 604
"My Days among the Dead" ... 723

SOUTHEY, R. and C.
Greenwood Shrift ... 721

SPENCER, ROBERT WILLIAM.
Born in England in 1770; died 1834.
To —— ... 183

SPENSER, EDMUND.
Born in London in 1553; died Jan. 16, 1599.
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STANLEY, THOMAS.
Born at Cumberlow Green, Eng., in 1625; died April 12, 1678.
The Tomb ... 253
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STERLING, JOHN.
Born at Kaines Castle, Scotland, July 20, 1806; died Sept. 18, 1844.
The Spice Tree ... 72
The Husbandman ... 92
To a Child ... 130
Rose and the Gauntlet ... 304
The Two Oceans ... 598
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STERNHOLD, THOMAS.
Born in Hampshire, England; died Aug., 1549.
Psalm XVIII. Part First ... 796

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STILL, JOHN.
Born in Grantham, England, in 1543; died in 1607.
Good Ale ... 401

STODDARD, LAVINIA.
Born in Guilford, Conn., June 29, 1787; died in 1820.
Soul's Defiance ... 693

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY.
Born in Hingham, Mass., July, 1825.
The Sea ... 480
The Two Brides ... 634
There are Gains for all our Losses ... 693

STODDART, THOMAS T.
Author of "Songs and Poems," Edinburgh, 1839.
The Angler's Trysting Tree ... 20

STORY, WILLIAM W.
Born in Salem, Mass., Feb. 19, 1819.
The Violet ... 43

STRODE, WILLIAM.
Born in England in 1600; died in 1644.
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Author of "Atalanta in Calydon" (London, 1865), and other poems.
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Born in Farnham, England, in 1740; died Aug. 11, 1778.

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Born in Tubingen, Germany, April 26, 1787; died there, Nov. 13, 1862.

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Born in Amsterdam, in 1594; died June 20, 1649.

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Born in Coleshill, Eng., March 3, 1605; died Oct. 21, 1687.

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A Barrister of Dublin; born about 1810.

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Born in Stafford, Eng., Aug. 9, 1593; died Dec. 15, 1683.

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Born in Basingstoke, Eng., in 1728; died May 21, 1790.

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Born in Nottingham, March 21, 1785; died Oct. 19, 1806.

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Author of various Religious Works; also of "Poems"—London, 1850; died in Oxfordshire, May 28, 1863.
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Born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1788; died April 4, 1854.
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PART I.

POEMS OF NATURE.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH.

POEMS OF NATURE.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

ARGUMENT.

A gentlewoman out of an arbour in a grove, seeth a great companie of knights and ladies in a daunce upon the greene grasse; the which being ended, they all kneele downe, and do honour to the daisie, some to the flower, and some to the leafe. Afterward this gentlewoman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as looke after beautie and worldly pleasure. But they that honour the leafe, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the frosts and winter stormes, are they which follow vertue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects.

WHAN that Phebus his chair of gold so hie
Had whirled up the sterry sky alofte,
And in the boole was entred certainly:
When shoures sweet of raine descended softe,
Causing the ground, fele times and ofte,
Up for to give many an wholsome aire,
And every plaine was yclothed faire

With newe greene, and maketh smale floures
To springen here and there in fielde and mede;
So very good and wholsome be the shoures,
That it renueth that was olde and dede
In winter time; and out of every sede
Springeth the herbe, so that every wight
Of this season wexeth glad and light.

And I, so glad of the season swete,
Was happed thus upon a certaine night:—
As I lay in my bedde, sleepe ful unmete
Was unto me, but why that I ne might
Rest, I ne wist; for there nas earthly wight,
As I suppose, had more hertes ease
Than I, for I nad sicknesse nor disease.

Wherefore I mervaile greatly of my selfe,
That I so long withouten sleepe lay;
And up I rose three houres after twelfe,
About the springing of the day;
And I put on my geare and mine array,
And to a pleasaunt grove I gan passe,
Long er the bright sunne up risen was;

In which were okes grete, streight as a line,
Under the which the grasse, so fresh of hewe,
Was newly sprong; and an eight foot or nine
Every tree wel fro his fellow grew,
With branches brode, laden with leves newe,
That sprongen out ayen the sunneshene,
Some very redde, and some a glad light grene;

Which, as me thought, was right a pleasant sight;
And eke the briddes songe for to here
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight;
And I that couth not yet, in no manere,
Heare the nightingale of al the yeare,
Ful busily herkened with herte and eare,
If I her voice perceive coud any where.

And, at the last, a path of little brede
I found, that greatly had not used be;
For it forgrowen was with grasse and weede,
That wel unneth a wighte might it se:
Thought I, "This path some whider goth, parde!"
And so I followed, till it me brought
To right a pleasaunt herber, well ywrought,

That benched was, and with turfes newe
Freshly turved, whereof the grene gras,
So smale, so thicke, so shorte, so fresh of hewe.

That most like unto grene wool, wot I, it was:
The hegge also that yede in compas,
And closed in al the grene herbere,
With sicamour was set and eglatere,

Wrethen in fere so wel and cunningly,
That every branch and leafe grew by mesure,
Plaine as a bord, of an height by and by.
I see never thing, I you ensure,
So wel done; for he that tooke the cure
It to make, y trow, did all his peine
To make it passe alle tho that men have seine.

And shapen was this herber, roofe and alle,
As a prety parlour; and also
The hegge as thicke as a castle walle,
That who that list without to stond or go,
Though he wold al day prien to and fro,
He should not see if there were any wight
Within or no; but one within wel might

Perceive all tho thot yeden there withoute
In the field, that was on every side
Covered with corn and grasse; that out of doubt,
Though one wold seeke alle the world wide,
So rich a fielde cold not be espide
On no coast, as of the quantity;
For of alle good thing there was plenty.

And I that al this pleasaunt sight sie,
Thought sodainely I felt so swete an aire
Of the eglentere, that certainely
There is no herte, I deme, in such dispaire,
Ne with thoughtes froward and contraire
So overlaid, but it should soone have bote,
If it had ones felt this savour sote.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,
I was ware of the fairest medler tree,
That ever yet in alle my life I sie,
As ful of blossomes as it might be;
Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile
Fro bough to bough; and, as him list, he eet
Here and there of buddes and floures swete.

And to the herber side was joyninge
This faire tree, of which I have you tolde,
And at the laste the brid began to singe,
Whan he had eeten what he ete wolde,
So passing swetely, that by manifolde
It was more pleasaunt than I coud devise.
And whan his song was ended in this wise,

The nightingale with so mery a note
Answered him, that al the wood ronge
So sodainely, that as it were a sote,
I stood astonied; so was I with the song
Thorow ravished, that til late and longe,
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where;
And ayen, me thought, she songe ever by mine ere.

Wherefore I waited about busily,
On every side, if I her might see;
And, at the laste, I gan ful wel aspy
Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer tree,
On the further side, even right by me,
That gave so passinge a delicious smelle,
According to the eglentere ful welle.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,
That, as me thought, I surely ravished was
Into Paradise, where my desire
Was for to be, and no ferther passe
As for that day; and on the sote grasse
I sat me downe; for, as for mine entent,
The briddes song was more convenient,

And more pleasaunt to me by many folde,
Than meat or drinke, or any other thinge.
Thereto the herber was so fresh and colde,
The wholesome savours eke so comfortinge,
That, as I demed, sith the beginninge
Of the world was never seene or than
So pleasaunt a ground of none earthly man.

And as I sat, the brids hearkening thus,
Me thought that I heard voices sodainely,
The most sweetest and most delicious
That ever any wight, I trowe truely,
Heard in their life; for the armony
And sweet accord was in so good musike,
That the voice to angels most was like.

At the last, out of a grove even by,
That was right goodly and pleasaunt to sight,
I sie where there came, singing lustily,
A world of ladies; but, to tell aright
Their grete beauty, it lieth not in my might,
Ne their array; neverthelesse I shalle
Telle you a part, though I speake not of alle.

The surcotes white, of velvet wele sittinge,
They were in cladde, and the semes echone,
As it were a manere garnishinge,
Was set with emerauds, one and one,
By and by; but many a riche stone
Was set on the purfiles, out of doute,
Of collers, sleves, and traines round aboute.

As grete pearles, rounde and orient,
Diamondes fine, and rubies redde,
And many another stone, of which I went
The names now; and everich on her hedde
A rich fret of gold, which without dread,
Was ful of stately riche stones set;
And every lady had a chapelet

On her hedde of branches fresh and grene,
So wele wrought and so marvelously,
That it was a noble sight to sene;
Some of laurer, and some ful pleasauntly
Had chapelets of woodbind, and saddely
Some of *agnus castus* ware also
Chapelets freshe; but there were many of tho

That daunced and eke songe ful soberly,
But alle they yede in manner of compace;
But one there yede in mid the company,
Sole by her selfe; but alle followed the pace
That she kepte, whose hevenly figured face
So pleasaunt was, and her wele shape person,
That of beauty she past hem everichon.

And more richly beseene, by many folde,
She was also in every maner thing:
On her hedde ful pleasaunt to beholde,
A crowne of golde rich for any king:
A braunch of *agnus castus* eke bearing
In her hand; and to my sight truely
She lady was of the company.

And she began a roundel lustely,
That "*Suse le foyle, devers moy,*" men calle,
"*Siene et mon joly couer est endormy,*"
And than the company answered alle,
With voices sweet entuned, and so smale,
That me thought it the sweetest melody
That ever I heard in my life sothly.

And thus they came, dauncinge and singinge,
Into the middes of the mede echone,
Before the herber where I was sittinge;
And, God wot, me thought I was wel bigone;
For than I might avise hem one by one,
Who fairest was, who coud best dance or singe,
Or who most womanly was in alle thinge.

They had not daunced but a little throwe,
Whan that I hearde ferre of sodainely,
So great a noise of thundering trumpes blowe,
As though it should have departed the skie
And, after that, within a while I sie,
From the same grove where the ladies came oute,
Of men of armes cominge such a route,

As alle the men on earth had been assembled
In that place, wele horsed for the nones,
Steringe so fast, that al the earth trembled:
But for to speke of riches and of stones,
And men and horse, I trowe the large wones,
Of Prestir John, ne all his tresory,
Might not unneth have boght the tenth party

Of their array: who so list heare more,
I shal rehearse so as I can a lite.
Out of the grove, that I spake of before,
I sie come firste, al in their clokes white,
A company, that ware, for their delite,
Chapelets freshe of okes serialle,
Newly sprong, and trumpets they were alle.

On every trumpe hanging a broad banere
Of fine tartarium were ful richely bete;
Every trumpet his lordes armes bere;
About their neckes, with great pearles sete,
Collers brode; for cost they would not lete,
As it would seem, for their scochones echone,
Were set aboute with many a precious stone.

Their horse harneis was al white also.
And after them next in one company,
Came kinges of armes, and no mo,
In clokes of white cloth of gold richely,
Chapelets of greene on their hedes on hie;
The crownes that they on their scochones bere
Were sette with pearle, ruby, and saphere,

And eke great diamondes many one:
But al their horse harneis and other gere
Was in a sute accordinge, everichone,
As ye have herd the foresaid trumpetes were;

And by seeminge, they were nothing to lere,
And their guidinge they did so manerly.
And, after hem, came a great company

Of heraudes and pursevauntes eke,
Arraied in clothes of white velvette,
And, hardily, they were no thing to seke,
How they on them should the harneis sette;
And every man had on a chapelet;
Scochones, and eke harneis, indede,
They had in sute of hem that fore hem yede.

Next after hem came, in armour bright
All save their heades, seemely knightes nine;
And every claspe and naile, as to my sight,
Of their harneis were of rad golde fine;
With cloth of gold, and furred with ermine
Were the trappoures of their stedes stronge,
Wide and large, that to the ground did honge.

And every bosse of bridle and paitrel
That they had, 'was worth, as I wold wene,
A thousand pounde; and on their heddes, wel
Dressed, were crownes of laurer grene,
The best made that ever I had sene;
And every knight had after him ridinge
Three henchemen on hem awaitinge.

Of whiche every first, on a short tronchoun,
His lordes helme bare, so richly dight,
That the worst was worthe the ransoun
Of any king; the second a shield bright
Bare at his backe; the thred bare upright
A mighty spere, full sharpe ground and kene,
And every childe ware of leaves grene

A fresh chapelet upon his haires bright;
And clokes white of fine velvet they ware;
Their steedes trapped and raied right,
Without difference, as their lordes were;
And after hem, on many a fresh corsere,
There came of armed knightes such a route,
That they besprad the large field aboute.

And al they ware, after their degrees,
Chapelets newe made of laurer grene;
Some of the oke, and some of other trees,
Some in their honds bare boughes shene,
Some of laurer, and some of okes kene,
Some of hauthorne, and some of the wood binde,
And many mo which I had not in minde.

And so they came, their horses freshely steringe,
With bloody sownes of hir trompes loude;
There sie I many an uncouth disguisinge
In the array of these knightes proude,
And at the last, as evenly as they coude,
They took their places in middes of the mede,
And every knight turned his horses hede

To his fellow, and lightly laid a spere
In the rest; and so justes began
On every part about, here and there;
Some brake his spere, some drew down hors and man;
About the field astray the steedes ran;
And, to behold their rule and governaunce,
I you ensure, it was a great pleasaunce.

And so the justes laste an houre and more;
But tho that crowned were in laurer grene
Wanne the prise; their dintes was so sore,
That there was none ayent hem might sustene:
And the justinge al was left off clene,
And fro their horse the ninth alight anone,
And so did al the remnant everichone.

And forth they yede togider, twain and twain
That to beholde it was a worthy sight,
Toward the ladies on the grene plain,
That songe and daunced, as I said now right
The ladies, as soone as they goodly might,
They brake of both the song and daunce,
And yede to meet hem with ful glad semblaunce.

And every lady tooke, ful womanly,
By the hond a knight, and forth they yede
Unto a faire laurer that stood fast by,
With levis lade, the boughes of grete brede;
And to my dome there never was, indede,
Man that had seene halfe so faire a tre;
For underneath there might it well have be

An hundred persones, at their owne plesaunce,
Shadowed fro the hete of Phebus bright,
So that they sholde have felt no grevaunce
Of raine ne haile that hem hurte might.
The savour eke rejoice would any wight

That had be sicke or melancolious,
It was so very good and vertuous.

And with great reverence they inclined lowe
To the tree so soote, and faire of hewe;
And after that, within a little throwe,
They began to singe and daunce of newe
Some songe of love, some plaininge of untrewe,
Environinge the tree that stood upright;
And ever yede a lady and a knight.

And at the last I cast mine eye aside,
And was ware of a lusty company
That come rominge out of the field wide,
Hond in hond a knight and a lady;
The ladies all in surcotes, that richely
Purfiled were with many a riche stone,
And every knight of grene ware mantles on,

Embrouded wel so as the surcotes were:
And everich had a chapelet on her hedde,
Which did right well upon the shining here,
Made of goodly floures white and redde;
The knightes eke, that they in honde ledde,
In sute of hem ware chapelets everichone,
And before hem went minstreles many one.

As harpes, pipes, lutes, and sautry,
Alle in greene; and on their heades bare,
Of divers floures, made ful craftely,
Al in a sute, goodly chapelets they ware;
And, so dauncinge into the mede they fare.
In mid the which they foun a tuft that was
Al oversprad with floures in compas.

Whereto they enclined everichone
With great reverence, and that ful humbly;
And, at the laste, there began anone
A lady for to singe right womanly
A bargeret in praising the daisie;
For, as me thought, among her notes swete,
She said "*Si douce est la Margarete.*"

Than they alle answered her in fere,
So passingely wel, and so pleasauntly,
That it was a blisful noise to here.
But, I not how, it happed sodainely
As about noone, the sunne so fervently
Waxe hote, that the prety tender floures
Had lost the beauty of hir fresh coloures,
Forshronke with heat; the ladies eke to-brent,
That they ne wiste where they hem might bestowe;
The knightes swelt, for lack of shade nie shent;
And after that, within a little throwe,
The wind began so sturdily to blowe,
That down goeth all the floures everichone,
So that in al the mede there left not one;

Save such as succoured were among the leves
Fro every storme that might hem assaile,
Growinge under the hegges and thicke greves;
And after that there came a storme of haile
And raine in fere, so that, withouten faile,
The ladies ne the knightes nade o threed
Drie on them, so dropping was hir weed.

And whan the storm was cleane passed away,
Tho in white that stoode under the tree,
They felte nothing of the grete affray,
That they in greene withoute had in ybe;
To them they yede for routhe and pite,
Them to comforte after their great disease,
So faine they were the helplesse for to ease.

Than I was ware how one of hem in grene
Had on a crowne, rich and wel sittinge;
Wherefore I demed wel she was a quene,
And tho in grene on her were awaitinge;
The ladies then in white that were comminge
Toward them, and the knightes in fere,
Began to comforte hem, and make hem chere.

The queen in white, that was of grete beauty,
Took by the hond the queen that was in grene,
And said, "Suster, I have right great pity
Of your annoy, and of the troublous tene,
Wherein ye and your company have bene
So longe, alas! and if that it you please
To go with me, I shall do you the ease,

"In all the pleasure that I can or may;"
Whereof the other, humbly as she might,
Thanked her; for in right il array
She was with storm and heat, I you behight
And every lady, then anone right,
That were in white, one of them took in grene
By the hond; which whan the knights had sene,

In like wise ech of them tooke a knight
Cladde in greene, and forthe with hem they fare,
To an hegge, where they anon right,
To make their justes, they wolde not spare
Boughes to hewe down, and eke trees square,
Wherwith they made hem stately fires grete,
To drye their clothes that were wringinge wete.

And after that, of herbes that there grewe,
They made, for blisters of the sunne brenninge,
Very good and wholesome ointmentes new,
Wherewith they yede the sick fast anointinge;
And after that they yede about gaderinge
Pleasaunt salades, which they made hem ete,
For to refreshe their great unkindly hete.

The lady of the Leafe than began to praye
Her of the Floure (for so to my seeminge
They sholde be, as by their arraye)
To soupe with her, and eke, for any thinge,
That she shold with her alle her people bringe:
And she ayen, in right goodly manere,
Thanked her of her most friendly chere,

Saying plainely, that she would obaye
With all her herte, all her commaundement;
And then anon, without lenger delaye,
The lady of the Leafe hath one ysent,
For a palfray, after her intent,
Arrayed wel and faire in harneis of gold,
For nothing lacked, that to him long shold.

And after that, to al her company
She made to purveye horse and every thinge
That they needed; and than ful lustily,
Even by the herber where I was sittinge
They passed alle, so pleasantly singinge,
That it would have comforted any wight.
But than I sie a passing wonder sight;

For than the nightingale, that al the day
Had in the laurer sate, and did her might
The whole service to singe longing to May,
All sodainely began to take her flight;
And to the lady of the Leafe, forthright,
She flew, and set her on her hond softely,
Which was a thing I marveled of gretely.

The goldfinch eke, that fro the medler tree
Was fled for heat into the bushes colde,
Unto the lady of the Floure gan flee,
And on her hond he sit him as he wolde,
And pleasauntly his winges gan to fold;
And for to singe they pained hem both, as sore
As they had do of al the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a great pace,
And al the rout of knightes eke in fere;
And I that had seen al this wonder case,
Thought I wold assaye in some manere,
To know fully the trouth of this matere;
And what they were that rode so pleasauntly.
And whan they were the herber passed by,

I drest me forth, and happed to mete anone
Right a faire lady, I do you ensure;
And she came riding by herselfe alone,
Alle in white; with semblance ful demure,
I salued her, and bad good aventure
Might her befalle, as I coud most humbly;
And she answered, "My doughter, gramercy!"

"Madame," quoth I, "if that I durst enquere
Of you, I would faine, of that company,
Wite what they be that past by this arbere?"
And she ayen answered right friendely:—
"My faire doughter, alle tho that passed here by
In white clothing, be servaunts everichone
Unto the Leafe, and I my selfe am one.

"See ye not her that crowned is," quoth she,
"Alle in white?"—"Madame," quoth I, "yes:"
"That is Diane, goddesse of chastite;
And for because that she a maiden is,
In her honde the braunch she beareth this,
That *agnus castus* men calle properly;
And alle the ladies in her company,

"Which ye se of that herbe chapelets weare,
Be such as han kept alway hir maidenheed:
And alle they that of laurer chapelets beare,
Be such as hardy were, and manly in deed,—
Victorious name which never may be dede!
And alle they were so worthy of hir hond,
In hir time, that none might hem withstond.

"And tho that weare chapelets on their hede
Of fresh woodbinde, be such as never were
To love untrue in word, thought, ne dede,
But aye stedfast; ne for pleasaunce, ne fere,

Though that they should their hertes all totere,
Would never flit but ever were stedfast,
Til that their lives there asunder brast."

"Now faire Madame," quoth I, "yet I would praye
Your ladiship, if that it mighte be,
That I might knowe by some maner waye,
(Sith that it hath liked your beaute,
The trouth of these ladies for to tell me;)
What that these knightes be in rich armour,
And what tho be in grene and weare the flour?

"And why that some did reverence to that tre,
And some unto the plot of floures faire?"
"With right good will, my faire doughter," quoth she,
"Sith your desire is good and debonaire;
The nine crowned be very exemplaire
Of al honour longing to chivalry;
And those certaine be called the Nine Worthy,

"Which ye may see now ridinge alle before,
That in hir time did many a noble dede,
And for their worthines ful oft have bore
The crowne of laurer leaves on their hede,
As ye may in your olde bookes rede;
And how that he that was a conquerour,
Had by laurer alway his most honour.

"And tho that beare bowes in their honde
Of the precious laurer so notable,
Be such as were, I wol ye understonde,
Noble knightes of the round table,
And eke the Douseperis honourable,
Which they beare in signe of victory;
It is witnesse of their deedes mightily.

"Eek there be knightes olde of the garter,
That in hir time did right worthily;
And the honour they did to the laurer,
Is for by it they have their laud wholly,
Their triumph eke, and martial glory;
Which unto them is more parfite richesse,
Than any wight imagine can or gesse.

"For one leafe, given of that noble tree
To any wight that hath done worthily,
And it be done so as it ought to be,
Is more honour than any thing earthly;
Witnes of Rome that founder was truly
Of alle knighthood and deeds marvelous;
Record I take of Titus Livius.

"And as for her that crowned is in greene,
It is Flora, of these floures goddesse;
And all that here on her awaiting beene,
It are such folk that loved idlenesse,
And not delite in no businesse,
But for to hunte and hauke, and pleye in medes,
And many other suchlike idle dedes.

"And for the great delite and pleasaunce
They have to the floure, and so reverently
They unto it do such obeisaunce,
As ye may se."—"Now faire Madame," quoth I,
"If I durst aske, what is the cause and why,
That knightes have the ensigne of honour,
Rather by the leafe than the floure?"

"Soothly, doughter," quod she, "this is the trouth:—
For knightes ever should be persevering,
To seeke honour without feintise or slouth,
Fro wele to better in all manner thinge;
In signe of which, with leaves aye lastinge,
They be rewarded after their degre,
Whose lusty grene may not appaired be,

"But aie keping their beaute fresh and greene;
For there nis storme that may hem deface,
Haile nor snow, winde nor frostes kene;
Wherfore they have this property and grace.
And for the floure, within a little space
Wolle be lost, so simple of nature
They be, that they no greevance may endure;

"And every storme will blowe them soone awaye,
Ne they laste not but for a sesone;
That is the cause, the very trouth to saye,
That they may not, by no way of resone,
Be put to no such occupation."
"Madame," quoth I, "with al mine whole servise
I thanke you now, in my most humble wise;

"For now I am ascertained thurghly,
Of every thing that I desired to knowe."
"I am right glad that I have said, sothly,

Ought to your pleasure, if ye wille me trowe,"
Quod she ayen, "but to whom do ye owe
Your service? And which wille ye honoure,
Tel me I pray, this yere, the Leafe or the
Floure?"

"Madame," quoth I, "though I be least
worthy,
Unto the Leafe I owe mine observaunce:"
"That is," quod she, "right wel done cer-
tainly;
And I pray God to honour you avaunce,
And kepe you fro the wicked remembraunce
Of Malebouche, and all his crueltie,
And alle that good and well conditioned be.

"For here may I no lenger now abide,
I must followe the great company,
That ye may see yonder before you ride."
And forth, as I couth, most humbly,
I tooke my leve of her, as she gan hie
After them as faste as ever she might,
And I drow homeward, for it was nigh night,

And put al that I had seene in writing,
Under support of them that lust it to rede.
O little booke, thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede?
It is wonder that thou wexest not rede!
Sith that thou wost ful lite who shall behold
Thy rude langage, ful boistously unfold.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth
brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the
vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the
pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowres' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

LORD SURREY.

THE AIRS OF SPRING.

SWEETLY breathing, vernal air,
That with kind warmth doth repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose disheveled tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant, flowery birth,
Canst refresh the teeming earth.
If he nip the early bud;
If he blast what's fair or good;
If he scatter our choice flowers;
If he shake our halls or bowers;
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain,
To bind him in an iron chain.

THOMAS CAREW.

RETURN OF SPRING.

GOD shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small,

And he whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroidered train
Of butterflies, that on the plain,
Of each sweet herblet sip;
And ye, new swarms of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call
A hearty welcome on ye all:
This season how I love—
This merry din on every shore—
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove.

PIERRE RONSARD (French).
Anonymous Translation.

SPRING

DIP down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long; delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow;
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail,
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too: and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING."

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces;
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees and cling?
Oh that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MARCH.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon!
There 's joy on the mountains;
There 's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

APRIL.

LESSONS sweet of Spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet and lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea;

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touched by light with heavenly warning,
Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory,
Teaches truth to wandering men.
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moss and reedy grass.

Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipped with vernal red,
And her kindly flower displayed
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
 Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
 Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
 Up the stormy vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
 For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside dear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest bows are twining
 Of the greenest, darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
 All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

JOHN KEBLE.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond-trees,
April's gift to April's bees,
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling;—
Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air;
When the royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold;
And the sturdy blackthorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May;—
Coming when no flowerets would,
Save thy lowly sisterhood,
Early violets, blue and white,
Dying for their love of light.
Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring-days soon will reach us.
Lest, with longing over-tried,
We die as the violets died—
Blossom, clouding all the tree
With thy crimson broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
On the bravest bough is seen;
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

SPRING.

BEHOLD the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing,
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away,
And cultured field and winding stream
Are freshly glittering in his beam.
 Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the Olive twine;
Clusters bright festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury.

Translation of THOMAS MOORE. ANACREON.

SONG: ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new
For the clear region where 'twas born)
Round in itself incloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mornful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere;
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day.
Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go!
How girt and ready to ascend!
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill—
Congealed on earth, but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

SONG.

PHŒBUS, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red,
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,
That she thy career may with roses spread,
The nightingales thy coming each where sing
Make an eternal spring.
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou was wont before,
And, emperor-like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates my hopes betray,)
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing, far, Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels

Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flowers are decked in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue:
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SPRING.

Now the lusty Spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Everywhere, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow;
Woodbines of sweet honey full—
All love's emblems, and all cry:
Ladies, if not plucked, we die!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

SONG TO MAY.

MAY! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
Coy fountains are tressed:
And for the mournful bird
Greenwoods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
May, be thou blessed!

LORD THURLOW.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las mañanas floridas
De Abril y Mayo.
CALDERON.

AH! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,

With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May:
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

HEY, now the day 's dawning;
The jolly cock 's crowing;
The eastern sky 's glowing;
Stars fade one by one;
The thistle-cock 's crying
On lovers long lying,
Cease vowing and sighing;
The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing
With gowans all glowing,
And white lilies growing,
A thousand as one;
The sweet ring-dove cooing,
His love notes renewing,
Now moaning, now suing;
The night is nigh gone.

The season excelling,
In scented flowers smelling,
To kind love compelling
Our hearts every one;
With sweet ballads moving
The maids we are loving,
Mid musing and roving
The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women
The young knights are dreaming,
With bright breastplates gleaming,
And plumed helmets on;
The barbed steed neighs lordly,
And shakes his mane proudly,
For war-trumpets loudly
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,
The warriors all glowing,
And, snorting and blowing,
The steeds rushing on;
The lances are crashing,
Out broad blades come flashing
Mid shouting and dashing—
The night is nigh gone.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Version of Allan Cunningham.

MORNING IN LONDON.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn:
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move—
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

JOHN LEYDEN.

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody;
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—from yonder wood it came!
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name:—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again,—his notes are void of art;
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but O! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;—

Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—a heart that hath waxed old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

MORNING.

HARK—hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise;

SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden,
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and fresh, and clear, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us sprite or bird
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphant chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shades of annoyance
Never come near thee;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking, or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true or deep
Than we mortals dream;
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound;
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

SONG.

'T IS sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark
To the soothing song of sorrow.
O nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;

He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.
By night and day, she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

SONG.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

SING, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Meet the morn upon the lea;
Are the emeralds of the spring
On the angler's trysting-tree?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there buds on our willow-tree?
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Have you met the honey-bee,
Circling upon rapid wing,
'Round the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!
Are there bees at our willow-tree?
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Are the fountains gushing free?
Is the south wind wandering
Through the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Is there wind up our willow-tree?
Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Wile us with a merry glee;
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

THE ANGLER.

OH! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any:
'T is full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 't is beloved by many;
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go,
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,

To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation;
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation,
Where, in a brook,
With a hook—
Or a lake,—
Fish we take;
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too;
None do here
Use to swear:
Oaths do fray
Fish away;
We sit still,
Watch our quill:
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get,
For a friendly shelter;
Where—in a dyke,
Perch or pike,
Roach or daice,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or, we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath;
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

VERSES IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strained sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
Where mirth 's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery,
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty;
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You 'd scorn proud towers
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make;
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here 's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten to, too hasty fates;
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which (worlding like) still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, 'less among
The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek:

We all pearls scorn
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh, may you be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains;
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAAK WALTON.

THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK! that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keepest up a constant rattle
Joyous as my children's prattle,
Welcome to the north again!
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white.
Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel;
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and Summer nearing fast,
While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power,—
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire,—
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes;
Then, amid the sunlight clear
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude; but the strain
Gives no such tone again,
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the Spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day,
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;
For thee a tempest never blows;

But when our northern Summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread.
And when the Winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring.

THOMAS HILL.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful vistant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same that in my school-boy days
I listened to—that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love—
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace,
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

I.

THE God of Love,—*ah benedicite!*
How mighty and how great a lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high; of high
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh;
And hard hearts, he can make them kind and free.

II.

Within a little time, as hath been found,
He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound:
Them who are whole in body and in mind,
He can make sick; bind can he and unbind
All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

III.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;
Foolish men he can make them out of wise—
For he may do all that he will devise;
Loose livers he can make abate their vice,
And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice.

IV.

In brief, the whole of what he will he may;
Against him dare not any wight say nay;
To humble or afflict whome'er he will,
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill;
But most his might he sheds on the eve of May.

V.

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
Now, against May, shall have some stirring,—whether
To joy, or be it to some mourning; never,
At other time, methinks, in like degree.

VI.

For now, when they may hear the small birds' song,
And see the budding leaves the branches throng,
This unto their remembrance doth bring
All kinds of pleasure, mixed with sorrowing;
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

VII.

And of that longing heaviness doth come,
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and home;
Sick are they all for lack of their desire;
And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,
So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

VIII.

In sooth, I speak from feeling; what though now
Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;
Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,
Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every day,—
How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

IX.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
Through all this May, that I have little sleep
And also 't is not likely unto me,
That any living heart should sleepy be,
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth steep.

X.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought, which lovers heed:
How among them it was a common tale,
That it was good to hear the nightingale
Ere the vile cuckoo's note be uttered.

XI.

And then I thought anon, as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essay
If I perchance a nightingale might hear;
For yet had I heard none, of all that year;
And it was then the third night of the May.

XII.

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide;
But straightway to a wood, that was hard by,
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
And held the pathway down by a brook-side;

XIII.

Till to a lawn I came, all white and green;
I in so fair a one had never been:
The ground was green, with daisy powdered over;
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
All green and white, and nothing else was seen.

XIV.

There sat I down among the fair, fresh flowers,
And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,
Where they had rested them all night; and they,
Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honor May with all their powers.

XV.

Well did they know that service all by rote;
And there was many and many a lovely note—
Some, singing loud, as if they had complained;
Some with their notes another manner feigned;
And some did sing all out with the full throat.

XVI.

They pruned themselves, and made themselves right gay,
Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;
And ever two and two together were,
The same as they had chosen for the year,
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

XVII.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sat upon,
Was making such a noise as it ran on,
Accordant to the sweet birds' harmony;
Methought that it was the best melody
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

XVIII.

And for delight, but how I never wot,
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

XIX.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,
And who was then ill satisfied but I?
Now God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,
From thee and thy base throat keep all that 's good;
Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

XX.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,
In the next bush that was me fast beside,
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
Echoing through all the greenwood wide.

XXI.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my heart's cheer,
Hence hast thou stayed a little while too long;
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
And she hath been before thee with her song;
Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

XXII.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray;
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,
Methought I wist right well what these birds meant,
And had good knowing both of their intent,
And of their speech, and all that they would say.

XXIII.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake:—
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake,
And, prithee, let us, that can sing, dwell here;
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

XXIV.

What! quoth she then, what is 't that ails thee now?
It seems to me I sing as well as thou;
For mine 's a song that is both true and plain,—
Although I cannot quaver so in vain
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

XXV.

All men may understanding have of me,
But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee;
For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry:—
Thou sayest Osee, Osee, then how may I
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may be?

XXVI.

Ah! fool, quoth she, wist thou not what it is?
Oft as I say Osee, Osee, I wis,
Then mean I, that I should be wondrous fain
That shamefully they one and all were slain,
Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

XXVII.

And also would I that they all were dead,
Who do not think in love their life to lead,
For who is loth the God of Love to obey
Is only fit to die, I dare well say;
And for that cause Osee I cry; take heed!

XXVIII.

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law—
That all must love or die; but I withdraw,
And take my leave of all such company,

For my intent it neither is to die,
Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

XXIX.

For lovers, of all folk that be alive,
The most disquiet have, and least do thrive;
Most feeling have of sorrow, woe, and care,
And the least welfare cometh to their share;
What need is there against the truth to strive?

XXX.

What! quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind,
That, in thy churlishness, a cause canst find
To speak of Love's true servants in this mood;
For in this world no service is so good,
To every wight that gentle is of kind.

XXXI.

For thereof comes all goodness and all worth;
And gentiless and honor thence come forth;
Thence worship comes, content, and true heart's pleasure.
And full-assured trust, joy without measure,
And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXII.

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
And seemliness, and faithful company,
And dread of shame that will not do amiss;
For he that faithfully Love's servant is,
Rather than be disgraced, would chuse to die.

XXXIII.

And that the very truth it is which I
Now say,—in such belief I 'll live and die;
And, Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,
If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

XXXIV.

Good Nightingale! thou speakest wondrous fair,
Yet, for all that, the truth is found elsewhere;
For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis,
And Love in old folk a great dotage is;
Who most it useth, him 't will most impair.

XXXV.

For thereof come all contraries to gladness;
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness,
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
Dishonor, shame, envy importunate,
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and madness.

XXXVI.

Loving is aye an office of despair,
And one thing is therein which is not fair:
For whoso gets of love a little bliss,
Unless it always stay with him, I wis
He may full soon go with an old man's hair.

XXXVII.

And therefore, Nightingale! do thou keep nigh;
For, trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,
If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,
Thou 'lt be as others that forsaken are;
Then shalt thou raise a clamor as do I.

XXXVIII.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, bird ill beseen!
The God of Love afflict thee with all teen.
For thou art worse than mad a thousand-fold;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been naught, if Love had never been.

XXXIX.

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,
And he from every blemish them defendeth:
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
In loyalty and worshipful desire;
And, when it likes him, joy enough them sendeth.

XL.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,
For Love no reason hath but his own will;—
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
He lets them perish through that grievous ill.

XLI.

With such a master would I never be,
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,
And knows not when he hurts and when he heals;
Within his court full seldom truth avails,
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

XLII.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note—
How from her inmost heart a sigh she brought,

And said: Alas that ever I was born!
Not one word have I now, I'm so forlorn:
And with that word, she into tears burst out.

XLIII.

Alas, alas! my very heart will break,
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus speak
Of Love, and of his holy services;
Now, God of Love! thou help me in some wise,
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

XLIV.

And so, methought, I started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
Which at the Cuckoo hardily I cast,
That he for dread did fly away full fast;
And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

XLV.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
Kept crying: "Farewell!—farewell, Popinjay!"
As if in scornful mockery of me;
And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

XLVI.

Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,
And said: Forsooth, my friend, do I thank thee,
That thou wert near to rescue me; and now
Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
That all this May I will thy songstress be.

XLVII.

Well satisfied, I thanked her; and she said:
By this mishap no longer be dismayed,
Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou heard'st me;
Yet if I live it shall amended be,
When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

XLVIII.

And one thing will I counsel thee also:
The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's saw;
All that he said is an outrageous lie.
Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I,
For Love and it hath done me mighty woe.

XLIX.

Yea, hath it? Use, quoth she, this medicine:
This May-time, every day before thou dine,
Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,
Although, for pain, thou mayst be like to die,
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and pine.

L.

And mind always that thou be good and true,
And I will sing one song, of many new,
For love of thee, as loud as I may cry.
And then did she begin this song full high,
"Beshrew all them that are in love untrue."

LI.

And soon as she had sung it to an end,
Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must wend;
And, God of Love, that can right well and may,
Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,
As ever he to lover yet did send.

LII.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me;
I pray to God with her always to be,
And joy of love to send her evermore;
And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore,
For there is not so false a bird as she.

LIII.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,
To all the birds that lodged within that dale,
And gathered each and all into one place,
And them besought to hear her doleful case;
And thus it was that she began her tale:

LIV.

The Cuckoo,—'t is not well that I should hide
How she and I did each the other chide,
And without ceasing, since it was daylight;
And now I pray you all to do me right
Of that false bird, whom Love cannot abide.

LV.

Then spake one bird, and full assent all gave:
This matter asketh counsel good as grave;
For birds we are—all here together brought;
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not;
And therefore we a Parliament will have.

LVI.

And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,
And other Peers whose names are on record.
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,
And judgment there be given; or, that intent
Failing, we finally shall make accord.

LVII.

And all this shall be done, without a nay,
The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,
Under a maple that is well beseen
Before the chamber-window of the Queen,
At Woodstock, on the meadow green and gay.

LVIII.

She thanked them; and then her leave she took,
And flew into a hawthorn by that brook;
And there she sat and sung, upon that tree,
"For term of life Love shall have hold of me,"—
So loudly, that I with that song awoke.

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,—
For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,—
Who did on thee the hardiness bestow
To appear before my Lady? But a sense
Thou surely hast of her benevolence,
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness
To show to her some pleasant meanings, writ
In winning words, since through her gentiless
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,
Though I be far from her I reverence,
To think upon my truth and steadfastness;
And to abridge my sorrow's violence
Caused by the wish, as knows your sapience,
She of her liking proof to me would give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, day of gladsomeness!
Luna by night, with heavenly influence
Illumined! root of beauty and goodness!
Write, and allay, by your beneficence,
My sighs breathed forth in silence,—comfort give!
Since of all good you are the best alive.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
Version of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SONG.

See, oh see!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,
A new life gives to others' joys;
While that I
Grief-stricken lie,
Nor can meet
With any sweet
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Hear, oh hear!
How sweet and clear
The nightingale
And water's fall
In concert join for others' ear;
While to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes despair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the soul has lost all measures?

LORD BRISTOL.

THE GREEN LINNET.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs, that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread,
Of Spring's unclouded weather—
In this sequestered nook, how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest;

Hail to thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment;
A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair—
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel-trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A brother of the dancing leaves—
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth a song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked, and treated with disdain
The voiceless form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BLACK COCK.

GOOD-MORROW to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;
Thy crimson moon and azure eye-
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!
I see thee slowly cowering through
That wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air
Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who, peeping from her early bower,
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
Her braided hair and morning smile.

The rarest things, with wayward will,
Beneath the covert hide them still;
The rarest things, to light of day
Look shortly forth, and break away.

One fleeting moment of delight
I warmed me in her cheering sight;
And short, I ween, the time will be
That I shall parley hold with thee.
Through Snowden's mist, red beams the day;
The climbing herd-boy chants his lay;
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring;
Thou art already on the wing.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And, gliding and springing,
She went, ever singing
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook;
And opened a chasm
In the rocks;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind,
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below;
The beard and the hair
Of the river-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,

As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream.
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main,
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the ocean powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones;
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam;
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain clifts
They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted,
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below,
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like,
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight—
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest:

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment—
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine,
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LITTLE STREAMS.

Little streams are light and shadow;
Flowing through the pasture meadow,
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the forest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruin'd abbey still;
Turning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink,
Fearless of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing
In their little waves, is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;
Arrow-head, with eye of jet;
And the water-violet.
There the flowering-rush you meet,
And the plumy meadow-sweet;
And, in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary,
Flowing on from day to day,
Without stint and without stay;
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old time pilgrims drank—
Here have seen, as now, pass by,
King-fisher, and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling,
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain-hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

Mary Howitt

THE WATER! THE WATER!

The Water! the Water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.
The Water! the Water!
That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart,
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
Beside the alder-tree.
The Water! the Water!
That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!
The merry, wanton brook
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.
The Water! the Water!
That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water! the Water!
The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.

The Water! the Water!
That murmured in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear,
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water! the Water!
Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.
The Water! the Water!
Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers
Culled from each meadow green;
And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water! the Water!
My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parched lip to drink.
The Water! the Water!
Of mine own native glen—
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again,
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The Water! the Water!
The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I 've longed
To find my silent grave.
The Water! the Water!
O, blest to me thou art!
Thus sounding in life's solitude
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water! the Water!
The mournful, pensive tone
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.
The Water! the Water!
That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter was changed suddenly to Spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with the sound of waters murmuring,
Along a shelvy bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in a dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies—those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew bush-eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colored May;
And cherry-blossoms, and white caps whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge,
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white;
And starry river buds among the sedge
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it! Oh to whom?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows
Expects me there when Spring its bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord as ADAM was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

JONES VERY.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies;
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'T is the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'T was a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood,
Travel with the multitude;
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near at home;
Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit!
Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring Hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing;
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behoove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

William Wordsworth.

TO VIOLETS.

Welcome, maids of honor,
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the Maiden Posies,
And so graced,
To be placed,
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

Robert Herrick.

TO PRIMROSES,

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or, that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And, after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide,
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils! we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

DAFFODILS.

I wandered, lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

DARLINGS of the forest!
Blossoming, alone,
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or, more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin,
Hymns your solitude;
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew—
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue,
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart;
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from Nature's heart
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

ROSE TERRY.

THE RHODORA.

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay—
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm—
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred;
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

ROBERT BURNS.

TO A DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Enwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign;
The Daisy never dies!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO THE DAISY.

Her divine skill taught me this:
That from every thing I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

GEORGE WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent—
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake,
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee, Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy wight,
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again,
Yet nothing daunted
Nor grieved, if thou be set at naught;
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their sacred mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine, lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness;
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day 's begun,
As ready to salute the sun
As lark or leveret—
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain,
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time;—thou not in vain
Art Nature's favorite.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy;—
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes—
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising;
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humor of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little cyclops with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next,—and instantly
The freak is over;
The shape will vanish,—and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar,—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,—
Sweet, silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness and a share
Of thy meek nature!

William Wordsworth.

SONG OF SPRING.

Laud the first Spring daisies;
Chaunt aloud their praises;
Send the children up
To the high hill's top;
Tax not the strength of their young hands
To increase your lands.
Gather the primroses,
Make handfuls into posies;
Take them to the little girls who are at work in mills:
Pluck the violets blue,—
Ah, pluck not a few!
Knowest thou what good thoughts from Heaven the violet instils?

Give the children holidays,
(And let these be jolly days,

Grant freedom to the children in this joyous Spring;
Better men, hereafter,
Shall we have, for laughter
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring.
Send the children up
To the high hill's top,
Or deep into the wood's recesses,
To woo Spring's caresses.

See, the birds together,
In this splendid weather,
Worship God—(for he is God of birds as well as men):
And each feathered neighbor
Enters on his labor,—
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet, and the wren.
As the year advances,
Trees their naked branches
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green apparel.
Insect and wild beast
Keep no Lent, but feast;
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy 's increased,
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud carol.

Ah, come and woo the Spring;
List to the birds that sing;
Pluck the primroses; pluck the violets:
Pluck the daisies,
Sing their praises;
Friendship with the flowers some noble thought begets.
Come forth and gather these sweet elves,
(More witching are they than the fays of old,)
Come forth and gather them yourselves;
Learn of these gentle flowers whose worth is more than gold.

Come, come into the wood;
Pierce into the bowers
Of these gentle flowers,
Which, not in solitude
Dwell, but with each other keep society:
And with a simple piety,
Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good.
Or, upon summer earth,
To die, in virgin worth;
Or to be strewn before the bride,
And the bridegroom, by her side.

Come forth on Sundays;
Come forth on Mondays;
Come forth on any day;
Children, come forth to play:—
Worship the God of Nature in your childhood;
Worship Him at your tasks with best endeavor;
Worship Him in your sports; worship Him ever;
Worship Him in the wildwood;
Worship Him amidst the flowers;
In the greenwood bowers;
Pluck the buttercups, and raise
Your voices in His praise!

EDWARD YOUL.

THE BROOM-FLOWER.

Oh the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow;
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering gems
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
In modern days or olden;
It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,

And down the glen, where clear as light
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest; but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the Broom—
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron:

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man and woman;
The Broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

Oh the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

MARY HOWITT.

THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are,
How delicate thy gauzy frill,
How rich thy branchy stem,
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;

While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;

But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair Spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by
Thus quietly thy summer goes—
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay—
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

THE BRIER.

My brier that smelledst sweet,
When gentle Spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins;
Thou that couldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine remains.

What! hath no poet's lyre
O'er thee, sweet-breathing brier,
Hung fondly, ill or well?
And yet, methinks, with thee
A poet's sympathy,
Whether in weal or woe, in life or death, might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,
Few hands your youth will rear,
Few bosoms cherish you;
Your tender prime must bleed
Ere you are sweet; but, freed
From life, you then are prized; thus prized are poets too.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold!
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold—
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth!—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas;
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease.
'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand;
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass;
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind; of waters blue,
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap; and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long;
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE VIOLET.

O! faint, delicious, spring-time violet,
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low,
And sadder than of yore

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass!
I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
From which I ever flee?
O vanished Joy! O Love, that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;—
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

CANZONET.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green,
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene;
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring!

Hope, that buds in lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes love itself depart;
Time and scorn congeal the mind—
Looks unkind
Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green;
Time dissolve the winter snow;
Winds be soft, and skies serene;
Linnets sing their wonted strain.
But again
Blighted love shall never blow!

LUIS DE CAMOENS, (Portuguese.)
Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

WE are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;)
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:
All who see us love us—
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces, races.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright star, stumbling through the grass;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bridegroom pass.
Age, the withered clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his childhood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how Heaven loves color;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made solely to be seen;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of her flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travelers, weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce;
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profit of the balm;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
Even the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,

Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine.
Elfin court 't would seem,
And taught, perchance, that dream
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon nights divine.
To expound such wonder
Human speech avails not,
Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say·
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May;
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the Spring;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the gloomy thicks with darksome antheming;
Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace—a thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus—missings
Of Cytherea's kissings,
Have in us been found, and wise men find them still;
Drooping grace unfurls
Still Hyacinthus' curls,
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill;
Thy red lip, Adonis,
Still is wet with morning;
And the step that bled for thee the rosy brier adorning.

Oh! true things are fables,
Fit for sagest tables,
And the flowers are true things—yet no fables they;
Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore—
Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every old pathway;
Grossest hand can test us—
Fools may prize us never—
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise—marvels sweet for ever.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there—
And came not down, that Love might bring one piece of heaven the more?
Oh! pray believe that angles
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Writ all over this great world of ours—
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night;

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers
Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing—
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant;
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

NATURE AND THE POETS.

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds, which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering, for the greediest eye
To peer about upon variety—
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim—
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending—
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels: I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;

So I straightway began to pluck a posy,
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy:
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them!
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them
Moist, cool, and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild brier overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine, taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots,
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters,
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and, scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:
So, haply, when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight—
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ring-doves' cooings.

How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
Why you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.

The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live:
So keeping up an interchange of favors,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviors.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches; little space they stop,
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That nought less sweet might call my thoughts away,
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down;
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start and blush, thus to be caught
Playing in all her innocence of thought!

O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look;
O let me for one moment touch her wrist;
Let me one moment to her breathing list;
And as she leaves me, may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburn.

What next? a tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting
Of divers moths, that aye their rest are quitting;
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.

O Maker of sweet poets! dear delight
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew, and tumbling streams;
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams;
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!

Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.
For what has made the sage or poet write,
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the waving of the mountain pine;
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade;
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings;
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases;
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweetbrier,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles,
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and curled.

So felt he who first told how Psyche went
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment;
What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
First touched; what amorous and fondling nips
They gave each other's cheeks—with all their sighs,
And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes;
The silver lamp—the ravishment—the wonder—
The darkness—loneliness—the fearful thunder;
Their woes gone by, and both to heaven up flown,
To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne.

So did he feel, who pulled the boughs aside,
That we might look into a forest wide,
To catch a glimpse of Fauns, and Dryades
Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
And garlands woven of flowers wild, and sweet,
Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet:
Telling us how fair trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor Nymph,—poor Pan,—how did he weep to find
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream! a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round;
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky here and there serenely peeping,
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,

Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness.
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

Where had he been, from whose warm head outflew
That sweetest of all songs, that ever knew
That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness,
Coming ever to bless
The wanderer by moonlight—to him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,
And from the pillowy silkiness that rests
Full in the speculation of the stars?
Ah! surely he had burst our mortal bars;
Into some wondrous region he had gone,
To search for thee, divine Endymion!

He was a poet, sure a lover too,
Who stood on Latmos' top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;
And brought, in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow,
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infants' eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate.
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!
As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
So every tale does this sweet tale of thine.
O for three words of honey, that I might
Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night!

Where distant ships do seem to show their keels,
Phœbus awhile delayed his mighty wheels,
And turned to smile upon thy bashful eyes,
Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize.
The evening weather was so bright, and clear,
That men of health were of unusual cheer,
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,
Or young Apollo on the pedestal;
And lovely women were as fair and warm,
As Venus looking sideways in alarm.

The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half-closed lattices to cure
The languid sick: it cool'd their fever'd sleep,
And soothed them into slumbers full and deep.
Soon they awoke clear-eyed; nor burn'd with thirsting,
Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples bursting;
And springing up, they met the wondering sight
Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with delight,
Who feel their arms and breasts, and kiss, and stare,
And on their placid foreheads part the hair.
Young men and maidens at each other gazed,
With hands held back, and motionless, amazed
To see the brightness in each other's eyes;
And so they stood, filled with a sweet surprise,
Until their tongues were loosed in poesy.
Therefore no lover did of anguish die;
But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,
Made silken ties that never may be broken.

Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses
That follow'd thine, and thy dear shepherd's kisses:
Was there a poet born?—But now no more—
My wandering spirit must no farther soar.

JOHN KEATS.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. Oh if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

John Milton.

—•—

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by-and-by;
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapped in lead:
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled,
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But, if stores of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And, with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawned on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Richard Barnfield.

—•—

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends—
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light—
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,

And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since Winter 's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamored smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sighed forth, "I love, I love."

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

— ◆ —

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk;
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk.
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burned mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth—
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known—
The weariness, the fever, and the fret;
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan—
Where palsy shakes a few sad, last gray hairs—
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies—
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
And leaden-eyed despairs—
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee!
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards;
Already with thee tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I can not see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
But, in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild:
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's oldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of bees on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn:
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell,
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the Fancy can not cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

PHILOMELA.

HARK! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!
O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still—after many years, in distant lands—
Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn,
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy racked heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse,
With hot cheeks and seared eyes,
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?
Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight; and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change;
Once more; and once more make resound,
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE DOVE.

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a "fiery heart";
These notes of thine,—they pierce and pierce:
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a valentine—
A song in mockery, and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night,
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.
I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the song, the song for me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No cloud, no relict of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West; no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring; it flows silently

O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still;
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song—
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird! Oh, idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow)—he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit—
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moonlight; to the influxes
Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements,
Surrendering his whole spirit; of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality—
A venerable thing!—and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the Spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou, our sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood;
And the trim walks are broken up; and grass,
Thin grass and kingcups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales. And far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glowworm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve,
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove,)
Glides through the pathways—she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon,
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve;
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!

We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream,)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon; and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—
It is a father's tale; but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

PRIZE thou the nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he—a winged and wandering sound;

Whose tender caroling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre,
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstacies inspire;

Whose shrill, capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone—
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare!
Can aught with thee compare?
Thou art all song—thy breast
Thrills for one month o' th' year—is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call—
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so loud a sound, and pour so loud a note.

MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER. (Dutch)
Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go!
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river side,
Culling the lemons pale:
Thither—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,
'T is for her lover all:
Thither—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale,
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale:
Thither—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

GIL VICENTE. (Portuguese)
Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE.

I HAVE seen a nightingale
On a sprig of thyme bewail,
Seeing the dear nest, which was
Hers alone, borne off, alas!
By a laborer; I heard,
For this outrage, the poor bird

Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind, which, on its wings,
From her to the guardian of the sky,
Bore her melancholy cry—
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break:
One while, in a sad, sweet note,
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer, and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh, for her dear brood,
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round;
Now she skimmed along the ground;
Now, from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude—
Give me back my pretty brood!"
And I saw the rustic still
Answered, "That, I never will!"

ESTEVAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS. (Spanish)
Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEPARTURE.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 't will be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on "the night's dull ear."
Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the long brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping every where;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, smiling every where;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
More welcome than the flowers
In Summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy Spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping every where.

SARAH ROBERTS.

12

JULY.

LOUD is the Summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along,
Seems weary of its bubbling song,
And, so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep;

The cricket on its bank is dumb;
The very flies forget to hum;
And, save the wagon rocking round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound.
The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that danceth now;

The taller grass upon the hill,
And spider's threads, are standing still;
The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;
And in the over-heated air
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that to the earnest eye
The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And flowers e'en within the shade;
Until the sun slopes in the west,
Like weary traveller, glad to rest
On pillowed clouds of many hues.
Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain
Hum with their summer songs again,
A requiem to the day's decline,
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine
As welcome to day's feeble powers
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

JOHN CLARE.

SONG.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But Winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But Winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE GREENWOOD.

Oh! when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green—
Oh! then 'tis sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 'tis winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat,—
Oh! then 'tis sweet
To sit and sing
Of the friends with whom, in the days of Spring,
We roamed through the greenwood together.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE

Come to these scenes of peace,
Where, to rivers murmuring,
The sweet birds all the Summer sing,
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease!
Stranger, does thy heart deplore
Friends whom thou wilt see no more?
Does thy wounded spirit prove
Pangs of hopeless, severed love?
Thee, the stream that gushes clear—
Thee, the birds that carol near
Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
And dream of their wild lullaby;
Come to bless these scenes of peace,
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.

The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow:
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE GARDEN.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless,
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou 'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best:
In books and gardens thou hast placed aright
(Things, which thou well dost understand;
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again
dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid
joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seems such beauteous flowers, and are
such poisonous weeds?

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refined,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of Heaven too did appear,
As far as Earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which Earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, even before
a wife.

For God, the universal architect
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escurial, or a tower
That might with Heaven communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shown,
And the materials were all his own.
But well he knew, what place would best
agree
With innocence and with felicity;
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain;
If any part of either yet remain,

If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

O blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat,
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!
This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst, assuage;
Every where else their fatal power we see;
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
They neither set, nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year;
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
And should by right be singers too.
What prince's choir of music can excel
That, which within this shade does dwell?

To which we nothing pay or give;
They, like all other poets, live
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains;
'T is well if they become not prey.
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play;
Nature does all this harmony bestow,
But to our plants, art's music too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe;
The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
The trees danced round, and understood
By sympathy the voice of wood.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not choose to be awake,
While he 's encompast round with such delight,
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight?

When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep
A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
The odorous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,
As the most soft and sweetest bed;
Not her own lap would more have charmed his head.
Who, that has reason and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke,
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
In pestilential clouds, a populous town?
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
Than all the female men, or women, there
Not without cause, about them bear.

When Epicurus to the world had taught,
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
(And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly understood)
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought:
Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius's table, which did hold
As many creatures as the ark of old;
That fiscal table, to which every day
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than Nature's liberality,
Helped with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gardener's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon she would lose;
Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
Yet still the fruits of earth we see
Placed the third story high in all her luxury.

But with no sense the garden does comply,
None courts, or flatters, as it does, the eye.
When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth, and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain;

Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
To hide the metal's poverty;
Though she looked up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold
But silk, and rich embroidery,
And Babylonish tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
Though Ophir's starry stones met every where her eye;
Though she herself and her gay host were drest
With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish Art her costly work had done,
The honor and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won
And every rose and lily there did stand
Better attired by Nature's hand.
The case thus judged against the king we see,
By one, that would not be so rich, though wiser far than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense
Such various pleasures to the sense;
Here health itself does live,
That salt of life which does to all a relish give,
Its standing pleasure and intrinsic wealth,
The body's virtue and the soul's good-fortune, health.
The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,
Did its immortal head to Heaven rear;
It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood;
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;
Nor will it thrive too every where:
It always here is freshest seen,
'Tis only here an evergreen.
If, through the strong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholesome labors, and a quiet mind,
Any diseases passage find,
They must not think here to assail
A land unarmed or without a guard;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any plant is growing here,
Which against death some weapon does not bear.
Let cities boast that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride;
But 'tis the country and the field,
That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colors see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
Even in a bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these, his inferior ways,
(Though no less full of miracle and praise.)
Upon the flowers of Heaven we gaze;
The stars of Earth no wonder in us raise;
Though these perhaps do, more than they,
The life of mankind sway.
Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stored with beauty, power and mystery;
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so ordered, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for Art.

We nowhere Art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree.
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules and is her master, here.
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine.
It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
To its blest state of Paradise before.
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command?
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he 's pleased to give?
He bids th' ill-natured crab produce
The gentle apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss.
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear;
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.
Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,
Though she refused Apollo's suit;
Even she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself, to see
That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made.
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
"If I, my friends," (said he,) "should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier, much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away;
And trust me not, my friends, if every day,
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost a god."

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine—
The beechen cup, unstained with wine—
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still,
The black-bird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies,
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my customed round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portrayed with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed.
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings, be-dropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THOMAS WARTON.

THE RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day,
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend.

With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For is it thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease;
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a Summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And, with my angle, upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learned industriously to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water, all, compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies!
From some aspiring mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And, from the vales, to view the noble heights above;
O my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be—
Might I in this desert place,
(Which most men in discourse disgrace,)
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre Winter's cold,
And the Summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

CHARLES COTTON.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

ANONYMOUS.

REVE DU MIDI.

When o'er the mountain steeps,
The hazy noontide creeps,
And the shrill cricket sleeps
Under the grass;
When soft the shadows lie,
And clouds sail o'er the sky,
And the idle winds go by,
With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass—

Then when the silent stream
Lapses as in a dream,
And the water-lilies gleam
Up to the sun;
When the hot and burdened day
Rests on its downward way,
When the moth forgets to play
And the plodding ant may dream her work is done—

Then, from the noise of war
And the din of earth afar,
Like some forgotten star
Dropt from the sky—
The sounds of love and fear,
All voices sad and clear,
Banished to silence drear—
The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale
Breathes its mysterious tale,
Till the rose's lips grow pale
With her sighs;
And o'er my thoughts are cast
Tints of the vanished past,
Glories that faded fast,
Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,
Where its sweet treasure swings,
The honey-lover clings
To the red flowers—
So, lost in vivid light,
So, rapt from day and night,
I linger in delight,
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

ROSE TERRY.

HYMN TO PAN.

O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the Hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms! O thou, to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossomed beans and poppied corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low-creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh-budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagles maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,

And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown!
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O Hearkener to the loud-clappping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating! Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars, routing tender corn,
Anger our huntsmen! Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms!
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors!
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings—such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven
That, spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth;
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And, giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

JOHN KEATS.

TO PAN.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honor and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honored. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honored, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE BIRCH-TREE.

Rippling through thy branches goes the sunshine,
Among thy leaves that palpitate for ever;
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,
The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb for ever!

While all the forest, witched with slumberous moonshine,
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended,—
I hear afar thy whispering, gleaming islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung silence.

Upon the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
Dripping about thy slim white stem, whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some startled Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping

Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade; thy pattering leaflets
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow trembles,
Thou sympathizest still; wild and unquiet,
I fling me down, thy ripple, like a river,
Flows valleyward where calmness is, and by it
My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SONG OF WOOD-NYMPHS.

COME here, come here, and dwell
In forest deep!
Come here, come here, and tell
Why thou dost weep!
Is it for love (sweet pain!)
That thus thou dar'st complain
Unto our pleasant shades, our summer leaves,
Where nought else grieves?

Come here, come here, and lie
By whispering stream!
Here no one dares to die
For love's sweet dream;
But health all seek, and joy,
And shun perverse annoy,
And race along green paths till close of day,
And laugh—alway!

Or else, through half the year,
On rushy floor,
We lie by waters clear,
While sky-larks pour
Their songs into the sun!
And when bright day is done,
We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn
And dream—till morn!

BARRY CORNWALL.

SUMMER WOODS.

COME ye into the summer woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,
The honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant, "true love,"
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill;
Down to the murmuring water's edge
And freely drink their fill!

And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things;
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old,—
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low,

The nodding plants they bowed their heads
As if in heartsome cheer:
They spake unto these little things,
"'T is merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet; nor is there strife
'Mong them for mine and thine.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the green-wood tree.

MARY HOWITT.

WILLOW SONG.

WILLOW! in thy breezy moan
I can hear a deeper tone;
Through thy leaves come whispering low
Faint sweet sounds of long ago—
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a mournful tale of old
Heart-sick Love to thee hath told,
Gathering from thy golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow—
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree;
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent—
Willow, sighing willow!

Therefore, wave and murmur on,
Sigh for sweet affections gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for Love, whose heart hath bled—
Ever, willow, willow!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air;
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last;
'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There 's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street,
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,

Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.
I would that, in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved
(Unloving as I am unloved),
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR. CHARLES COTTON.

ODE.

O THOU, that swing'st upon the waving ear
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropped thee from heaven, where now thou 'rt reared;

The joys of air and earth are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then;
Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are cropt;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames; the north wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry he hath his crown again.

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need;
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself, is poor indeed.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'T is filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All the summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.

To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

ANACREON. (Greek.)
Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

A SOLILOQUY.

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! ever blest
With a more than mortal rest,
Rosy dews the leaves among,
Humble joys, and gentle song!
Wretched poet! ever curst
With a life of lives the worst,
Sad despondence, restless fears,
Endless jealousies and tears.
In the burning summer thou
Warblest on the verdant bough,
Meditating cheerful play,
Mindless of the piercing ray;
Scorched in Cupid's fervors, I
Ever weep and ever die.
Proud to gratify thy will,
Ready Nature waits thee still;
Balmy wines to thee she pours,
Weeping through the dewy flowers,
Rich as those by Hebe given
To the thirsty sons of heaven.
Yet alas, we both agree.
Miserable thou like me!
Each, alike, in youth rehearses
Gentle strains and tender verses;
Ever wandering far from home,
Mindless of the days to come
(Such as aged Winter brings
Trembling on his icy wings),
Both alike at last we die;
Thou art starved, and so am I!

WALTER HARTE.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY songster, perched above,
On the summit of the grove,
Whom a dewdrop cheers to sing
With the freedom of a king;
From thy perch survey the fields,
Where prolific Nature yields
Nought that, willingly as she,
Man surrenders not to thee.
For hostility or hate
None thy pleasures can create.
Thee it satisfies to sing
Sweetly the return of Spring;
Herald of the genial hours,
Harming neither herbs nor flowers.
Therefore man thy voice attends
Gladly—thou and he are friends;
Nor thy never-ceasing strains
Phœbus or the Muse disdains
As too simple or too long,
For themselves inspire the song.
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
Ever singing, sporting, playing,
What has nature else to show
Godlike in its kind as thou?

ANACREON. (Greek.)
Translation of WILLIAM COWPER.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June—
Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine: both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

Leigh Hunt.

TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Burly, dozing humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek.—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom,

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance;
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE BEE.

From fruitful beds and flowery borders,
Parcelled to wasteful ranks and orders,
Where state grasps more than plain truth needs,
And wholesome herbs are starved by weeds,

To the wild woods I will be gone,
And the coarse meals of great Saint John.

When truth and piety are missed,
Both in the rulers and the priest;
When pity is not cold but dead,
And the rich eat the poor like bread;
While factious heads, with open coile
And force, first make, then share the spoile;
To Horeb then Elias goes,
And in the desert grows the rose.

Haile, chrystal fountaines and fresh shades,
Where no proud look invades,
No busie worldling hunts away
The sad retirer all the day!
Haile, happy, harmless solitude!
Our sanctuary from the rude
And scornful world; the calm recess
Of faith, and hope, and holiness!
Here something still like Eden looks;
Honey in woods, juleps in brooks;
And flowers, whose rich, unrifled sweets
With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets,
When the toils of the day are done,
And the tired world sets with the sun.
Here flying winds and flowing wells
Are the wise, watchful hermit's bells;
Their busie murmurs all the night
To praise or prayer do invite;
And with an awful sound arrest,
And piously employ his breast.

When in the East the dawn doth blush,
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush.
Herbs straight get up; flowers peep and spread;
Trees whisper praise, and bow the head;
Birds, from the shades of night released,
Look round about, then quit the nest,
And with united gladness sing
The glory of the morning's King.
The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their, joyes;
Then prays that all the world might be
Blest with as sweet an unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,
They flock about him to the shade,
Where wisely they expect the end,
Giving the tempest time to spend;
And hard by shelters on some bough
Hilarion's servant, the sage crow.

Oh, purer years of light and grace!
Great is the difference, as the space,
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires, and leave the sun.
Is not fair nature of herself
Much richer than dull paint and pelf?
And are not streams at the spring head
More sweet than in carved stone or lead?
But fancy and some artist's tools
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briars now is fraught.
Some part is with bold fable spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted;
And discord, old corruption's crest,
With blood and shame have stained the rest.
So snow, which in its first descents
A whiteness like pure heaven presents,
When touched by man is quickly soiled,
And after trodden down and spoiled.

Oh, lead me where I may be free,
In truth and spirit to serve Thee!
Where undisturbed I may converse
With Thy great Self; and there rehearse
Thy gifts with thanks; and from Thy store,
Who art all blessings, beg much more.
Give me the wisdom of the bee,
And her unwearied industrie!
That, from the wild gourds of these days,
I may extract health, and Thy praise,
Who canst turn darkness into light,
And in my weakness shew Thy might.

Suffer me not in any want
To seek refreshment from a plant
Thou didst not set; since all must be
Plucked up, whose growth is not from Thee.
'T is not the garden and the bowers,
Nor sense and forms, that give to flowers
Their wholesomeness; but Thy good will,
Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then since corrupt man hath driven hence
Thy kind and saving influence,
And balm is no more to be had
In all the coasts of Gilead;

Go with me to the shade and cell,
Where Thy best servants once did dwell.
There let me know Thy will, and see
Exiled religion owned by Thee;
For Thou canst turn dark grots to halls,
And make hills blossome like the vales,
Decking their untilled heads with flowers,
And fresh delights for all sad hours;
Till from them, like a laden bee,
I may fly home, and hive with Thee.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE FLY.

OCCASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT OF THE AUTHOR'S CUP.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away!

Both alike, both mine and thine,
Hasten quick to their decline!
Thine 's a summer; mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers, when they 're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

VINCENT BOURNE.

THE SPICE-TREE.

The Spice-Tree lives in the garden green;
Beside it the fountain flows;
And a fair bird sits the boughs between,
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
Within the bounds of an earthly king;
No lovelier skies have ever shone
Than those that illumine its constant Spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three;
On each a thousand blossoms grow;
And, old as aught of time can be,
The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
The fount that builds a silvery dome;
And flakes of purple and ruby fire
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of old:

"O Princess bright! how long the night
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear!
How sadly they flow from the depth below—
How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear?

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
And the skies are sunny above;
I would that all could fade and fall,
And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

"Oh! many a year, so wakeful and drear,
I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee!
But there comes no breath from the chambers of death,
While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red;
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom;
The waves of the fount in a black pool spread;
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with a long shrill cry,
Into the sable and angry flood;
And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount;
Higher and higher the waters flow—
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
And tones of music circle around,
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
Falls in dew on the grassy floor;
Under the Spice-Tree the garden's Queen
Sits by her lover, who wails no more.

JOHN STERLING.

THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

Next to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both, I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both, I love the tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our poets vie
With any under the Arab sky;
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem
Cairo's citadel-diadem
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance,
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance—

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south winds arise,
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs,

Quickening odors, kisses of balm,
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame, and the sands may stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O Tree of Love, by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun,
Whereby the wooed is ever won!

If I were a king, O stately Tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite;
With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase.

And there the poets, in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new lays—

New measures sung to tunes divine;
But none, O Palm, should equal mine!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE TIGER.

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil! What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE LION'S RIDE.

The lion is the desert's king; through his domain so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.
By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close couches the grim chief;
The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more
The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er
With kraal fires; when the Caffre wends home through the lone karroo;
When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu;

Then bend your gaze across the waste—what see ye? The giraffe,
Majestic, stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid lymph to quaff;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound—a roar—a bound—the lion sits astride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so ride?
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state
To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with ravenous greed;
His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the steed.
Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay, the camel-leopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the moonlit plain!
As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring eyeballs strain;
In thick black streams of purling blood, full fast his life is fleeting;
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness, the path of Israel traced—
Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the waste—
From the sandy sea uprising, as the waterspout from ocean,
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vulture whirs on high;
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly,
And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in the horrid race;
By the foot-prints wet with gore and sweat, their monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear, the while
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's painted pile.
On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and strength remain!
The steed by such a rider backed, may madly plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and breathes his last;
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's fell repast.
O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried:—
Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of beasts doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. (German.)
Anonymous translation.

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

WOULDST thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant, lurks the lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless at the ambushed brink
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;

Upon him straight, the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong, and he strives for life.
Plunging off with frantic bound
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
With glaring eye and headlong haste
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.
For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need.
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
'T is vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains;
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er.
He falls—and, with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!
—And lo! ere quivering life is fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down, to watch in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear—
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffolo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartè-beest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine;

Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
Away—away— in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—Man is distant, but God is near!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins—
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet,—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green;
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),—

And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

BARRY CORNWALL.

INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;
For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come, thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed;
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

W. C. BENNETT.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'T is a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright rays into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother
As she used to, years agone,
To survey her darling dreamers,
Ere she left them till the dawn.
Oh! I see her bending o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes, delicious blue,
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue!
I remember but to love her
With a rapture kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is nought in Art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions well,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

ANONYMOUS.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;

And then again I dissolve it in rain;
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night, 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under, is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves, remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And, wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees.
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nurseling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair;

The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need to drink),
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less),
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal "health" goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high—
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

ANACREON. (Greek.)
Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn;
The dews begin to fa';
The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay;
The red-breast pours his sweetest strains,
To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honey-suckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow swift we fly;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY

THE WANDERING WIND.

THE Wind, the wandering Wind
Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones amongst the leaves?
Oh! is it from the waters,
Or, from the long tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined,
That it wins the tone of mastery?
The Wind, the wandering Wind!
No, no! the strange, sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Nor the fir-trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
Nor of the caverned hill;
'T is the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill:
They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble,
To the Wind, the wandering Wind?

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing—
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds, like flocks, to feed in air)
With living hues and odors, plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

II.

Thou, on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sephulchre
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors; from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers,
Quivering within the waves' intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while, far below,
The sea-blooms, and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;—
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;—
A wave to pant beneath thy power and share
The impulse of thy strength—only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is.
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone—
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the stormy sea—
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains;
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home

A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er falters—so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

BARRY CORNWALL.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea—
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high—
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud—
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy;
The wind blows wild and free;
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night;

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

STORM SONG.

THE clouds are scudding across the moon;
A misty light is on the sea;
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
 Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar;
Thank God, He has given us broad sea-room,
 A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who sleep!
 The wild and whistling deck have we;
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep,
 While the tempest is on the sea!

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip,
 And the naked spars be snapped away,
Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our ship
 In the teeth of the whelming spray!

Hark! how the surges o'erleap the deck!
 Hark! how the pitiless tempest raves!
Ah, daylight will look upon many a wreck
 Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet, courage, brothers! we trust the wave,
 With God above us, our guiding chart.
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,
 Be it still with a cheery heart!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES.

Moan, moan, ye dying gales!
The saddest of your tales
 Is not so sad as life;
Nor have you e'er began
A theme so wild as man,
 Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf!
Autumn sears not like grief,
 Nor kills such lovely flowers;
More terrible the storm,
More mournful the deform,
 When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush! hush! thou trembling lyre,
Silence, ye vocal choir,
 And thou, mellifluous lute,
For man soon breathes his last,
And all his hope is past,
 And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,
And when the leaves are dying,
 And when the song is o'er,
Oh, let us think of those
Whose lives are lost in woes,
 Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HENRY NEELE.

SEAWEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
 The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
 The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks;

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
 Of sunken ledges
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
 Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf that buries
 The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
 Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
 Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
 Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long,

From each cave and rocky fastness
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong will, and the endeavor
That for ever
Wrestles with the tides of fate;
From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea;
Flung on the foam, afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery,—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

THE SEA—IN CALM.

LOOK what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us—Mark! how still (as though in dreams
Bound) the once wild and terrible ocean seems!
How silent are the winds! no billow roars;
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores.
The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no sound;
Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors!
What! is the giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatched beneath the sun?
No: he reposes! Now his toils are done;
More quiet than the babbling brooks is he.
So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

I.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly?
Oh! rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

II.

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail—
What does it bring to me?

III.

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

IV.

Of thousands thou both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

V.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore
For gladness, and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-bye to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here, where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath; I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing—
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild, the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in Summer's northern light
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,
Beneath like fallen Titans lay,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind;
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once more
To where my native hill-tops o'er
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky!

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief, thoughtful, hour of musing by the sea.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
 As blows the north-wind, heave their foam
And curl around the dashing oar,
 As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
 Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
 A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,—
When early birds at morning wake,
 And evening tells us toil is o'er.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

YARROW UNVISITED.*

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome marrow:"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow; 'tis their own—
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Teviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seemed, of slight and scorn;
My true-love sighed for sorrow,
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh, green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and homebred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough, if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy,—
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show—
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

* See the various poems, the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite ballad of Hamilton, on page 450 of this volume, beginning:

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!"

YARROW VISITED.

And is this—Yarrow?—This the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused—
A tender, hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers—
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers;
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love:
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.
Meek loveliness is round thee spread—
A softness still and holy,
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there,—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I inwreathed my own!
'T were no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see,—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives,—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights;
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine:
Sad thought, which I would banish
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow,
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

William Wordsworth.

YARROW REVISITED.

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other friends, visiting the banks of the Yarrow under his guidance—immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The gallant youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome marrow,"
Was but an infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's castle-gate—
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed,
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts, the stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation.
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the morn of youth,
With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate noon, her sober eve,
Her night not melancholy;
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing—
If, then, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her sons
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And care waylays their steps,—a sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change
Green Eildon Hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
May classic fancy, linking
With native fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

O, while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May health return to mellow age,
With strength, her venturous brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call
With gladness must requite thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine—
Such looks of love and honor
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her—
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self—
Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localized romance
Plays false with our affections:
Unsanctifies our tears,—made sport
For fanciful dejections.
Ah, no! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is,—our changeful life,
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, ye, whose thoughts that day
In Yarrow's groves were centred;
Who through the silent portal arch
Of mouldering Newark entered;
And clomb the winding stair that once
Too timidly was mounted
By the "last Minstrel" (not the last!),
Ere he his tale recounted!

Flow on for ever, Yarrow stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty;
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather!
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is Earth so gayly drest?
This pomp, that Autumn beareth,
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not with boyish laughter.
We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden,
And thou this glen mayst seek again,
But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom;
Ah! these forests do not know—
Or would less brightly wither—
The virgin that adorns them so
Will never more come hither!

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'T will soon be winter now.

Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fire-side for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little breast to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts,—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks;
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy—
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry;
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear.
What is the creature doing here?
It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,—
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground.
The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear.
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished here through such long time
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO MEADOWS.

YE have been fresh and green;
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours;

Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home;

You 've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round;
Each virgin, like the Spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You 're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man 's a king; his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage—
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives—
These are Nature's ancient pleasures;
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'T is our stored and ample dwelling;
'T is from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade—
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STERLING.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CORNFIELDS.

WHEN on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought
The fair white thistle-down,
Oh then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes
The piled-up stacks of corn;

And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

I feel the day—I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke—
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabite so fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight,—
God's living gift of love unto
The kind good Shunammite;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour takes His way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

Oh, golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream.
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

MARY HOWITT.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
Ye 're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings:

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That Time the fastest spends),
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,—
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye 're types of those;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the Summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair
and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the
cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid
the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster
in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in
autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,
as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as
still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters
of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by
the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful
beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and
faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the
forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have
a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that
young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with
the flowers. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of Summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

Ay, this is freedom!—these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me where the red deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
No barriers in the bloomy grass;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
In pastures, measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long stripe of waving sedge;
The bear that marks my weapon's gleam
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
The brinded catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way—
Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!
Free stray the lucid streams, and find
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the fire, when frost-winds sere
The heavy herbage of the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here—
With roaring like the battle's sound,
And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
And smoke-streams gushing up the sky.
I meet the flames with flames again,
And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged Past
Speaks solemnly; and I behold
The boundless Future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled.
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide:
Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

RISE! Sleep no more! 'T is a noble morn.
The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,
And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
Under the steaming, steaming ground.
Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
Our horses are ready and steady.—So, ho!
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.
Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
The horn,—the horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away!—as a hawk flies full at his prey,
So flieth the hunter, away,—away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and—the day is done!
Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?
'T is the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:
The horn,—the horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter good
What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
Oh, what delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's back,
With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
And the blast of the horn for his morning song?

Hark, hark!—Now, home! and dream till morn
Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!
The horn,—the horn!
Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!

BARRY CORNWALL.

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run—
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core—
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel—to set budding, more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them—thou hast thy music too:
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

AUTUMN—A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is failing; the bleak wind is wailing;
The bare boughs are sighing; the pale flowers are dying;
And the Year
On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May;
In your saddest array
Follow the bier
Of the dead, cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling; the nipt worm is crawling;
The rivers are swelling; the thunder is knelling
For the Year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead, cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

AUTUMN.

The Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;
The harvest is heaping;
But some that have sowed
Have no riches for reaping:—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;
The red sun is sinking;
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;
Here's enow for sad thinking!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE LATTER RAIN.

The latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste
As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
But not a blade grows green as in the Spring;
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;
The robins only mid the harvests sing,
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves;
The rain falls still,—the fruit all ripened drops,
It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell;
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops;
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell;
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

JONES VERY.

AUTUMN'S SIGHING.

Autumn's sighing,
Moaning, dying;
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
While their shadows
O'er the meadows
Walk like widows
Decked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,
Fall unfailing,
Dropping, sailing,
From the wood,
That, unpliant,
Stands defiant,
Like a giant
Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisper,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

From th' unseen land
Frozen inland,
Down from Greenland
Winter glides,
Shedding lightness
Like the brightness
When moon-whiteness
Fills the tides.

Now bright Pleasure's
Sparkling measures
With rare treasures
Overflow!
With this gladness
Comes what sadness!
Oh, what madness!
Oh, what woe!

Even merit
May inherit
Some bare garret,
Or the ground;

Or, a worse ill,
Beg a morsel
At some door sill,
Like a hound!

Storms are trailing;
Winds are wailing,
Howling, railing
At each door.
'Midst this trailing,
Howling, railing,
List the wailing
Of the poor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE IVY GREEN.

OH! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man—
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale—
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song—
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,

So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal.
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood:
His sides are clothed with waving wood;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both, a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.
'T is now the raven's bleak abode;
'T is now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there fall
Huge heaps of hoary, mouldered wall.
Yet Time has seen—that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow—
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state.
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow—
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow;
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm—
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie;
What streaks of meadow cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;

So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way—
The present 's still a cloudy day.
Oh may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul.
'T is thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search; she is not here!
In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure—close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER.

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up; for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapors, fly apace,
And hover o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures; where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty, thievish fox,
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good night! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids. So farewell:
Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice! thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth—
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest;
Curl the still waters, bright with stars; and rouse
The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast.
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone;
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that passed away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more.
Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EVENING.

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below,
Through all the dewy-tasselled wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples—fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas,
On leagues of odor streaming far,
To where, in yonder orient star,
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales—

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew; and, loveliest still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven,
By absence, from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

EVENING IN THE ALPS.

COME, golden Evening! in the west
Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops. 'Tis done;—
The tempest ceases; bold and bright,
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;—
Mont Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit;—spread
The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
The stars, like saints in glory, meet.
While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss,
Invisible; the ear alone
Pursues the uproar till it dies;
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,
Darkness that may be felt;—but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon.
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense—
They seem so exquisitely frail—
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face:
Pride of the land that gave me birth!
All that thy waves reflect I love,
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray;
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before,
Where all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind;
For, in that fairy land of thought,
Whate'er I seek, I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of God, not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forgot—
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my form be seen,
That all may ask, but none reply,
What my offence hath been.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to her rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee?

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO CYNTHIA.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us, then, with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto thy flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

Ben Jonson.

MOONRISE.

What stands upon the highland?
What walks across the rise,
As though a starry island
Were sinking down the skies?

What makes the trees so golden?
What decks the mountain side,
Like a veil of silver folden
Round the white brow of a bride?

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east,
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.

She works, with touch ethereal,
By changes strange to see,
The cypress, so funereal,
To a lightsome fairy tree;

Black rocks to marble turning,
Like palaces of kings;
On ruin windows burning,
A festal glory flings;

The desert halls uplighting,
While falling shadows glance,
Like courtly crowds uniting
For the banquet or the dance;

With ivory wand she numbers
The stars along the sky;
And breaks the billows' slumbers
With a love-glance of her eye;

Along the cornfields dances,
Brings bloom upon the sheaf;
From tree to tree she glances,
And touches leaf by leaf;

Wakes birds that sleep in shadows;
Through their half-closed eyelids gleams;
With her white torch through the meadows
Lights the shy deer to the streams.

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east,
And the joyous world partaking
Of her golden fairy feast.

ERNEST JONES.

SONNET.

THE crimson Moon, uprising from the sea,
With large delight foretells the harvest near.
Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody,
To greet the soft appearance of her sphere!

And like a page, enamored of her train,
The star of evening glimmers in the west:
Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain,
That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest!

Our fields are full with the time-ripened grain,
Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell;
Her golden splendor glimmers on the main,
And vales and mountains her bright glory tell.
Then sing, ye shepherds! for the time is come
When we must bring the enriched harvest home.

LORD THURLOW.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Cum ruit imbriferum ver:
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent.

Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.

VIRGIL.

MOON of Harvest, herald mild
Of Plenty, rustic labor's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet wide,
Where Innocence and Peace reside!

'T is thou that gladd'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, the exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapor intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 't is, O modest Moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
O modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence, away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity!
May no winds careering high
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all Nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face,
O harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes:
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo;

Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapped in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

NIGHT SONG.

THE moon is up in splendor,
And golden stars attend her;
The heavens are calm and bright;
Trees cast a deepening shadow,
And slowly off the meadow
A mist is rising silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing
Round half a world reposing
In calm and holy trust.
All seems one vast, still chamber,
Where weary hearts remember
No more the sorrows of the dust.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS. (German.)
Translation of C. T. BROOKS.

TO NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?—
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

BLANCO WHITE.

SONG.—THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG—TO THE SAME.

THY tuwhits are lulled, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which, upon the dark afloat,
So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice, untuneful grown,
Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthened loud halloo,
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE OWL.

WHILE the moon, with sudden gleam,
Through the clouds that cover her,
Darts her light upon the stream,
And the poplars gently stir;

Pleased I hear thy boding cry,
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky!
Sure thy notes are harmony.

While the maiden, pale with care,
Wanders to the lonely shade,
Sighs her sorrows to the air,
While the flowerets round her fade,—
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry;
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To her it is not harmony.

While the wretch with mournful dole,
Wrings his hands in agony,
Praying for his brother's soul,
Whom he pierced suddenly,—
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry;
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To him it is not harmony.

ANONYMOUS.

THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song—
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

WILLIAM COWPER.

TO A CRICKET.

VOICE of Summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will;
For thy song with Summer's filled—
Filled with sunshine, filled with June;
Firelight echo of that noon
Heard in fields when all is stilled
In the golden light of May,
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees, and birds, and flowers away:
Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of Summer, keen and shrill!

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW

AND is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:—
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
From its surrounding clay
It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
'T is all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon, for Spring is nigh,
Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

FANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam;
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her;
Open wide the mind's cage-door—
She 'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose!
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming.
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting. What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commissioned;—send her!
She has vassals to attend her;
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;—
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth;—
With a still, mysterious stealth;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it,—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear—
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn;
And, in the same moment—hark!
'T is the early April lark,—
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep:
And the snake, all winter-thin,
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh sweet Fancy! let her loose!
Every thing is spoilt by use;
Where 's the cheek that doth not fade,

Too much gazed at? Where 's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where 's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where 's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where 's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft!
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter
Ere the god of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she 'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam;
Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

THE WINDY NIGHT.

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon;
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak.
"Tu-who! Tu-whit!"
They cry, and flit,
"Tu-whit! Tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
Clattering on the window sash
With a clatter and patter
Like hail and rain,
That well nigh shatter
The dusky pane!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair—
Through every hall!
Through each gusty door
There 's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain;
They heave at the steeple with might and main,
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet, plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years,—
Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone;
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon,—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,—
Hope's passionate farewell

To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom,—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind—
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree!
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere—
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,—
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still, wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NORTH WIND.

LOUD wind! strong wind! sweeping o'er the mountains;
Fresh wind! free wind! blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like torrents from air fountains,
Draughts of life to me.

Clear wind! cold wind! like a northern giant,
Stars brightly threading thy cloud-driven hair,
Thrilling the blank night with thy voice defiant—
Lo! I meet thee there!

Wild wind! bold wind! like a strong-armed angel
Clasp me and kiss me with thy kisses divine!
Breathe in this dulled ear thy secret, sweet evangel,—
Mine, and only mine!

Fierce wind! mad wind! howling o'er the nations!
Knew'st thou how leapeth my heart as thou goest by,
Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in sudden patience,
Like a human sigh!

Sharp wind! keen wind! cutting as word arrows,
Empty thy quiver-full! Pass by! what is't to thee,
That in some mortal eyes life's whole bright circle narrows
To one misery?

Loud wind! strong wind! stay thou in the mountains;
Fresh wind! free wind! trouble not the sea!
Or lay thy deathly hand upon my heart's warm fountains
That I hear not thee!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door;
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreathes
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.

And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more,
Wintry winds are sweeping;
Through the snow-drifts, peeping.
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the wood with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee—
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

LUDWIG HÖLTY. (German.)
Translation of C. T. BROOKS.

SONNET

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAAKEN IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay.
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart:
He who has not enough for these to spare,
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair—
Nature is always wise in every part.

LORD THURLOW.

TO THE REDBREAST.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care;
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers—
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven!
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A SONG FOR THE SEASONS.

WHEN the merry lark doth gild
With his song the summer hours,
And their nests the swallows build
In the roofs and tops of towers,
And the golden broom-flower burns
All about the waste,
And the maiden May returns
With a pretty haste,—
Then, how merry are the times!
The Summer times! the Spring times!

Now, from off the ashy stone
The chilly midnight cricket crieth,
And all merry birds are flown,
And our dream of pleasure dieth;
Now the once blue, laughing sky
Saddens into gray,
And the frozen rivers sigh,
Pining all away!
Now, how solemn are the times!
The Winter times! the Night times!

Yet, be merry: all around
Is through one vast change revolving;
Even Night, who lately frowned,
Is in paler dawn dissolving;
Earth will burst her fetters strange,
And in Spring grow free;
All things in the world will change,
Save—my love for thee!
Sing then, hopeful are all times!
Winter, Summer, Spring times!

BARRY CORNWALL.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the Year is but asleep:
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold Year to-day;
Solemn Hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier;
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye Hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul—
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With Life and Nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapors rolling down the valleys made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine.
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the Summer long;
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons. Happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village-clock tolled six; I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle. With the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed; while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star—
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain. And oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me,—even as if the Earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler; and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—
An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought—
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy—
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink—
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald—wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, oh ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

PART II.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb."
 So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
 So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer."
So I sung the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,
 In a book, that all may read."—
So he vanished from my sight,
 And I plucked a hollow reed;

And I made a rural pen;
 And I stained the water clear
And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that 's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations;
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we 'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we 'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure;
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be;—
That 's May Bennett; that 's my baby.

William C. Bennett.

LULLABY.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
 sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
 Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on mother's breast;
 Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Alfred Tennyson

CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her—
Charlotte, Julia, or Lousia?
Ann and Mary, they 're too common;
Joan 's too formal for a woman;
Jane 's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 't was Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith 's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen 's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?
How I 'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her;—
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

THE CHRISTENING.

ARRAYED—a half-angelic sight—
In vests of pure baptismal white,
The mother to the Font doth bring
The little helpless, nameless thing
With hushes soft and mild caressing,
At once to get—a name and blessing.
Close by the babe the priest doth stand,
The cleansing water at his hand
Which must assoil the soul within
From every stain of Adam's sin.
The infant eyes the mystic scenes,
Nor knows what all this wonder means;
And now he smiles, as if to say,
"I am a Christian made this day;"
Now frighted clings to nurse's hold,
Shrinking from the water cold,
Whose virtues, rightly understood,
Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.
Strange words—The World, The Flesh, The Devil—
Poor babe, what can it know of evil?
But we must silently adore
Mysterious truths, and not explore.
Enough for him, in after-times,
When he shall read these artless rhymes,
If, looking back upon this day
With quiet conscience, he can say,
"I have in part redeemed the pledge
Of my baptismal privilege;
And more and more will strive to flee
All which my sponsors kind did then renounce for me."

CHARLES LAMB.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it 's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat 's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug 's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here 's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue!—glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean 's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he 'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

TO FERDINAND SEYMOUR.

Rosy child, with forehead fair,
Coral lip, and shining hair,
In whose mirthful, clever eyes
Such a world of gladness lies;
As thy loose curls idly straying
O'er thy mother's cheek, while playing,
Blend her soft lock's shadowy twine
With the glittering light of thine,—
Who shall say, who gazes now,
Which is fairest, she or thou?

In sweet contrast are ye met,
Such as heart could ne'er forget:
Thou art brilliant as a flower,
Crimsoning in the sunny hour;
Merry as a singing-bird,
In the green wood sweetly heard;
Restless as if fluttering wings
Bore thee on thy wanderings;
Ignorant of all distress,
Full of childhood's carelessness.

She is gentle; she hath known
Something of the echoed tone
Sorrow leaves, where'er it goes,
In this world of many woes.
On her brow such shadows are
As the faint cloud gives the star,
Veiling its most holy light,
Though it still be pure and bright;
And the color in her cheek
To the hue on thine is weak,
Save when flushed with sweet surprise,
Sudden welcomes light her eyes;
And her softly chiselled face
(But for living, moving grace)
Looks like one of those which beam
In th' Italian painter's dream,—
Some beloved Madonna, bending
O'er the infant she is tending:
Holy, bright, and undefiled
Mother of the Heaven-born child;
Who, though painted strangely fair,
Seems but made for holy prayer,
Pity, tears, and sweet appeal,
And fondness such as angels feel;
Baffling earthly passion's sigh
With serenest majesty!

Oh! may those enshrouded years
Whose fair dawn alone appears,—
May that brightly budding life,
Knowing yet nor sin nor strife,—
Bring its store of hoped-for joy,
Mother, to thy laughing boy!
And the good thou dost impart
Lie deep-treasured in his heart,
That, when he at length shall strive
In the bad world where we live,
Thy sweet name may still be blest
As one who taught his soul true rest!

CAROLINE NORTON.

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now,
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king!
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor,
Tired of all thy playing—
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in;
On your curls' fair roundness stand
Golden lights serenely;
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly—
Little head and little foot
Heavy laid for pleasure;
Underneath the lids half-shut
Plants the shining azure;
Open-souled in noonday sun,
So, you lie and slumber;
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?
Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the fate appeareth!
I smile, too; for patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss;
I shall sleep, though losing!
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am all as tired of pain
As you are of pleasure.

Very soon, too, by His grace,
Gently wrapt around me,
I shall show as calm a face,
I shall sleep as soundly—
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand must drop the few
Given to my keeping—

Differing in this, that I,
Sleeping, must be colder,
And, in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder—
Differing in this beside
(Sleeper, have you heard me?
Do you move, and open wide
Your great eyes toward me?)
That while I you draw withal
From this slumber solely,
Me, from mine, an angel shall,
Trumpet-tongued and holy!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'T is sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!
Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again.
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
Oh! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE. (French.)
Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall—
Withered leaves,—one, two, and three,—
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In his wavering parachute.
——But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now,—now one,—
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap! Half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again;
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,

Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'T is a pretty baby treat,
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
Here for neither Babe nor me
Other playmate can I see.
Of the countless living things
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade),
And with busy revellings,
Chirp, and song, and murmurings,
Made this orchard's narrow space,
And this vale, so blithe a place;
Multitudes are swept away,
Never more to breathe the day.
Some are sleeping; some in bands
Travelled into distant lands;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighborhood;
And, among the kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple-tree—
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out—
Hung, head pointing towards the ground,
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound—
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!
Prettiest tumbler ever seen!
Light of heart, and light of limb—
What is now become of him?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighboring rill
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.
Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy.
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature—
Whatsoe'er we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show—
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Dora's face—
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.
Pleased by any random toy—
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy—
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss,
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought—
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling leaf.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CHILD IN THE WILDERNESS.

ENCINCTURED in a twine of leaves—
That leafy twine his only dress—
A lovely boy was plucking fruits
In a moonlight wilderness.

The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew,
And many a shrub, and many a tree:
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where they say
The night is more beloved than day.
But who that beauteous boy beguiled—
That beauteous boy!—to linger here?
Alone by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT

PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
Oh fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.—
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS of Alexandria. (Greek.)
Translation of SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

"SUCK, baby, suck! mother's love grows by giving;
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting:
Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.

Kiss, baby, kiss! mother's lips shine by kisses;
Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings:
Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

Hang, baby, hang! mother's love loves such forces;
Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging:
Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses
Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging."

So sang a withered beldam energetical,
And banned the ungiving door with lips prophetical.

CHARLES LAMB.

TO A CHILD

EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

I.

LOVE thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

II.

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

III.

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

IV.

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray—
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair!

V.

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer—
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

TO J. H.

FOUR YEARS OLD:—A NURSERY SONG.

. . . . Pien d'amori,
Pien di canti, e pien di fiori.
FRUGONI.

Full of little loves of ours,
Full of songs, and full of flowers.

An, little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes,
With a voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so;
With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
And cheeks as ripe as apples,
And head as rough as Dapple's,
And arms as sunny shining
As if their veins they'd wine in,
And mouth that smiles so truly
Heaven seems to have made it newly—
It breaks into such sweetness
With merry-lipped completeness;
Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
As blithe as Laughing Trio!
—Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
So christened from the Tattler,
My Bacchus in his glory,
My little Cor-di-fiori,
My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing,
As full of feints and frolics as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
Ah Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it:
A-getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John;
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth, with "May n't I?"
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens;
And there you dance, and clap hands.
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flowers, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences;
Or, as the constant trade is,
Are fondled by the ladies
With "What a young rogue this is!"
Reforming him with kisses;
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately tearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When lo! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue! and do you know, John,
Why 'tis we love you so, John?
And how it is they let ye
Do what you like and pet ye,
Though all who look upon ye,
Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"
It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you teaze 'em;
Because, too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant;
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn too,
You'd be as kind to them too;
In short, because you're very
Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;
And are as quick at giving
As easy at receiving;
And in the midst of pleasure
Are certain to find leisure
To think, my boy, of ours,
And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly;
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends, the thrushes;
And see what flowers the weather
Has rendered fit to gather;

And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you,—
Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves,
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

THE summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow;
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing;
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow;
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.

TO A CHILD, DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears:
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I 've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light, where'er I go;
My bird, when prison-bound;
My hand-in-hand companion—No,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
"His voice"—"his face"—is gone,
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on—
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile;

Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We 've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU, whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream—
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives,
But, at the touch of wrongs, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along that forehead fair,
Lost mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
A phantom of a blessed dream?
A human shape I feel thou art—
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by Fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.
To me thy parents are unknown;
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live!
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"
In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child,—all but the name.
How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirred
When thy first broken words were heard—
Words, that, inspired by Heaven, expressed
The transports dancing in thy breast!
And for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I called thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:
Duteous, thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to love!
To God!—for thou, a harmless child,
Hast kept his temple undefiled;
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries;
To love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee.
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!
Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years;
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring.
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on, than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the seraphim?
But now thy changing smiles express
Intelligible happiness.
I feel my soul thy soul partake.
What grief, if thou wouldst now awake!
With infants happy as thyself
I see thee bound, a playful elf;
I see thou art a darling child,
Among thy playmates bold and wild;
They love thee well; thou art the queen
Of all their sports, in bower or green;
And if thou livest to woman's height,
In thee will friendship, love, delight.
And live thou surely must; thy life
Is far too spiritual for the strife
Of mortal pain; nor could disease
Find heart to prey on smiles like these.
Oh! thou wilt be an angel bright—
To those thou lovest, a saving light—
The staff of age, the help sublime
Of erring youth, and stubborn prime;
And when thou goest to heaven again,
Thy vanishing be like the strain
Of airy harp—so soft the tone
The ear scarce knows when it is gone!
Thrice blessed he whose stars design
His spirit pure to lean on thine,
And watchful share, for days and years,
Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears!
For good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy altered face
Will breathe a more subduing grace
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there
That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.
O vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure, as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave, the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise;
And years, so Fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe, by God are given
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.
No common impulse hath me led
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,
Where, by mere gladness overcome,
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.
When to the lake I would have gone,
A wondrous beauty drew me on—
Such beauty as the spirit sees
In glittering fields and moveless trees,
After a warm and silent shower
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.
What led me hither, all can say
Who, knowing God, his will obey.
Thy slumbers now cannot be long;
Thy little dreams become too strong
For sleep—too like realities;
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes.
Thou wakest, and starting from the ground,
In dear amazement look'st around;
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home!
But when a stranger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.
Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,
Like a thin veil that half concealed
The light of soul, and half revealed.
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought
Each trembling eye-lash moved with thought;

And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek—
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright—
Till thou awokest; then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure those eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!
Nature has breathed into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace—
A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will:
As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake
Soft airs a gentle rippling make,
Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,
And water blends again with sky.
O happy sprite! didst thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes! a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing;
But thou wouldst be more loth to part,
And give me more of that glad heart.
Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence
The glory of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kissed thy cheek, and fanned thy hair,
And feel, though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live for ever!

JOHN WILSON.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his futureface;
But 't is to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! whom sleep can hardly tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go;
And eyes whose inward meanings play,
Congenial with the light of day;
And brow so calm, a home for Thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Though wise indeed thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part!
I hail thee Childhood's very Lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known,
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade.
Thou art a flash that lights the whole—
A gush from Nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of Man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;

And while amid thy garlands blow
The winds that warbling come and go,
Ever within, not loud but clear,
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,
And says that every human birth
Anew discloses God to earth.

JOHN STERLING.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing
 In the happy summer time—
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,
 Forest chirp, and village chime—
Is there, of the sounds that float
Unsighingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:
 Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and Light are reunited,
 Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There 's a sound that 's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all,—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone—
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
 For it answereth to his own.
But, of all its witching words,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
 Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—
 These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round—
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer,
 Fondlier formed to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer—
Hers, the mother, the endurer
 Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to hoard, a life-time after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection
 Hears with a mysterious sense—
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,
 Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed words untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought—
Tones that never thence depart;
For she listens—with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
 My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
 All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
 And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
 Yet patient to rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left—still by my side,
 Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;

Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying;
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness, prone to fade,
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free—
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile—the frequent soft caress—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest—thou, the last and least,
Nick-named "the Emperor" by thy laughing brothers—
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others—
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!
Fair shoulders—curling lips—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing;
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the mother's heart found room for all!

CAROLINE NORTON.

TO GEORGE M——.

YES, I do love thee well, my child!
Albeit mine 's a wandering mind;
But never, darling, hast thou smiled
Or breathed a wish that did not find
A ready echo in my heart.
What hours I 've held thee on my knee,
Thy little rosy lips apart!
Or, when asleep, I 've gazed on thee
And with old tunes sung thee to rest,
Hugging thee closely to my bosom;
For thee my very heart hath blest,
My joy, my care, my blue-eyed blossom!

THOMAS MILLER.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

He sang so wildly, did the boy,
That you could never tell
If 't was a madman's voice you heard,
Or if the spirit of a bird
Within his heart did dwell—
A bird that dallies with his voice
Among the matted branches;
Or on the free blue air his note,
To pierce, and fall, and rise, and float,
With bolder utterance launches.
None ever was so sweet as he,
The boy that wildly sang to me;
Though toilsome was the way and long,
He led me, not to lose the song.

But when again we stood below
The unhidden sky, his feet
Grew slacker, and his note more slow,
But more than doubly sweet.
He led me then a little way
Athwart the barren moor,
And there he stayed, and bade me stay,
Beside a cottage door;
I could have stayed of my own will,
In truth, my eye and heart to fill
With the sweet sight which I saw there,
At the dwelling of the cottager.

A little in the doorway sitting,
The mother plied her busy knitting;
And her cheek so softly smiled,
You might be sure, although her gaze
Was on the meshes of the lace,
Yet her thoughts were with her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice,
As o'er her work she did rejoice,
His became silent altogether;
And slyly creeping by the wall,
He seized a single plume, let fall
By some wild bird of longest feather;
And all a-tremble with his freak,
He touched her lightly on the cheek.

Oh what a loveliness her eyes
Gather in that one moment's space,
While peeping round the post she spies
Her darling's laughing face!
Oh mother's love is glorifying,
On the cheek like sunset lying;
In the eyes a moistened light,
Softer than the moon at night!

Thomas Burbidge.

THE PET LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said, in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight: they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face.
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing:—

"What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is 't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful thou art.
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain—
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms—the like thou need'st not fear;
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! Then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast—the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is, and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now;
Then I 'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough.
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
That 't is thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
I 've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe—our cottage is hard by.

Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was mine.

Again and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

I.

DEAR Fanny! nine long years ago,
While yet the morning sun was low,
And rosy with the eastern glow
The landscape smiled;
Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds—
Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
"Thou hast a child!"

II.

Along with that uprising dew
Tears glistened in my eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
To me, as Time:
It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome, even Joy
Forestalls its prime.

III.

So may'st thou live, dear! many years,
In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears,
Too strictly kept.
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.

THOMAS HOOD.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPORTING through the forest wide;
Playing by the waterside;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside:
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!
In the far isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!
Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod—
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified—
Little children, ye abide!

MARY HOWITT.

THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS.

A PASTORAL.

The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never-ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapors dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind,—or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christian hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry! which up the hil.
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
"Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race."
——Away the shepherds flew;
They leapt—they ran—and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries.
James stopped with no good will.
Said Walter then, exulting, "Here
You'll find a task for half a year.
"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross,—
Come on, and tread where I shall tread"
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into the chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock:
The gulf is deep below;
And, in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan.
Again!—his heart within him dies;
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell—
She saw him down the torrent borne;
And, with all a mother's love,
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn;
The lamb, still swimming round and round,
Made answer in that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was
That sent this rueful cry, I ween
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid:
A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had hither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light;
The shepherds met him with his charge,

An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle shepherd boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

LIKE some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy:
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lowly lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what thou hast not?
Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming—
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip, bending
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone;
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

WHEN the corn-fields and meadows
Are pearled with the dew,
With the first sunny shadow
Walks little Boy Blue.

Oh the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam on his eyes,
And the kind fairy faces
Look down from the skies;

And a secret revealing
Of life within life,
When feeling meets feeling
In musical strife;

A winding and weaving
In flowers and in trees,
A floating and heaving
In sunlight and breeze;

A striving and soaring,
A gladness and grace,
Make him kneel half adoring
The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
Of lambs at their play,
Where the kine scent the meadows
With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor
That waits on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn;

And he weeps, he rejoices,
He prays; nor in vain,
For soft loving voices
Will answer again;

And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,
And kind fairy faces
Watch little Boy Blue.

ANONYMOUS.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Come back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!
Come back, come back, my Childhood;
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wildwood,
From beside the charmed well,
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!

The fields were covered over
With colors as she went;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover
Below her footsteps bent;
Summer shed its shining store;
She was happy as she pressed them
Beneath her little feet;
She plucked them and caressed them;
They were so very sweet,
They had never seemed so sweet before,
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they!
A world where Phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming;
When once grown up and tall—
Now is the time for scheming—
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own—
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?
Winning it with eager eyes
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
On the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us;
We, too, loiter mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Lætitia Elizabeth Landon.

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

Down the dimpled green-sward dancing,
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy—
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer, how they quiver!
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

George Darley.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

I.

Hamelin Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sate in counsel—
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I 'm sure my poor head aches again,
I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous,)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V.

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure:
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin;
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It 's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I 'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe—
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X.

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpion's no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll
brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bus-
tling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and
hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues
chattering;
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley
is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children
followed;
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates
left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And every thing was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks
here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,

To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the Great Church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago, in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blitzen—

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old—
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I am old, and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go—
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
No superstition clog his dance of joy,
No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field;
And in her hand for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fears entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenned, in semblance meet portrayed,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns arrayed,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deemed the cell,
Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'T was simple russet, but it was her own;
'T was her own country bred the flock so fair;
'T was her own labor did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare;

For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground!

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honored eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favor did her past deportment claim;
And if Neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use and physic not a few,
Of grey renown, within these borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amid the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere!
Simplicity then sought this humble ceil,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete.
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat;
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfin ears would oft deplore
The times when truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed,
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn;
Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return!

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,

The matron sate, and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she frays;
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarned if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from fingers wet the letters fair;
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements doth declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me while I write;
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly, dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see;
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief, which swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand
To stay harsh justice in his mid-career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near;
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he in abject wise implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care;
By turns, astonied, every twig survey,
And from their fellow's hateful wounds beware,
Knowing, I wis, how each the same may share,
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugared cates she doth them greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet.

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled; he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair,

(This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting, doth declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offered love, and shuns to be caressed.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smeared and sullied by a vernal shower.
Oh the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all but she, the author of his shame,
All, all but she, regret this mournful hour;
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look askance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he perverse, her'haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of noble fires.
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valor's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul! more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill or flowery false deceit.

Yet nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now sagacious Foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field,
And, soured by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrilled
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

And now Dan Phoebus gains the middle skie,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had covered o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run;
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
Oh vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud Ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the hunter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoneyed wight, are seen;
And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pampered look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide.
Whose honored names th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admired Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave;
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!—
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on urgent business bent,
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast:
Their buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
 And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
 Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy;
The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tears it forced to flow;
And keen remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody madness, laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of death,
 More hideous than their queen;
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more:—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise!

THOMAS GRAY.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
 The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
 In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman, of good account,
 In Norfolk lived of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
 No help then he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
 And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
 And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three years old;
The other a girl, more young than he,
 And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred pounds a year—

And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controlled;
But if the children chanced to die
 Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth,
 For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here;
To God and you I do commend
My children, night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have,
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
She kissed her children small:
"God bless you both, my children dear,"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave."

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride;
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay,

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made Murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life;
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand
When tears stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down,
But never more they saw the man,
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips, with black-berries,
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And, when they saw the darksome night,
They sate them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till robin redbreast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell.
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
 His lands were barren made;
His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him stayed.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
 To extreme misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven years came about;
And now, at length, this wicked act
 Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
Was for a robber judged to die,
 As was God's blessed will;
Who did confess the very truth,
 The which is here expressed;
Their uncle died while he, for debt,
 In prison long did rest.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke;
Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
Lest God, with such like misery,
 Your wicked minds requite.

ANONYMOUS.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thou 'st be silent, I 'se be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy!
Thy father breides me great annoy.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire:
Rut now I see, most cruell hee,
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,
And when thou wakest sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him maun stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For women's banning 's wonderous sair.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I 'll together live,
He 'll comfort me when cares doe grieve;
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maids be warned by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe but chance to bow,
They 'll use us than they care not how.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

ANONYMOUS.

DANÄE.

Whilst, around her lone ark sweeping,
Wailed the winds and waters wild,
Her young cheeks all wan with weeping,
Danäe clasped her sleeping child;
And "Alas," (cried she,) "my dearest,
What deep wrongs, what woes, are mine!
But nor wrongs nor woes thou fearest,
In that sinless rest of thine.
Faint the moonbeams break above thee,
And, within here, all is gloom;
But fast wrapt in arms that love thee,
Little reck'st thou of our doom.
Not the rude spray round thee flying,
Has e'en damped thy clustering hair,—
On thy purple mantlet lying,
O mine Innocent, my Fair!
Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow,
Thou would'st lend thy little ear,
And this heart of thine might borrow
Haply yet a moment's cheer.
But no; slumber on, Babe, slumber;
Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you,
My dark troubles, without number,—
Oh, that ye would slumber too!
Though with wrongs they 've brimmed my chalice,
Grant Jove, that, in future years,
This boy may defeat their malice,
And avenge his mother's tears!"

Simonides. (Greek.)
Translation of William Peter.

BOYHOOD.

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one like rays,
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But oh! what charm, or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

Washington Allston.

HER EYES ARE WILD.

I.

Her eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She had a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone;
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the greenwood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among,
And it was in the English tongue.

II.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad;
But nay, my heart is far too glad;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing.
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
I pray thee have no fear of me;
But safe as in a cradle, here,
My lovely baby! thou shalt be.
To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe.

III.

"A fire was once within my brain,
And in my head a dull, dull pain;
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me.
But then there came a sight of joy;
It came at once to do me good:
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood;
Oh joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

IV.

"Suck, little babe, oh suck again!
It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
Thy lips, I feel them, baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh press me with thy little hand!
It loosens something at my chest;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree—
It comes to cool my babe and me.

v.

"Oh love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul;
Then happy lie; for blest am I;
Without me my sweet babe would die.

VI.

"Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build an Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed;
And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in Spring.

VII.

"Thy father cares not for my breast,
'T is thine, sweet baby, there to rest;
'T is all thine own!—and if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'T is fair enough for thee, my dove!
My beauty, little child, is flown,
But thou wilt live with me in love;
And what if my poor cheek be brown?
'T is well for me thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

VIII.

"Dread not their taunts, my little Life;
I am thy father's wedded wife;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stayed.
From him no harm my babe can take;
But he, poor man, is wretched made;
And every day we two will pray
For him that 's gone and far away.

IX.

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things:
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little babe! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
—Where art thou gone, my own dear child
What wicked looks are those I see?
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me.
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

X.

"Oh smile on me, my little lamb!
For I thy own dear mother am.
My love for thee has well been tried:
I've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade;
I know the earth-nuts fit for food.
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid;
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Why would'st thou leave me, oh gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild—
A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams.'

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer's day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know;
Lady, kind lady! oh let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell;
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well:

Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountain heard."

"Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play—
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now;
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tied.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For the cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow;
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do;
'T is scarcely afternoon,—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band.
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe—
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept,—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet;"—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the low stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same—
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHILDHOOD.

IN my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, oh blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

UNDER MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window,
All in the Midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together:—
There 's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes nought amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

T. WESTWOOD.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wished the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

WE ARE SEVEN.

———A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered: "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"—
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

She bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
That in our churchyard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
'T was near her sister's mound:
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart,
Oh, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in Winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand:
"Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

ANCIENT MARINER.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What 's your name?" quoth he—
"What 's your name? Oh stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold,"—
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks—
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here 's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade,
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,—
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear—
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—
"Squirrel, squirrel to your task return—
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes—
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap, dropped one by one—
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel eager for his fare—
Down came bonny blackbird I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah the merry three!
And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray—
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear—
"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm—Love deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

T. Westwood.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black; but, oh, my soul is white!
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree;
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap, and kissed me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun; there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men, receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish; we shall hear His voice,
Saying: 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy:
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

A CHILD PRAYING.

FOLD thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy mother's knee,
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thine auburn hair;
Thine eyes are passion-free;
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee
Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy young heart, like a bird,
Warbles in its summer nest;
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No chilling autumn winds have stirred
The beauty of thy rest;
But winter hastens, and decay
Shall waste thy verdant home away—
Then pray, child, pray!

Thy bosom is a house of glee,
With gladness harping at the door;
While ever, with a joyous shout,
Hope, the May queen, dances out,
Her lips with music running o'er;
But Time those strings of joy will sever,
And hope will not dance on for ever—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy mother's arm is spread
Beneath thy pillow in the night;
And loving feet creep round thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darkened light;
But that fond arm will pass away,
By thee no more those feet will stay—
Then pray, child, pray!

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

TO A CHILD.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind;—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river;—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echoes of the mountain streams,
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossomed in the eyes of men,
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet, 't is not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth,
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free
Thou uttered'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

ANONYMOUS.

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said: "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

William Wordsworth.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A host of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In heaven's vast hall of light.

They saw with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor;
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

Dirk Smits. (Dutch.)
Translation of H. S. Van Dyk.

MY PLAYMATES.

I once had a sister, oh fair 'mid the fair!
With a face that looked out from its soft golden hair,
Like a lily some tall stately angel may hold,
Half revealed, half concealed in a mist of pure gold.
I once had a brother, more dear than the day,
With a temper as sweet as the blossoms in May;
With dark hair like a cloud, and a face like a rose,
The red child of the wild! when the summer-wind blows.
We lived in a cottage that stood in a dell;
Were we born there or brought there I never could tell;
Were we nursed by the angels, or clothed by the fays,
Or, who led when we fled down the deep sylvan ways,
'Mid treasures of gold and of silver!

When we rose in the morning we ever said "Hark!"
We shall hear, if we list, the first word of the lark;
And we stood with our faces, calm, silent, and bright,
While the breeze in the trees held his breath with delight.
Oh the stream ran with music, the leaves dript with dew,
And we looked up and saw the great God in the blue;
And we praised him and blessed him, but said not a word,
For we soared, we adored, with that magical bird.
Then with hand linked in hand, how we laughed, how we sung!
How we danced in a ring, when the morning was young!
How we wandered where kingcups were crusted with gold,
Or more white than the light glittered daisies untold,
Those treasures of gold and of silver!

Oh well I remember the flowers that we found,
With the red and white blossoms that damasked the ground;
And the long lane of light, that, half yellow, half green,
Seemed to fade down the glade where the young fairy queen
Would sit with her fairies around her and sing,
While we listened all ear, to that song of the Spring.
Oh well I remember the lights in the west,
And the spire, where the fire of the sun seemed to rest,
When the earth, crimson-shadowed, laughed out in the air,—
Ah! I'll never believe but the fairies were there;
Such a feeling of loving and longing was ours,
And we saw, with glad awe, little hands in the flowers,
Drop treasures of gold and of silver.

Oh weep ye and wail! for that sister, alas!
And that fair gentle brother lie low in the grass;
Perchance the red robins may strew them with leaves,
That each morn, for white corn, would come down from the eaves;
Perchance of their dust the young violets are made,
That bloom by the church that is hid in the glade;
But one day I shall learn, if I pass where they grow,
Far more sweet they will greet their old playmates, I know.
Ah! the cottage is gone, and no longer I see
The old glade, the old paths, and no lark sings for me;
But I still must believe that the fairies are there,
That the light grows more bright, touched by fingers so fair,
'Mid treasures of gold and of silver!

ANONYMOUS.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

The old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift Spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And when the oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem—
For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round—
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

Oh, Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

BABY'S SHOES.

OH those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
Oh the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair—
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond; I know he loveth me;
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he every where doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teacheth him to pray;
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee;
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given;
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be—
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery—
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain—
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

THRENODY.

The South-wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power;
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house;
I see my trees repair their boughs;
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round—
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom—
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving Day—
Has disappeared from the Day's eye;
Far and wide she cannot find him;
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.
Returned this day, the South-wind searches,
And finds young pines and budding birches;
But finds not the budding man;
Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him;
Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him;
Nature, Fate, Men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet,
Oh, whither tend thy feet?
I had the right, few days ago,
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know;
How have I forfeited the right?
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight?
I hearken for thy household cheer,
O eloquent child!
Whose voice, an equal messenger,
Conveyed thy meaning mild.
What though the pains and joys
Whereof it spoke were toys
Fitting his age and ken,
Yet fairest dames and bearded men,
Who heard the sweet request,
So gentle, wise, and grave,
Bended with joy to his behest,
And let the world's affairs go by,
Awhile to share his cordial game,
Or mend his wicker wagon-frame,
Still plotting how their hungry ear
That winsome voice again might hear;
For his lips could well pronounce
Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene
His early hope, his liberal mien;
Took counsel from his guiding eyes
To make this wisdom earthly wise.
Ah, vainly do these eyes recall
The school-march, each day's festival,
When every morn my bosom glowed
To watch the convoy on the road;
The babe in willow wagon closed,
With rolling eyes and face composed;
With children forward and behind,
Like Cupids studiously inclined;
And he the chieftain paced beside,
The centre of the troop allied,
With sunny face of sweet repose,
To guard the babe from fancied foes.
The little captain innocent
Took the eye with him as he went;
Each village senior paused to scan
And speak the lovely caravan.
From the window I look out
To mark thy beautiful parade,
Stately marching in cap and coat
To some tune by fairies played;
A music, heard by thee alone,
To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas! in vain,
Up and down their glances strain.
The painted sled stands where it stood;
The kennel by the corded wood;
The gathered sticks to stanch the wall
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall;
The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
And childhood's castles built or planned;
His daily haunts I well discern—
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn—
And every inch of garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around,
From the roadside to the brook
Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged
The wintry garden lies unchanged;

The brook into the stream runs on;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

On that shaded day,
Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
When thou didst yield thy innocent breath
In birdlike heavings unto death,
Night came, and Nature had not thee;
I said: "We are mates in misery."
The morrow dawned with needless glow;
Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must crow;
Each tramper started; but the feet
Of the most beautiful and sweet
Of human youth had left the hill
And garden—they were bound and still.
There's not a sparrow or a wren,
There's not a blade of Autumn grain,
Which the four seasons do not tend,
And tides of life and increase lend;
And every chick of every bird,
And weed and rock-moss is preferred.
Oh, ostrich-like forgetfulness!
Oh loss of larger in the less!
Was there no star that could be sent,
No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stoop to heal that only child,
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
And keep the blossom of the earth,
Which all her harvests were not worth?
Not mine—I never called thee mine,
But Nature's heir—if I repine,
And seeing rashly torn and moved
Not what I made, but what I loved,
Grew early old with grief that thou
Must to the wastes of Nature go—
'T is because a general hope
Was quenched, and all must doubt and grope.
For flattering planets seemed to say
This child should ills of ages stay,
By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,
Bring the flown Muses back to men.
Perchance not he, but Nature, ailed;
The world and not the infant failed.
It was not ripe yet to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came unto his own;
And, pregnant with his grander thought,
Brought the old order into doubt.

His beauty once their beauty tried;
They could not feed him, and he died,
And wandered backward as in scorn,
To wait an æon to be born.
Ill day which made this beauty waste,
Plight broken, this high face defaced!
Some went and came about the dead;
And some in books of solace read;
Some to their friends the tidings say;
Some went to write, some went to pray;
One tarried here, there hurried one;
But their heart abode with none.
Covetous Death bereaved us all,
To aggrandize one funeral.
The eager fate which carried thee
Took the largest part of me.
For this losing is true dying;
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This his slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou hast left.
Oh, truth's and nature's costly lie!
Oh, trusted broken prophecy!
Oh richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!

The deep Heart answered: "Weepest thou?
Worthier cause for passion wild
If I had not taken the child.
And deemest thou as those who pore,
With aged eyes, short way before—
Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost?
Taught he not thee—the man of eld,
Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
Heaven's numerous hierarchy span
The mystic gulf from God to man?
To be alone wilt thou begin
When worlds of lovers hem thee in?
To-morrow when the masks shall fall
That dizen Nature's carnival,
The pure shall see by their own will,
Which overflowing Love shall fill,
'T is not within the force of Fate
The fate-conjoined to separate.

But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
I gave thee sight—where is it now?
I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, bible, or of speech;
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,
As far as the incommunicable;
Taught thee each private sign to raise,
Lit by the super-solar blaze.
Past utterance, and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart;
And though no Muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.

"I came to thee as to a friend;
Dearest, to thee I did not send
Tutors, but a joyful eye,
Innocence that matched the sky,
Lovely locks, a form of wonder,
Laughter rich as woodland thunder,
That thou might'st entertain apart
The richest flowering of all art;
And, as the great all-loving Day
Through smallest chambers takes its way,
That thou might'st break thy daily bread
With prophet, saviour, and head;
That thou might'st cherish for thine own
The riches of sweet Mary's son,
Boy-rabbi, Israel's paragon.
And thoughtest thou such guest
Would in thy hall take up his rest?
Would rushing life forget her laws,
Fate's glowing revolution pause?
High omens ask diviner guess,
Not to be conned to tediousness.
And know my higher gifts unbind
The zone that girds the incarnate mind.
When the scanty shores are full
With Thought's perilous, whirling pool;
When frail Nature can no more,
Then the Spirit strikes the hour:
My servant Death, with solving rite,
Pours finite into infinite.

"Wilt thou freeze Love's tidal flow,
Whose streams through Nature circling go?
Nail the wild star to its track
On the half-climbed zodiac?
Light is light which radiates;
Blood is blood which circulates;
Life is life which generates;
And many-seeming life is one—
Wilt thou transfix and make it none?
Its onward force too starkly pent
In figure, bone, and lineament?
Wilt thou, uncalled, interrogate,
Talker! the unreplying Fate?
Nor see the genius of the whole
Ascendant in the private soul,
Beckon it when to go and come,
Self-announced its hour of doom?
Fair the soul's recess and shrine,
Magic-built to last a season;
Masterpiece of love benign;
Fairer than expansive reason,
Whose omen 'tis, and sign.
Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying: *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds;
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CASA WAPPY.*

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony;
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight—
A type of heaven!
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'T was cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This moon beheld thee blythe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright—
Thy clasping arms so round and white—
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat—thy bow—
Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair;
Thy playthings, idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On Summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—
Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;

* The self-appellative of a beloved child.

We miss thy small step on the stair;—
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee—every where—
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be—while flowers
Revive again—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—thought were woe—
And truth a lie;—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That Heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes;
There beauty's stream for ever flows;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave, I 'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I 'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he 's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that—he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

LOSS AND GAIN.

WHEN the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, secret dread:
"Death, be merciful, and pass;—
Leave the other!"—but alas!

While we watched he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
Clothed in innocence to go;"
Say, to ease the parting pain,
That "your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this!
But remember more the kiss
From the little rose-red lips;
And the print of finger-tips.

Left upon the broken toy,
Will remind them how the boy
And his sister charmed the days
With their pretty, winsome ways.

Only time can give relief
To the weary, lonesome grief:
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

NORA PERRY

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

THE night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,

And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed— for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I 'm very poor—this slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not—
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb—
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold,
Or fairy hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'T is well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance:
I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunammite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.
For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like her's; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird 's caressed
That death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for its birthday, in its best;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face,
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PART III.

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Gieb treulich mir die Hände,
Sei Bruder mir, und wende
Den Blick, vor deinem Ende,
Nicht wieder weg von mir.
Ein Tempel wo wir knien,
Ein Ort wohin wir ziehen,
Ein Glück für das wir glühen,
Ein Himmel mir und dir!

NOVALIS.

THEN let the chill sirocco blow
And gird us round with hills of snow;
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar;

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit;
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to;
When, having drank all thine and mine,
We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy, th' opprest
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favor return again more kind;
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success;
The lovers shall have mistresses;
Poor unregarded virtue, praise;
And the neglected poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;
For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we be, but what we are?

'T is the plump grape's immortal juice
That does this happiness produce,
And will preserve us free together,
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather.

CHARLES COTTON

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

The half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends; whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze—
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature:
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure;—
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which shall last endure.

AUBREY DE VERE.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again.

ANONYMOUS.

SONNETS.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And Summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then, of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a compliment of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
Oh let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
Let them say no more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

Let those who are in favor with their stars,
Of public honor and proud titles boast;
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumphs bars,
Unlooked-for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold, at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honor rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate.
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then, can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before;

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace;
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief—
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah, but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year—
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part;
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses—
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show;
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade—
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;

But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the works of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

I ENVY not, in any moods,
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth—
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall—
I feel it, when I sorrow most—
'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

WITH trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possessed the earth
And sadly fell our Christmas eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambolled, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused; the winds were in the beech—
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand in hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sang, though every eye was dim—
A merry song we sang with him
Last year—impetuously we sang;

We ceased. A gentler feeling crept
Upon us; surely rest is meet:
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet."
And silence followed, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: "They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change:

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail,
With gathered power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.

"Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night!
O Father! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."

DOST thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green?

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys—
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,

A distant drearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He played at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea,
And reaps the labor of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands:
"Does my old friend remember me?"

Witch-elms, that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town!

He brought an eye for all he saw,
He mixed in all our simple sports;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusky purlieus of the law.

Oh joy to him, in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking through the heat.

Oh sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbling half the mellowing pears!

Oh bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed,
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn;

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp, and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon!

Nor less it pleased, in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discussed the books to love or hate,
Or touched the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream.

But if I praised the busy town,
He loved to rail against it still,
For "ground in yonder social mill,
We rub each other's angles down,

"And merge," he said, "in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man."
We talked; the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couched in moss,

Or cooled within the glooming wave;
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fallen into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

Thy converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years;
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarmed of pride;
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his treble tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by;
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee; and the brazen fool
Was softened, and he knew not why;

While I, thy dearest sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine;
And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;
Oh, loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine!
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee, some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice,
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee, though I die.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me;
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Ludwig Uhland. (German.)
Anonymous Translation.

JAFFAR.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffer was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath;

All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;

Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great,
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

LEIGH HUNT.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The light-house,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight—
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,—
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That sends no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed! Oh hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried:

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied;
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

CAPE-COTTAGE AT SUNSET.

WE stood upon the ragged rocks,
When the long day was nearly done;
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,
And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,
And o'er the bay in streaming locks
Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the West the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grew;
Above our heads the faint, few stars
Looked out from the unfathomed blue;
And the fair city's clamorous jars
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

Oh sunset sky! Oh purple tide!
Oh friends to friends that closer pressed!
Those glories have in darkness died,
And ye have left my longing breast.
I could not keep you by my side,
Nor fix that radiance in the West.

Upon those rocks the waves shall beat
With the same low and murmuring strain;
Across those waves, with glancing feet,
The sunset rays shall seek the main;
But when together shall we meet
Upon that far-off shore again?

W. B. GLAZIER.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly—
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

CHARLES LAMB.

TO ———

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
The ebbings of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

[BYRON TO HIS SISTER.]

THOUGH the day of my destiny 's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
As when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'T is of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake,
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 't was not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'T was folly not sooner to shun;
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past which hath perished
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all.
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wild waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

LORD BYRON.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut-trees
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart—
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous, in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together—
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered
The hopes of early years.

The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

CAROLINE NORTON.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

I.

OLD wine to drink!—
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

II.

Old wood to burn!—
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

III.

Old books to read!—
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
Time honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie—
Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

IV.

Old friends to talk!—
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good:
With soulful Fred; and learned Will,
And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still
For every mood).

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond Regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WREATHE THE BOWL.

WREATHE the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear
While wine is near—
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

'T was nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too;
The rich receipt's as follows —
Take wine like this;
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended;
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine he knew
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

THOMAS MOORE.

CHAMPAGNE ROSÉ.

LILY on liquid roses floating—
So floats yon foam o'er pink champagne—
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous, graybeards swear—
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown old care—
But what care we for him,
So we but float on wine!

And true it is they cross in pain,
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styx champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away in wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gayly row his boat from shore;
While we, and every jovial fellow,
Hear, unconcerned, the oar,
That dips itself in wine!

JOHN KENYON

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starred dominions:—
So we, sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfered fire in.—
But oh his joy, when, round
The halls of heaven spying
Among the stars, he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of soul
Mixed their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

THOMAS MOORE.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng;
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost
For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more;
They're ours, when we meet—they are lost when we part—
Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 't is o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

THOMAS MOORE.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

How stands the glass around?
For shame! ye take no care, my boys;
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets sound;
The colors they are flying, boys.
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 't is to die?
What, sighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'T is he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'T is but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys—
'T is but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Cure all again.

ANONYMOUS.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment 's a flower too fair and brief
To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds may agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

THOMAS MOORE.

FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip—
'T will chase the pensive tear;
'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 't is more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'T will steal away the mind,
But unlike affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade—
These flowers were culled at noon;
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But ah! not half so soon:
For though the flower's decayed,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betrayed,
The heart can bloom no more.

Thomas Moore.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here 's a double health to thee!

Here 's a sigh for those that love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell
'T is to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

Lord Byron.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night—
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles;
Too blest if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy!
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And there 's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case—
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, muscles, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 't is;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is as before;
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He 'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter; nothing 's changed or older.
"How 's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder;—
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner.
So honest Terré 's run his race!"
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir;
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner-place;
"He 's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is—
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
I 'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I 'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There 's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There 's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There 's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There 's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that 's gone,
When here I 'd sit, as now I 'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.
—There 's no one now to share my cup.

* * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

OH FILL THE WINE-CUP HIGH!

Oh fill the wine-cup high!
The sparkling liquor pour;
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more.
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home,
A dwelling in our hearts.

Though bright may be the beams
That woman's eyes display:
They are not like the ruby gleams
That in our goblets play.
For though surpassing bright
Their brilliancy may be,
Age dims the lustre of their light
But adds more worth to thee.

Give me another draught,
The sparkling, and the strong;
He who would learn the poet craft—
He who would shine in song—
Should pledge the flowing bowl
With warm and generous wine;
'Twas wine that warmed Anacreon's soul,
And made his songs divine.

And e'en in tragedy,
Who lives that never knew
The honey of the Attic Bee
Was gathered from thy dew?
He of the tragic muse,
Whose praises bards rehearse;
What power but thine could e'er diffuse
Such sweetness o'er his verse?

Oh would that I could raise
The magic of that tongue;
The spirit of those deathless lays,
The Swan of Teios sung!
Each song the bard has given
Its beauty and its worth,
Sounds sweet as if a voice from heaven
Was echoed upon the earth.

How mighty—how divine,
Thy spirit seemeth when
The rich draught of the purple vine
Dwelt in these godlike men.
It made each glowing page,
Its eloquence, and truth,
In the glory of their golden age,
Outshine the fire of youth.

Joy to the lone heart—joy
To the desolate—oppressed;
For wine can every grief destroy
That gathers in the breast.
The sorrows and the care,
That in our hearts abide,
'Twill chase them from their dwellings there,
To drown them in its tide.

And now the heart grows warm
With feelings undefined,
Throwing their deep diffusive charm
O'er all the realms of mind.
The loveliness of truth
Flings out its brightest rays,
Clothed in the songs of early youth,
Or joys of other days.

We think of her, the young,
The beautiful, the bright,
We hear the music of her tongue,
Breathing its deep delight.
We see again each glance,
Each bright and dazzling beam,
We feel our throbbing hearts still dance,
We live but in a dream.

From darkness, and from woe,
A power like lightning darts;
A glory cometh down to throw
Its shadows o'er our hearts;
And dimmed by falling tears,
A spirit seems to rise,
That shows the friend of other years
Is mirrored in our eyes.

But sorrow, grief, and care,
Had dimmed his setting star;
And we think with tears of those that were,
To smile on those that are.
Yet though the grassy mound
Sits lightly on his head,
We'll pledge, in solemn silence round,
The memory of the dead!

The sparkling juice now pour,
With fond and liberal hand;
Oh raise the laughing rim once more,
Here 's to our Fatherland!
Up, every soul that hears,
Hurrah! with three times three;
And shout aloud, with deafening cheers,
The "Island of the Free!"

Then fill the wine-cup high,
The sparkling liquor pour;
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more.
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home—
A dwelling in our hearts.

ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

SAINT PERAY.

ADDRESSED TO H. T. P.

WHEN to any saint I pray,
It shall be to Saint Peray.
He alone, of all the brood,
Ever did me any good:
Many I have tried that are
Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic, faint and sick,
Once I prayed Saint Dominick:
He was holy, sure, and wise;—
Was 't not he that did devise
Auto da Fes and rosaries?—
But for one in my condition
This good saint was no physician.

Next, in pleasant Normandie,
I made a prayer to Saint Denis,
In the great cathedral, where
All the ancient kings repose;
But, how I was swindled there
At the "Golden Fleece,"—he knows!

In my wanderings, vague and various,
Reaching Naples—as I lay
Watching Vesuvius from the bay,
I besought Saint Januarius;
But I was a fool to try him;
Naught I said could liquefy him;
And I swear he did me wrong,
Keeping me shut up so long
In that pest-house, with obscene
Jews and Greeks and things unclean—
What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score—
In Spain about as many more—
And in Rome almost as many
As the loves of Don Giovanni,
Did I pray to—sans reply;
Devil take the tribe!—said I.

Worn with travel, tired and lame,
To Assisi's walls I came;
Sad and full of homesick fancies,
I addressed me to Saint Francis;
But the beggar never did
Any thing as he was bid,
Never gave me aught—but fleas—
Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vaucluse,
Hard by the Rhone, I found a Saint
Gifted with a wondrous juice,
Potent for the worst complaint.
'T was at Avignon that first—
In the witching time of thirst—
To my brain the knowledge came
Of this blessed Catholic's name;
Forty miles of dust that day
Made me welcome Saint Peray.

Though till then I had not heard
Aught about him, ere a third
Of a litre passed my lips,
All saints else were in eclipse.
For his gentle spirit glided
With such magic into mine,
That methought such bliss as I did
Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection—
Chastened hopes, calm retrospection—
Softened images of sorrow,
Bright forebodings for the morrow—
Charity for what is past—
Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanack
The name of this good creature lack?

Or wherefore should the breviary
Omit a saint so sage and merry?
The Pope himself should grant a day
Especially to Saint Peray.
But, since no day hath been appointed,
On purpose, by the Lord's anointed,
Let us not wait—we 'll do him right;
Send round your bottles, Hal—and set
your night.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

AULD LANG SYNE.

I.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

II.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we 've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

III.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne.

IV.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine;
And we 'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne!

V.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I 'll be mine;
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

ROBERT BURNS.

NIGHT AT SEA.

THE lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung
A royal color, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.
'T is night, and overhead the sky is gleaming,
Through the slight vapor trembles each dim star;
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends removed;
Till the lone vigil that I now am keeping,
I did not know how much you were beloved.
How many acts of kindness little heeded,
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now!
Hurried and anxious, my vexed life has speeded,
And memory wears a soft accusing brow.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
At the same moment with a mutual love.
They shine not there, as here they now are shining;
The very hours are changed.—Ah, do ye sleep?
O'er each home pillow midnight is declining—
May some kind dream at least my image keep!
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Yesterday has a charm, To-day could never
Fling o'er the mind, which knows not till it parts

How it turns back with tenderest endeavor
To fix the past within the heart of hearts.
Absence is full of memory; it teaches
The value of all old familiar things;
The strengthener of affection, while it reaches
O'er the dark parting, with an angel's wings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The world, with one vast element omitted—
Man's own especial element, the earth;
Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge whence has power its birth.
How oft on some strange loveliness while gazing
Have I wished for you—beautiful as new,
The purple waves like some wild army raising
Their snowy banners as the ship cuts through.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you!

Bearing upon its wings the hues of morning,
Up springs the flying fish like life's false joy,
Which of the sunshine asks that frail adorning
Whose very light is fated to destroy.
Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion
Spring from the depths of an unkindly world;
So spring sweet fancies from the heart's dominion—
Too soon in death the scorched-up wing is furled.
My friends, my absent friends!
Whate'er I see is linked with thoughts of you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters
Are creatures, huge, and terrible, and strong;
The sword-fish and the shark pursue their slaughters,
War universal reigns these depths along.
Like some new island on the ocean springing,
Floats on the surface some gigantic whale,
From its vast head a silver fountain flinging,
Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.
My friends, my absent friends!
I read such fairy legends while with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvas spreading,
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,
From the thick bank of clouds she masters, shedding
The softest influence that o'er night prevails.
Pale is she like a young queen pale with splendor,
Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep;
The very glory that she wears is tender,
The eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning
Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;
The spirits mount to glad endeavor, scorning
What toil upon a path so sunny lies.
Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather
Calls into life an energy like Spring's;
But memory and moonlight go together,
Reflected in the light that either brings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hushed, no sounds are waking
But the watch pacing silently and slow;
The waves against the sides incessant breaking,
And rope and canvas swaying to and fro.
The topmast sail, it seems like some dim pinnacle
Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air;

While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle.
The only light on board to guide us—where?
My friends, my absent friends!
Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship, the moonbeam's shimmer
In luminous vibrations sweeps the sea,
But where the shadow falls, a strange, pale glimmer
Seems, glow-worm like, amid the waves to be.
All that the spirit thinks of thought and feeling,
Takes visionary hues from such an hour;
But while some phantasy is o'er me stealing,
I start—remembrance has a keener power:
My friends, my absent friends!
From the fair dream I start to think of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight—I discover
What all day long vainly I sought to catch;
Or is it but the varying clouds that hover
Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch?
No; well the sailor knows each speck, appearing,
Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand;
To that dark line our eager ship is steering.
Her voyage done—to-morrow we shall land.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we 've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we 've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we 've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that 's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit—
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.

Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we 'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree!

Sorrows begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We 'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun—
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance,
With crowdy-muttons out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash has fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants:
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer;
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.

There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let 's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears;
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat—
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound!
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box;
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller;
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills, and every thing,
Bear witness we are merry!

GEORGE WITHER.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.

PART IV.

POEMS OF LOVE.

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is Love, the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
O! who but can recall the eve they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow?
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then which is but memory now!

CHARLES SWAIN.

POEMS OF LOVE.

SIR CAULINE.

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded fere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye,
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell
Great dill to him was dight;
The mayden's love removde his mind,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye:
"And aye! but I winne that ladye's love,
For dole now I mun dye."

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He sayes, "Where is Syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?"

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
"Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye,
Without a good leechinge."

"Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine;
Goe take him doughe and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red:
Lothe I were him to tine."

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
"Oh well," she sayth, "how doth my lord?"
"Oh sicke, thou fayr ladye."

"Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame;
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle
You dye for love of mee."

"Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye."

"Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be youre fere."

"O ladye, thou art a kinge's daughter,
And I am not thy peere;
But let me doe some deedes of armes,
To be your bacheleere."

"Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm should happe to thee,)

"Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
Untill the fayre morninge?

"For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne;
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.

"That knighte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone."

"Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy sake, fair ladie;
And Ile either bring you a ready token,
Or Ile never more you see."

The lady is gone to her own chaumbere,
Her maydens following bright;
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne;
Quoth hee, "If cryance come till my heart,
I am farre from any good towne."

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell:

And soe fast he called on Syr Cauline,
"O man, I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye."

He sayth, "No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee."

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children bare
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nighe brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande;
But Syr Cauline with an aukeward stroke
He smote off his right-hand;
That soone he, with paine, and lacke of bloud,
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye:
"And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye."

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faste wringing of her hande:
"For the mayden's love, that most you love,
Withold that deadlye brande:

"For the mayden's love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye."

"Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And therto plight thy hand:

"And that thou never on Eldridge hill come
To sporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye."

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes,
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey Syr Cauline's hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone;
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye,
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold,
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Syr Cauline,
As light as leafe on tree;
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee,
Before that lady gay:
"O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;
These tokens I bring away."

"Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free."

"O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye;
And mought I hope to winne thy love!"—
No more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
"Alas! syr knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

"But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my bachelere,
Ile promise, if thee I may not wedde,
I will have none other fere."

Then shee held forthe her liley-white hand
Towards that knighte so free;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

'But keep my counsayl, Syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For, and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe."

From that daye forthe, that ladye fayre
Lovde Syr Cauline the knighte;
From that daye forthe, he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboure,
Where they, in love and sweet daliaunce,
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

THE SECOND PART.

Everye white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge, her father, walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
"Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladie."

Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe;
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Syr Cauline's friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
"I pray you save Syr Cauline's life,
And let him banisht bee."

"Now, dame, that traytoure shall be sent
Across the salt-sea fome;
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome."

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladye;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
"Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye."

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire liley flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe,
To tint her lover soe:
"Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true."

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lorde of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte shee colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughter's mind.

And there came lords, and there came knights
Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladye's love,
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette,
In purple and in palle;
But faire Christabelle, soe woe-begone,
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might,
Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his sheelde;
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo! upon the fourth morninge,
A sorrowfulle sight they see:

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere,
Two goggling eyen, like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee;
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

"Sir," quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
"Behold that hend soldain!
Behold these heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

"The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent;
And hee is come to avenge his wrong:
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

"But yette he will appease his wrath,
Thy daughter's love to winne;
And, but thou yeelde him that fayre maid,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

"Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee,
Or else thy daughter dere;
Or else within these lists soe broad,
Thou must finde him a peere."

The kinge he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
"Is there never a knighte of my round table
This matter will undergoe?

"Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

"For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
To be his wedded fere."

But every knighte of his round table
Did stand both still and pale;
For, whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she sawe no helpe was nye:
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, "Ladye, be not affrayd;
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldan,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

"And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre."

"Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,"
The kinge he cryde, "with speede:
Nowe, heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede."

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, "Awaye, awaye!
I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
Thou lettest me here all daye."

Then forthe the stranger knight he came,
In his blacke armoure dight;
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knight be mett
Within the lists soe broad;
And now, with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke
That made him reele asyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe;
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee;
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain;
Quoth hee, "But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine."

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
Whan they sawe the soldan falle;
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge, with all his barons,
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he, for payne and lacke of bloude,
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there, all walteringe in his gore,
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

"Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leeche of skille;
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes
Than this good knighte sholde spille."

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To helpe him if she maye;
But when she did his beavere raise,
"It is my life, my lord!" she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes,
When he heard his ladye crye:
"O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye."

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale, cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane:

"Oh staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee, thy faithfulle fere;
'T is meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love so deare."

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deep-fette sighe
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

ANONYMOUS.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

BE it right, or wrong, these men among
On women do complain;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can,
Their favour to attain,
Yet, if a new do them pursue,
Their first true lover then
Laboureth for nought, for from her thought
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayed;
But, nevertheless, right good witnèss
In this case might be laid,
That they love true, and continùe,
Record the nut-brown maid:
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them too: we will also
Tell all the pain and fere
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answêre;
Wherefore, all ye that present be,
I pray you, give an ear.
I am the knight; I come by night,
As secret as I can;
Saying, "Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man."

SHE.

And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse;
Trusting to shew, in wordès few,
That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse:
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse—
Mine own heart dear, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do
Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trowe;
Or else to flee; the one must be.
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlâw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true!
None other rede I can;
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

O Lord, what is this worldys bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say farewell: nay, nay,
We dèpart not so soon.
Why say ye so? Wheder will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfâre to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain;
But afterward your painès hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought? for to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do; and pray you too,
As heartily as I can;
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Now, sith that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so, that ye will go,
I wolle not leave behind;
Shall never be said, the nut-brown maid
Was to her love unkind:
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say:
Of young and old it shall be told,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green wood you to play;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill womàn,
Yet would I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge, that speak so large
In hurting of my name;
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame;
In your distress and heaviness
To part with you, the same;
And sure all tho that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

I counsel you, remember how
It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to renne out
To wood with an outlàw:
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, ready to draw;
And, as a thief, thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe;
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

I think not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt, and shoot
To get us meat in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more:
From which to part, it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlàw this is the law,
That men him take and bind;
Without pity hangèd to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescue could ye find?
Forsooth, I trow, ye and your bow
For fear would draw behind;
And no mervayle: for little avail
Were in your counsel then;
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Right well know ye that women be
But feeble for to fight;
No womanhede it is indeed
To be bold as a knight;

Yet in such fear if that ye were
With enemies day or night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To greve them as I might,
And you to save; as women have
From death men many a one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep vallèys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat: for, dry or wet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, us above, none other roof
But a brake bush, or twain;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
And ye would gladly then
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Sith I have here been partynère
With you of joy and bliss,
I must alsò part of your woe
Endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of one pleasùre;
And, shortly, it is this:
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardè,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.
No shetès clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine;
O mine heart sweet, this evil diète
Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Among the wild dere, such an archère
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitàyle,
Where is so great plenty:
And water clear of the ryvére
Shall be full sweet to me;
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo! yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me:
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night before day-light,
To wood-ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can;
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To shorte my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most drede;
But now, adieu! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: now let us flee;
The day cometh fast upon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go
And I shall tell ye why,——
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I wele aspy:
For, like as ye have said to me,
In like wise hardely
Ye would answère whosoever it were,
In way of company.

It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a womàn;
Wherefore I to the wood will go
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè;
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To die therefore anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

A baron's child to be beguiled!
It were a cursèd dede;
To be felàwe with an outlàwe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet better were, the poor squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye should say another day,
That, by my cursèd dede,
Ye were betrayed; wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid;
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind, to leave behind,
Your love, the nut-brown maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

If that ye went, ye should repent;
For in the forest now
I have purvayed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you;
Another, fayrère than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:
And she shall finde me soft and kind,
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me to my power:
For had ye, lo! an hundred mo,
Of them I would be one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Mine own dear love, I see the proof
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changèd new;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you, when I began;
I will not to the green wood go,
I am no banished man.

SHE.

These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure:
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordès on the splene.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween;
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall not nede further to drede;
I will not disparàge
You, (God defend!) sith ye descend
Of so great a lineàge.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriàge
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an erly's son,
And not a banished man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see, that women be
In love, meek, kind, and stable;
Let never man reprove them then,
Or call them variàble;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortàble;
Which sometime proveth such, as he loveth,
If they be charitàble.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but him alone.

ANONYMOUS.

YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

In London was young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was taen by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land:
Their way of worship viewed he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So in every shoulder they 've putten a bore;
In every bore they 've putten a tree;
And they have made him trail the wine
And spices on his fair bodie.

They 've casten him in a dungeon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see;
For seven years they kept him there,
Till he for hunger's like to die.

This Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was called Susie Pye;
And every day as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

Oh so it fell, upon a day
She heard young Beichan sadly sing:
"My hounds they all go masterless;
My hawks they flee from tree to tree;
My younger brother will heir my land;
Fair England again I 'll never see!"

All night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on;
She 's stown the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has opened the prison doors,
I wot she opened two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,
Sore wondered he that may to see;
He took her for some fair captive;—
"Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie?"

"Oh have ye any lands," she said,
"Or castles in your own countrie,
That ye could give to a lady fair,
From prison strong to set you free?"

"Near London town I have a hall,
With other castles two or three;
I 'll give them all to the lady fair
That out of prison will set me free."

"Give me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye 'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me."

"I 'll give thee the truth of my right hand,
The truth of it I 'll freely gie,
That for seven years I 'll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost show to me."

And she has bribed the proud warder
Wi' mickle gold and white monie;
She 's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She 's gi'en him to eat the good spice-cake,
She 's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;
She 's bidden him sometimes think on her
That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

She 's broken a ring from her finger,
And to Beichan half of it gave she:
"Keep it, to mind you of that love
The lady borr that set you free.

"And set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie;
And before that seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."

But long ere seven years had an end,
She longed full sore her love to see;
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, "Beichan has broke his vow to thee."
So she 's set her foot on good ship-board,
And turned her back on her own countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
Till to fair England's shore she came;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?
What news has thou to tell to me?"
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,
"The like was never in this countrie.

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,
Has lasted these thirty days and three;
Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,
For love of one that 's yond the sea."

She 's put her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the gold and white monie;
"Here, take ye that, my bonny boy,
For the good news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirled softly at the pin;
So ready was the proud porter
To open and let this lady in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he 's in the hall among them all,
And this is the day o' his weddin."

"And has he wed anither love?
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And, sighin', said that gay ladie,
"I wish I were in my own countrie."

And she has taen her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free;
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me."

When the porter came his lord before,
He kneeled down low on his knee—
"What aileth thee, my proud porter,
Thou art so full of courtesie?"

"I 've been porter at your gates,
It 's thirty long years now and three;
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like o' her did I never see;

"For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid finger she has three;
And as meickle gold aboon her brow
As would buy an earldom to me."

Its out then spak the bride's mother,
Aye and an angry woman was shee;
"Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three of our companie."

"Oh hold your tongue, thou bride's mother;
Of all your folly let me be;
She 's ten times fairer nor the bride,
And all that 's in your companie.

"She begs one sheave of your white bread,
But and a cup of your red wine;
And to remember the lady's love,
That last relieved you out of pine."

"Oh well-a-day!" said Beichan then,
"That I so soon have married thee!
For it can be none but Susie Pye,
That sailed the sea for love of me."

And quickly hied he down the stair;
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He 's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"Oh hae ye ta'en anither bride?
And hae ye quite forgotten me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave you life and libertie?"

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e:
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dree'd so much for me."

Then out and spak the forenoon bride—
"My lord, your love it changeth soon;
This morning I was made your bride,
And another chose ere it be noon."

"Oh hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride;
Ye're ne'er a whit the worse for me;
And whan ye return to your own countrie,
A double dower I'll send with thee."

He's taen Susie Pye by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down;
And ay, as he kist her red rosy lips,
"Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own."

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he's called her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

ANONYMOUS.

LORD LOVEL.

LORD Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" said she;
"O! when will you come back?" said she;
"In a year or two—or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning, round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter," Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher:
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire-mire,
For all lovers true to admire.

ANONYMOUS.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlàw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alas! and a well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain;
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said;
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop he said;
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry green wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ANONYMOUS.

TRUTH'S INTEGRITY.

FIRST PART.

OVER the mountains
And under the waves,
Over the fountains
And under the graves,
Under floods which are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no place
For receipt of a fly,
Where the gnat dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay,
But if Love come he will enter,
And find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child of his force,
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse;
But if he whom Love doth honor
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon him—
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart, to be blind;
But if he were hidden,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love, if you so call him,
Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
Stoop down to the fist,
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the east;
With fear the tiger's moved
To give over their prey;
But never stop a lover—
He will find out the way.

From Dover to Berwick,
And nations thereabout,
Brave Guy, earl of Warwick,
That champion so stout,
With his warlike behavior,
Through the world he did stray,
To win his Phillis's favor—
Love will find out the way.

In order next enters
Bevis so brave,
After adventures
And policy brave,
To see whom he desired,
His Josian so gay,
For whom his heart was fired—
Love will find out the way.

SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot
Which true lovers knit,
Undo it you cannot,
Nor yet break it;
Make use of your inventions,
Their fancies to betray,
To frustrate their intentions—
Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
In bower and in hall,
From the king unto the beggar,
Love conquers all.
Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
Strive or do what you may,
Yet be you ne'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
And greatest emperors;
In any provinces,
Such is Love's power
There is no resisting,
But him to obey;
In spite of all contesting,
Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
And all men that are
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare,
Winds that have no abidings,
Pitying their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore.
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him,
That his true love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar;
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?"
"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he 's dead and gone!
Lady, he 's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Oh weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh:
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"Oh say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
'T is meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave:
For ever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he!
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
Oh he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady: rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"Oh stay me not, thou holy friar,
Oh stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

"Here forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

THOMAS PERCY.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Decked with jewels, had she on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye her faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
"Alas!" then said this lady gay, "full woe is me;
Oh let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"O gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse.
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison strong remains with thee."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
Serpents are where flowers grow."
"All the evil I think to thee, most gracious knight,
God grant unto myself the same may fully light.

"Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one;
Then to your country bear away that is your own."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
And so love is my desert.
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel, 'tis great charges,
As you know, in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thine own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers;
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
"Well in worth I could endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, be contented;
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsifie my vow for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"Oh how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many days of joy God send you!
Of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for this offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

"Commend me to thy loving lady;
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold.
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For these are fitting for thy wife, and not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defie;
In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from other company:
But ere my prayers have end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thus farewell, most gentle captain,
And farewell my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair lady."

ANONYMOUS.

THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them;

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care:
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups on the hearth;
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe:
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppprest:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said;
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale
He carolled lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain:

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast;
The wondering fair one turned to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They 'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

THE SEAMAN'S HAPPY RETURN.

WHEN Sol did cast no light, being darkened over,
And the dark time of night did the skies cover,
Running a river by, there were ships sailing,
A maid most fair I spied, crying and wailing.

Unto this maid I stept, asking what grieved her;
She answered me and wept, fates had deceived her:
My love is prest, quoth she, to cross the ocean—
Proud waves to make the ship ever in motion.

We loved seven years and more, both being sure,
But I am left on shore, grief to endure.
He promised back to turn, if life was spared him;
With grief I daily mourn death hath debarred him.

Straight a brisk lad she spied, made her admire,
A present she received pleased her desire.
Is my love safe, quoth she, will he come near me?
The young man answer made, Virgin, pray hear me.

Under one banner bright, for England's glory,
Your love and I did fight—mark well my story;
By an unhappy shot we two were parted;
His death's wound then he got, though valiant-hearted.

All this I witness can, for I stood by him,
For courage, I must say, none did outvie him;
He still would foremost be, striving for honor;
But fortune is a cheat,—vengeance upon her!

But ere he was quite dead, or his heart broken,
To me these words he said, Pray give this token
To my love, for there is than she no fairer;
Tell her she must be kind and love the bearer.

Intombed he now doth lye in stately manner,
'Cause he fought valiantly for love and honor.
That right he had in you, to me he gave it;
Now since it is my due, pray let me have it.

She, raging, flung away like one distracted,
Not knowing what to say, nor what she acted.
So last she cursed her fate, and showed her anger,
Saying, Friend, you come too late, I'll have no stranger.

To your own house return, I am best pleased
Here for my love to mourn, since he's deceased.
In sable weeds I'll go, let who will jeer me;
Since death has served me so, none shall come near me.

The chaste Penelope mourned for Ulysses;
I have more grief than she, robbed of my blisses.
I'll ne'er love man again, therefore pray hear me;
I'll slight you with disdain if you come near me.

I know he loved me well, for when we parted,
None did in grief excel,—both were true-hearted.
Those promises we made ne'er shall be broken;
Those words that then he said ne'er shall be spoken.

He hearing what she said, made his love stronger;
Off his disguise he laid, and staid no longer.
When her dear love she knew, in wanton fashion
Into his arms she flew,—such is love's passion!

He asked her how she liked his counterfeiting,
Whether she was well pleased with such like greeting?
You are well versed, quoth she, in several speeches,
Could you coin money so, you might get riches.

O happy gale of wind that waft thee over!
May heaven preserve that ship that brought my lover!
Come kiss me now, my sweet, true love's no slander;
Thou shalt my Hero be, I thy Leander.

Dido of Carthage queen loved stout Æneas,
But my true love is found more true than he was.
Venus ne'er fonder was of younger Adonis,
Than I will be of thee, since thy love her own is.

Then hand in hand they walk with mirth and pleasure,
They laugh, they kiss, they talk—love knows no measure.
Now both do sit and sing—but she sings clearest;
Like nightingale in spring, Welcome my dearest!

ANONYMOUS.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the beadman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passed by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

IV.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;

The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away;
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not; her heart was otherwhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amort
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline;
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

X.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel;
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand.
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away!"—"Ah, gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good saints, not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.

He followed through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"Oh tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so. It fills me with amaze
To see thee Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot; then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art!
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"
Quoth Porphyro; "Oh may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face;
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride;
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous debt.

XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI.

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware;
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed!
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell.

XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint;
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—how fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered;
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

XXXI.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains;—'t was a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame sans mercy;"
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan;
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep.
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep;
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;

Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

XXXV.

'Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind blows
Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet;
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark; the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unpruned wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairy land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed.
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side;
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII.

And they are gone! ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

"RISE up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpets' lordly blowing,
And banners bright from lattice light are waving every where,
And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face—
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace;
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquiver
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with white,
I guess 't was wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"What aileth thee, Xarifa—what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I 've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
Andalla rides without a peer among all Granada's youth:
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow:—
Then rise—Oh! rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the town!"

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the town;
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove;
One bonny rose-bud she had traced before the noise drew nigh—
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping from her eye—
"No—no!" she sighs—"bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa—nor lay your cushion down—
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa—with all the gazing town?
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry;
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—O, why?"
—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover?
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town!"

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)
Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

THE DAY-DREAM.

THE SLEEPING PALACE.

The varying year with blade and sheaf
 Clothes and re-clothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf;
 Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curled,
 Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
 To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
 On every slanting terrace-lawn,
The fountain to his place returns,
 Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.
Here droops the banner on the tower,
 On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
 The parrot in his gilded wires.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs;
 In these, in those the life is stayed.
The mantles from the golden pegs
 Droop sleepily. No sound is made—
Not even of a gnat that sings.
 More like a picture seemeth all,
Than those old portraits of old kings
 That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask
 Between his knees, half-drained; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task;
 The maid-of-honor blooming fair,
The page has caught her hand in his;
 Her lips are severed as to speak;
His own are pouted to a kiss;
 The blush is fixed upon her cheek.

Till all the hundred summers pass,
 The beams, that through the oriel shine,
Make prisms in every carven glass,
 And beaker brimmed with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps;
 Grave faces gathered in a ring.
His state the king reposing keeps:
 He must have been a jolly king.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
 At distance like a little wood;
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
 And grapes with bunches red as blood;
All creeping plants, a wall of green
 Close-matted, burr and brake and briar,
And glimpsing over these, just seen,
 High up, the topmost palace-spire.

When will the hundred summers die,
 And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
 Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
Here all things in their place remain,
 As all were ordered, ages since.
Come care and pleasure, hope and pain,
 And bring the fated fairy prince!

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Year after year unto her feet,
 She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet,
 The maiden's jet-black hair has grown;
On either side her tranced form
 Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,
 And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould,
Languidly ever; and, amid
 Her full black ringlets, downward rolled,
Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm,
 With bracelets of the diamond bright.
Her constant beauty doth inform
 Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
 In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
 That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps; on either hand upswells
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL

All precious things, discovered late,
 To those that seek them issue forth;
For love in sequel works with fate,
 And draws the veil from hidden worth.
He travels far from other skies—
 His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy prince, with joyful eyes,
 And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those
 That strove in other days to pass,
Are withered in the thorny close,
 Or scattered blanching in the grass.
He gazes on the silent dead:
 "They perished in their daring deeds."
This proverb flashes through his head:
 "The many fail; the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks.
 He breaks the hedge; he enters there;
The color flies into his cheeks;
 He trusts to light on something fair;
For all his life the charm did talk
 About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
 And whispered voices in his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind;
 The magic music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
 The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark,
 He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee:
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
 How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

THE REVIVAL.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
 There rose a noise of striking clocks;
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all;
 A breeze through all the garden swept;
A sudden hubbub shook the hall;
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
 The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
 The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled;
The maid and page renewed their strife;
 The palace banged, and buzzed and clackt;
And all the long-pent stream of life
 Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,
 And in his chair himself upreared,
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke;
 "By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept, my lords.
 My beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words,
 'T was but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy!" returned the king, "but still
 My joints are something stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
 I mentioned half an hour ago?"
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
 In courteous words returned reply;
But dallied with his golden chain,
 And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
 And round her waist she felt it fold;
And far across the hills they went
 In that new world which is the old.
Across the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
 The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
 O love, for such another kiss!"
"Oh wake for ever, love," she hears,
 "O love, 'twas such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
 And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar,
 The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
 "O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
 "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
 Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark;
And, rapt through many a rosy change,
 The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
 And whither goest thou, tell me where!"
"Oh seek my father's court with me,
 For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
 Through all the world she followed him.

Alfred Tennyson

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air;
I sang an old and moving story—
An old, rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined—and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death,
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight—
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved; she stepped aside—
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms;
She pressed me with a meek embrace;

And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they 've dropped into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell—
'T was thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter:—
The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water;
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were pearls in silver set,
That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongues should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me?—I cannot, cannot tell!

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he 'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well,
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He 'll think, when I to market went I loitered by the way;
He 'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He 'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed;
He 'll think when I was sporting so beside his marble well
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He 'll say, I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He 'll say, I loved, when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings: oh! luckless, luckless well,—
For what to say to Muça—alas! I cannot tell.

I 'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning and thought of him at eve;
That, musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)
Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

SERRANA.

I NE'ER on the border
Saw girl fair as Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey
To Santa Maria
Of Calataveño,
From weary desire
Of sleep, down a valley
I strayed, where young Rosa
I saw, the milk-maiden
Of lone Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,
'Midst roses and grasses,
Her herd she was tending,
With other fair lasses;
So lovely her aspect,
I could not suppose her
A simple milk-maiden
Of rude Finojosa.

I think not primroses
Have half her smile's sweetness,
Or mild, modest beauty;
I speak with discreetness.
Oh, had I beforehand
But known of this Rosa,
The lovely milk-maiden
Of fair Finojosa!

Her very great beauty
Had not so subdued,
Because it had left me,
To do as I would.
I have said more, O fair one,
By learning 't was Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

LOPE DE MENDOZA. (Spanish.)
Translation of J. H. WIFFEN.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot 's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What 's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun?'"
There's a form at the casement—the form of her true-love—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I 'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We 'll rove in the grove while the moon 's shining brightly."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot 's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;

Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

WATCH SONG.

THE sun is gone down,
And the moon upward springeth;
The night creepeth onward;
The nightingale singeth.
To himself said a watchman,
"Is any knight waiting
In pain for his lady.
To give her his greeting?
Now, then, for their meeting!"

His words heard a knight,
In the garden while roaming:
"Ah, watchman!" he said,
"Is the daylight fast coming?
And may I not see her,
And wilt not thou aid me?"
"Go, wait in thy covert,
Lest the cock crow reveillé,
And the dawn should betray thee."

Then in went that watchman,
And called for the fair;
And gently he roused her:
"Rise, lady! prepare!
New tidings I bring thee,
And strange to thine ear;
Come, rouse thee up quickly—
Thy knight tarries near;
Rise, lady! appear!"

"Ah, watchman! though purely
The moon shines above,
Yet trust not securely
That feigned tale of love.
Far, far from my presence
My own knight is straying;
And, sadly repining,
I mourn his long staying,
And weep his delaying."

"Nay, lady! yet trust me,
No falsehood is there."
Then up sprang that lady
And braided her hair,
And donned her white garment,
Her purest of white;
And her heart with joy trembling,
She rushed to the sight
Of her own faithful knight.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)
Translation of EDGAR TAYLOR.

THE OLD STORY.

HE came across the meadow-pass,
That summer eve of eves—
The sunlight streamed along the grass
And glanced amid the leaves;
And from the shrubbery below,
And from the garden trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow
And humming of the bees;
The garden gate was swung apart—
The space was brief between;
But there, for throbbing of his heart,
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden-gate;
He looked, and scarce he breathed;
Within the little porch she sate,
With woodbine overwreathed;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh:
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft did idle lie:
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies as they come and go,
Her pure face speaks the while;
For now it is a flitting glow,
And now a breaking smile;
And now it is a graver shade,
When holier thoughts are there—
An angel's pinion might be stayed
To see a sight so fair;
But still they hid her looks of light,
Those downcast eyelids pale—
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,
Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
Had rested on the hill,
And, save one thrush from out the hedge,
Both bower and grove were still.

The sun had almost bade farewell;
But one reluctant ray
Still loved within that porch to dwell,
As charmed there to stay—
It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,
And through the woodbine fringe,
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,
And bathed her in its tinge.

"O beauty of my heart!" he said,
"O darling, darling mine!
Was ever light of evening shed
On loveliness like thine?
Why should I ever leave this spot,
But gaze until I die?"
A moment from that bursting thought
She felt his footstep nigh,
One sudden, lifted glance—but one—
A tremor and a start—
So gently was their greeting done
That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,
And all his golden hail
Had died away to lines of brown,
In duskier hues that fail.
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled under ground—
No other living sound, unless
Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
Deep in the liquid sky,
Now forth upon the darkness burst,
Sole kings and lights on high;
For splendor, myriad-fold, supreme,
No rival moonlight strove;
Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,
Nor more majestic Jove.
But what if hearts there beat that night
That recked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes?

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And longing passion met,
Which, passing human language, sought
And found an utterance yet;
And if they trembled as the flowers
That droop across the stream,
And muse the while the starry hours
Wait o'er them like a dream;
And if, when came the parting time,
They faltered still and clung;
What is it all?—an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times besung—
That part of Paradise which man
Without the portal knows,—
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close.

ANONYMOUS.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye—
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye
Sae comely to be seen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale:
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost of them a'
Shall ride, our forest queen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning tide;
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And knight and dame are there;
They sought her both by bower and ha';
The ladye was not seen.—
She 's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet—the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Sir Walter Scott.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY.

Under yonder beech-tree standing on the green sward,
Couched with her arms behind her little head,
Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her bosom,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her!
Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow,
Waking on the instant she could not but embrace me—
Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow;
Swift as the swallow when, athwart the western flood,
Circleting the surface, he meets his mirrored winglets—
Is that dear one in her maiden bud.
Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine tops;
Gentle—ah! that she were jealous—as the dove!
Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,
Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her?
Can she truly doubt me when looking on my brows?
Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-tales—
What can have taught her distrust of all my vows?
No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy eve-tide,
Whispering together beneath the listening moon,
I prayed till her cheek flushed, implored till she faltered—
Fluttered to my bosom—ah! to fly away so soon!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
I should have more love, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the bashful mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
I should lose but one for so many boys and girls.

Clambering roses peep into her chamber;
Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet;
White-necked swallows, twittering of summer,
Fill her with balm and nested peace from head to feet.
Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,
When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on the leaves?
Will the autumn garners see her still ungathered,
When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping eaves?

Comes a sudden question—should a strange hand pluck her!
Oh! what an anguish smites me at the thought!
Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with jewels!—
Can such beauty ever thus be bought?
Sometimes the huntsmen, prancing down the valley,
Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth;
They see, as I see, mine is the fairest!
Would she were older and could read my worth!

Are there not sweet maidens, if she still deny me?
Show the bridal heavens but one bright star?
Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,
Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar?
So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me—
Through the milky meadows from flower to flower she flies,
Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled eyelids
From the golden love that looks too eager in her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face gazes
Out on the weather through the window panes,
Beauteous she looks! like a white water-lily
Bursting out of bud on the rippled river plains.
When from bed she rises, clothed from neck to ankle
In her long night gown, sweet as boughs of May,
Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily,
Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star twinkles
Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew;
When the cold-cheeked dawn grows ruddy up the twilight,
And the gold sun wakes and weds her in the blue.
Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,
She the only star that dies not with the dark!
Powerless to speak all the ardor of my passion,
I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweethearts?
Season after season tell a fruitless tale?
Will not the virgin listen to their voices?
Take the honeyed meaning, wear the bridal veil?
Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the bare branches?
Waits she the garlands of spring for her dower?
Is she a nightingale that will not be nested
Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and beauties!
With thy crescent brows and thy flowery, showery glee;
With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures;
And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honeymoon for me!

Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!
Come, weeping loveliness in all thy blue delight!
Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!
Bring her to my arms on the first May night.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

LADY CLARE.

LORD RONALD courted Lady Clare,
I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lord Ronald, her cousin, courted her,
And they will wed the morrow morn.

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I 'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother!" she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here 's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare;
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

A lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LETTERS.

I.

STILL on the tower stood the vane;
A black yew gloomed the stagnant air;
I peered athwart the chancel pane
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow;
"Cold altar, heaven and earth shall meet
Before you hear my marriage vow."

II.

I turned and hummed a bitter song
That mocked the wholesome human heart;
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
We met, but only meant to part.
Full cold my greeting was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw, with half-unconscious eye,
She wore the colors I approved.

III.

She took the little ivory chest—
With half a sigh she turned the key;
Then raised her head with lips comprest,
And gave my letters back to me.
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I looked on these.

IV.

She told me all her friends had said;
I raged against the public liar.
She talked as if her love were dead;
But in my words were seeds of fire.
"No more of love; your sex is known:
I never will be twice deceived.
Henceforth I trust the man alone—
The woman cannot be believed.

V.

"Through slander, meanest spawn of hell
(And woman's slander is the worst),
And you, whom once I loved so well—
Through you my life will be accurst."
I spoke with heart, and heat and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms—
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rushed into each other's arms.

VI.

We parted. Sweetly gleamed the stars,
And sweet the vapor-braided blue;
Low breezes fanned the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appeared to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadowed swells;
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage bells."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SONNETS.

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
Either not assailed, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged.
If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,
Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure;
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and suffer day by day;
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter
In sleep a king; but waking no such matter.

SOME say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteemed,
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deemed.

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease;
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They are but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you—you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? the purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to this robbery had annexed thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet in color it had stolen from thee.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing;
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time

My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests, and tombs of brass are spent.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Oh! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
That is my home of love; if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again—
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged;
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

Shakespeare.

SONNETS.

Come sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw.
Oh make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address;
While with the people's shouts I must confess,
Youth, luck, and praise e'en filled my veins with pride;
When Cupid having me, his slave, descried
In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
"What now, Sir Fool?" said he, "I would no less;
Look here I say."—I looked and Stella spied,
Who, hard by, made a window send forth light;
My heart then quaked; then dazzled were mine eyes;
One hand forgot to rule, the other to fight;
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
My foe came on and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

O happy Thames that didst my Stella bear;
I saw myself with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine;
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravished, staid not till in her golden hair
They did themselves, oh sweetest prison! twine;
And fain those Eol's youth there would their stay
Have made, but forced by nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She so dishevelled, blushed:—from window I,
With sight thereof, cried out, oh fair disgrace!
Let honor's self to thee grant highest place.

With how sad steps, O Moon thou climb'st the skies—
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace;
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me—
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Sir Philip Sidney.

SONNET.

I know that all beneath the moon decays;
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty 's like the purple flower
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

William Drummond.

SONNET.

If it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,
Such I believe my love; for as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her creator,
I have no care for any other thing,
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth,
Enamored through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the Primal Love,
As to its end, and honors in admiring;
For who adores the Maker needs must love His work.

Michael Angelo. (Italian.)
Translation of J. E. Taylor.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that Eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts

As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour:
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian.)
Translation of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

IF thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile, her look, her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."
For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
To a man dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length, and say,
"Take it!" My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
As girls do, any more. It only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral shears
Would take this first, but love is justified,—
Take it thou,—finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left there when she died.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat it,
Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry: "Speak once more—thou lovest!" Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance!—only minding, dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

IF I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I took up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors—another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
That's hardest. If to conquer love has tried,
To conquer grief tries more, as all things prove;
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
Alas, I have grieved so, I am hard to love.

Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "O list!"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own!"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and height
My soul can reach, when feeling, out of sight,
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troupe of damsells playing,
Forth I yode forsooth a-maying;

Where anon by a wood side,
Where as May was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, God wot;
He wold love, and she wold not.
She sayd never man was trewe;
He sayes none was false to you.

He sayde hee had lovde her longe;
She sayes love should have no wronge.
Corydon wold kisse her then;
She sayes maids must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with many a prettie othe,
Yea, and naye, and faithe and trothe—
Such as seelie shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse—

Love, that had bene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gaye
Was made the ladye of the Maye.

Nicholas Breton.

LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN MISTRESS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayest deign,
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.

ANONYMOUS.

TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

See the chariot at hand here of Love!
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty.
And, enamored, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light
All that Love's world compriseth;
Do but look on her hair! it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark—her forehead 's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she!

BEN JONSON.

AN EARNEST SUIT

TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

SIR THOMAS WYAT

DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my star!
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various moon the flood!
Hear what late discourse of you
Love and I have had; and true.
'Mongst my muses finding me,
Where he chanced your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain:
"Sure," said he, "if I have brain,
This here sung can be no other
By description, but my mother!
So hath Homer praised her hair;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise,
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows, bent like my bow.
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see!
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks of milk and roses;
Such as oft I wanton in.
And above her even chin,
Have you placed the bank of kisses
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripened with a breath more sweet,
Than when flowers and west winds meet.
Nay, her white and polished neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's! hearts of slain
Lovers, made into a chain!
And between each rising breast
Lies the valley called my nest,
Where I sit and proyne my wings
After flight; and put new strings
To my shafts! Her very name,
With my mother's is the same."
"I confess all," I replied,
"And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus; save unchaste.
But, alas! thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex; but couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty still doth hide
Something more than thou hast spied.
Outward grace weak Love beguiles:
She is Venus when she smiles,
But she 's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks."

Ben Jonson.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Philostratus. (Greek.)
Translation of Ben Jonson.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows—
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

John Lyly.

HEAR, YE LADIES.

Hear, ye ladies that despise
What the mighty Love hath done;
Hear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Hear the fierceness of the boy;
The chaste moon he makes to woo.
Vesta kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies.
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can once more build and once more fire.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SHALL I TELL.

Shall I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 't is she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth.
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so
That she be but somewhat young;
Be assured 't is she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE

BEAUTY CLEAR AND FAIR.

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And come to honor nothing else;

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favor is
More than light, perpetual bliss,—
Make me live by serving you!

Dear, again back recall
To this light
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory;
I am your servant, and your thrall.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

SPEAK, LOVE!

Dearest, do not delay me,
Since, thou knowest, I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 't is thought, do stay me;
But 't is wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odors far excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair!
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighboring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me;
'T is a word that 's quickly spoken,
Which, being restrained, a heart is broken.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

TAKE, OH! TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light—
You common people of the skies—
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents—what 's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own—
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a queen—
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE LOVER TO THE GLOW-WORMS.

YE living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And, studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate!

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall!

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray!

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come;
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

ANDREW MARVELL.

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER,

UNDER THE NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS.

AMONG the myrtles as I walkt,
Love and my sighs thus intertalkt;
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess.
Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
In every thing that 's sweet, she is.
In yond' carnation go and seek,
Where thou shalt find her lip and cheek;
In that enamelled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
There waves the streamer of her blood.
'T is true, said I; and thereupon,
I went to pluck them, one by one,

To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all were gone.
At which I stopt; said Love, these be
The true resemblances of thee;
For as these flowers, thy joys must die,
And in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets ere knit together.

ROBERT HERRICK.

PANGLORY'S WOOING SONG.

LOVE is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows.
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love.
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild.
Love no med'cine can appease;
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench;
Not all the sea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a heavy coat to wear;
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love that sing and play;
And of all love's joyful flame,
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.
See, see the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow;
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows—
How they all unleaved die,
Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away;
There is danger in delay.
Come, come gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore;
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings, as proud
To carry up my train, have bowed;
And a world of ladies send me,
In my chambers to attend me.
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

GILES FLETCHER

CASTARA.

LIKE the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no ruder eye betrayed;
For she 's to herself untrue
Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,—
She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence, eloquent.
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet run still astray
If to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft virtue splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Virtue safely cannot sit
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O'er that darkness whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie;
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly;
All her vows religious be,
And she vows her love to me.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

CANZONET.

THE golden sun that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withal,
In vain doth cast his beams away,
When they are blind on whom they fall;
There is no force in all his light
To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he
That shines at noon in summer tide,
Hast given me light and power to see,
With perfect skill my sight to guide;
Till now I lived as blind as mole
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauty's grace,
Yet deemed it nought but poet's skill;
I gazed on many a lovely face,
Yet found I none to bend my will;
Which made me think that beauty bright
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have cleared my sight,
I blush to think I was so blind;
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauty's blaze each where I find;
And yet those dames that shine so bright
Are but the shadows of thy light.

THOMAS WATSON.

THE NIGHT PIECE.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting-starres attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-wispe mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on thy way,
Not making stay,
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soule I'le pour into thee!

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase—
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, should adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires—
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away!

THOMAS CAREW.

TO ALTHEA—FROM PRISON.

When Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye—
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE

TO LUCASTA.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that, when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For, whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven—their earthly bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

SUPERSTITION.

I CARE not, though it be
By the preciser sort thought popery;
We poets can a license show
For every thing we do.
Hear, then, my little saint! I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,
Amidst its various joys, can leisure find
To attend to any thing so low
As what I say or do,
Regard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the blest above
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove;
Fain would I thy sweet image see,
And sit and talk with thee;
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah! what delight 't would be,
Wouldst thou sometimes, by stealth, converse with me!
How should I thy sweet commune prize,
And other joys despise;
Come, then, I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain;
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know
Of thy escape below;
Before thou 'rt missed, thou shouldst return again.

Sure heaven must needs thy love,
As well as other qualities, improve;
Come, then, and recreate my sight
With rays of thy pure light;
'T will cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if fate 's so severe
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,
(And by thy absence I shall know
Whether thy state be so,)
Live happy, and be mindful of me there.

JOHN NORRIS.

A SONG.

To thy lover,
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine, that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that nature nameth.

In free air
Flow thy hair,
That no more summer's best dresses
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver
Love his quiver!
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow,
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not
(That we die not)
Those dear lips, whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and sister roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather;
Earth and heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee;
Winds cling to thee;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storm and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

But if nature's
Common creatures
So dear glories dare not borrow;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving, lingering sorrow.

When, to end me,
Death shall send me
All his terrors to affright me;
Thine eyes' graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight me.

When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet airs that often slew me,
Shall revive me,
Or reprieve me,
And to many deaths renew me.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

AH, HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE.

AH, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart;
E'en the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use;
Treat them like a parting friend,
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send;
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides, full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again;
If a flow in age appear,
'T is but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

SONG.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For, in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet, dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CAREW.

PHILOMELA'S ODE

THAT SHE SUNG IN HER ARBOR.

SITTING by a river's side
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honor is the chief content
That to man in life is lent;
And some others do contend
Quiet none like to a friend.
Others hold there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health;
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he 's lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;

And in my thoughts I did approve
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees—
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall;
But unhappy maidens all
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind;
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No sweet love but honesty.

ROBERT GREENE.

COME AWAY, DEATH.

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid!
Fly away, fly away, breath:
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, Oh! where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE TOMB.

WHEN, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their powers bequeath
To those of death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn:
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in death than love.

And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And, (as a victor) proud
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade;
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devoured by this revengeful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth or marble must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst, hid in some dark ruins, I
Dumb and forgotten lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me;
And they who should attest thy glory,
Will or forget or not believe this story.
Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast

THOMAS STANLEY.

LOVE NOT ME.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why.
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

ANONYMOUS.

THE EXEQUIES.

Draw near
You lovers, that complain,
Of fortune or disdain,
And to my ashes lend a tear!
Melt the hard marble with your groans,
And soften the relentless stones,
Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide
Of all love's cruelties, and beauty's pride!

No verse,
No epicedium bring;
Nor peaceful requiem sing,
To charm the terrors of my hearse!
No profane numbers must flow near
The sacred silence that dwells here.
Vast griefs are dumb; softly, oh softly mourn!
Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew
Upon my dismal grave
Such offerings as you have—
Forsaken cypress, and sad yew;
For kinder flowers can take no birth
Or growth from such unhappy earth.
Weep only o'er my dust, and say, "Here lies
To love and fate an equal sacrifice."

Thomas Stanley.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe.

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray,
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchie.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhore,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I 'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shun'st the prize so sore
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
I 'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I 'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I 'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I 'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed,
Lest thou thyself expose,
And let all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those.
A marble wall then build about,
Beset without a door;
But if thou let thy heart fly out,
I 'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,
Make any breach at all;
Nor smoothness of their language plot
Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wild-fire love consume
The shrine which I adore;
For if such smoke about thee fume,
I 'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
To suffer by surprise;
Those victualled by my love so long,
The siege at length must rise,
And leave thee ruled in that health
And state thou wast before;
But if thou turn a commonwealth,
I 'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,
Thy heart to ruine come,
I 'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by tuck of drum;
But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,
Thy falsehood to deplore,
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
And never love thee more.

I 'll do with thee as Nero did
When Rome was set on fire,
Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire,
And scorn to shed a tear to see
Thy spirit grown so poor;
But smiling sing, until I die,
I 'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bare thee once,
Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble-stone
The truth shall testifie;
That every pilgrim passing by
May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
 Upon this pillar hung,—
A simple heart, a single eye,
 A true and constant tongue;
Let no man for more love pretend
 Than he has hearts in store;
True love begun shall never end;
 Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
 But in far different case;
For mine was true, so was not thine,
 But lookt like Janus' face.
For as the waves with every wind,
 So sail'st thou every shore,
And leav'st my constant heart behind,—
 How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fixed
 For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mixed,
 Delighting ay in change.
Thy beauty shined at first more bright,
 And woe is me therefore,
That ever I found thy love so light
 I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,
 The rocks' resounding echo,
The whistling wind that murmur makes,
 Shall with me sing hey ho!
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
 Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes—
 I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
 Her fellow's death regrete,
And daily mourns for his adieu,
 And ne'er renews her mate;
So, though thy faith was never fast,
 Which grieves me wondrous sore,
Yet I shall live in love so chast,
 That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about
 These monuments to view,
Whereon is written, in and out,
 Thou traitorous and untrue;
Then in a passion they shall pause,
 And thus say, sighing sore,

"Alas! he had too just a cause
 Never to love thee more."

And when that tracing goddess Fame
 From east to west shall flee,
She shall record it, to thy shame,
 How thou hast loved me;
And how in odds our love was such
 As few have been before;
Thou loved too many, and I too much,
 So I can love no more.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

WELCOME, WELCOME.

Welcome, welcome, do I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love that to the voice is near,
 Breaking from your ivory pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
 The delightful nightingale.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that still looks on your eyes,
 Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
 Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that still may see your cheeks,
 Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool if e'er he seeks
 Other lilies, other roses.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,
 And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odors of the fields
 Never, never shall be missing.

Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that question would anew
What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
And a brief of that behold.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'T was this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast:
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame:
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled:
My feeble pulse forgot to play—
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

SAPPHO. (Greek.)
Translation of AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

KULNASATZ, MY REINDEER.

A LAPLAND SONG.

KULNASATZ, my reindeer,
We have a long journey to go;
The moors are vast,
And we must haste.
Our strength, I fear,
Will fail, if we are slow;
And so
Our songs will do.

Kaigè, the watery moor,
Is pleasant unto me,
Though long it be,
Since it doth to my mistress lead,
Whom I adore;
The Kilwa moor
I ne'er again will tread.

Thoughts filled my mind,
Whilst I through Kaigè passed
Swift as the wind,
And my desire
Winged with impatient fire;
My reindeer, let us haste!

So shall we quickly end our pleasing pain—
Behold my mistress there,
With decent motion walking o'er the plain.
Kulnasatz, my reindeer,
Look yonder, where
She washes in the lake!
See, while she swims,
The water from her purer limbs
New clearness take!

ANONYMOUS.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark and silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.

My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone—
Think of me, sweet, when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

LORD BYRON.

SONNET.

THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For oh! how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove.
Forgive me if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian)
Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever,
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO———.

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

I.

Oh, never talk again to me
 Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see
 Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eyes be not of blue,
 Nor fair her locks, like English lasses',
How far its own expressive hue
 The languid azure eye surpasses!

II.

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
 The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
 From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
 In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
You 'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
 And curled to give her neck caresses.

III.

Our English maids are long to woo,
 And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
 Their lips are slow at love's confession;
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
 For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—
 Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz?

IV.

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
 Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
And if she love, or if she hate,
 Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
 Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
 'T will love you long, and love you dearly.

V.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
 Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial;
For every thought is bent to prove
 Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain
 She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
 She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

VI.

And when, beneath the evening star,
 She mingles in the gay bolero;
Or sings to her attuned guitar
 Of Christian knight or Moorish hero;
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
 Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper;
Or joins devotion's choral band
 To chant the sweet and hallowed vesper:

VII.

In each her charms the heart must move
 Of all who venture to behold her.
Then let not maids less fair reprove,
 Because her bosom is not colder;
Through many a clime 't is mine to roam
 Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
 May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

Lord Byron.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

Sir Walter Scott.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming,

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep;
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON.

HERE 'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as the parting tear—Jessy!

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied,
'T is sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am locked in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!

Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as the parting tear—Jessy!

ROBERT BURNS.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

HARK the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We 'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine, midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

ROBERT BURNS.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

AE fond kiss and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill 's between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green—
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me of my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry—

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'T was even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls did hang;
The zephyr wantoned round the bean
And bore its fragrant sweets along;
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seemed the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed;
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy;
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy.
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile;
Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild;
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foiled
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep
Where fame and honors lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine.
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

ROBERT BURNS.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I 'd shelter thee, I 'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it 's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she 's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay me doune and dee.

ANONYMOUS.

THOU HAST VOWED BY THY FAITH, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast vowed by thy faith, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine!
And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
And the heart wad part sic love;
But there 's nae hand can loose the band,
But the finger of Him above.
Tho' the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
An' my clothing e'er so mean,
I should lap up rich in the faulds of love,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Far softer than the down;
And Love wad winnow o'er us, his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly we 'd sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
Come here and kneel wi' me;
The morn is full of the presence of God,
And I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet amang the new flowers,
The wee birds sing saft on the tree;
Our gudeman sits in the bonnie sunshine,
And a blithe auld bodie is he.

The beuk maun be ta'en whan he comes hame,
Wi' the holy psalmodie;
And I will speak of thee whan I pray,
And thou maun speak of me.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

OH, SAW YE THE LASS.

Oh saw ye the lass wi' the bonny blue een?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen;
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween;
She 's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;
But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen
Is the maid that I love wi' the bonny blue een.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She 'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;
And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
I 'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een.
As the dove that has wandered away from his nest,
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I 'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue een.

RICHARD RYAN.

BONNIE LESLIE.

Oh saw ye bonnie Leslie
As she gaed o'er the border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Leslie—
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Leslie—
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Leslie!
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS.

FAIR INES.

I.

Oh saw ye not fair Ines?
She 's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

II.

Oh turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

III.

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!—

Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

IV.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;—
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

V.

Alas! alas! fair Ines!
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell!
To her you've loved so long.

VI.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

THOMAS HOOD.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE!

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee—
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we 've seen it burning,
Oh thus remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
Oh then remember me!

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee—
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
Oh then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

FLY TO THE DESERT.

FLY to the desert, fly with me—
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough; but smiling there
The acacia waves her yellow hair—
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare; but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gayly springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree—
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loveliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn;

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 't is by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place—

Then, fare thee well; I 'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O, LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it 's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were around you, I 'd hardly see the rest;
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that 's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock;
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;
Her hair 's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine—
It 's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before—
No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh! but she was gay;
She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet;
The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so much praised;
But blessed himself he was n't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I 'm whistling or lilting what you sung;
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue.
But you 've as many sweethearts as you 'd count on both your hands,
And for myself there 's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you 're the flower of womankind, in country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I 'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I 'd own it was but right.

Oh, might we live together in lofty palace hall
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall;
Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty 's my distress—
It 's far too beauteous to be mine, but I 'll never wish it less;
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

AN IRISH MELODY.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down; but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she could n't but choose to—go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—
Now cozily retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

SONG.

Love me if I live!
Love me if I die!
What to me is life or death,
So that thou be nigh?

Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor;
Ah! what is there I could not
For thy sake endure?

Kiss me for my love!
Pay me for my pain!
Come! and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st again!

BARRY CORNWALL.

WERE I BUT HIS OWN WIFE.

WERE I but his own wife, to guard and to guide him,
'T is little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
I'd chant my low love verses, stealing beside him,
So faint and so tender his heart would but hear;
I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and highland;
And there at his feet I would lay them all down;
I'd sing him the songs of our poor stricken island,
Till his heart was on fire with a love like my own.

There 's a rose by his dwelling—I 'd tend the lone treasure,
That he might have flowers when the summer would come;
There 's a harp in his hall—I would wake its sweet measure,
For he must have music to brighten his home.
Were I but his own wife, to guide and to guard him,
'T is little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
For every kind glance my whole life would award him—
In sickness I 'd soothe and in sadness I 'd cheer.

My heart is a fount welling upward for ever—
When I think of my true-love, by night or by day;
That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flowing river
Which gushes for ever and sings on its way.
I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to repose in,
Were I but his own wife, to win and to woo—
Oh, sweet, if the night of misfortune were closing,
To rise like the morning star, darling, for you!

MARY DOWNING.

THE WELCOME.

I.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning—
Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

II.

I 'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them!
Or, after you 've kissed them, they 'll lie on my bosom;
I 'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I 'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh! your step 's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I 'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I 'll wish you in silence to love me.

III.

We 'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We 'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;

We 'll look on the stars, and we 'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her—
Oh! she 'll whisper you—"Love, as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming;
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning:
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud—
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine!
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood—
Our wood, that is dearer than all—

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes—
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake—
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead—
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SUMMER DAYS.

In summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood:
Our heart was light, our step was strong;
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs;
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song;
We plucked wild strawb'ries, ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not—
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

ANONYMOUS.

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They 've hushed the minster bell:
The organ 'gins to swell;
She 's coming, she 's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she 's here, she 's past!
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE.

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star,
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field,
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge,
Be half so fair as she!

Gil Vicente. (Portuguese.)
Translation of H. W. Longfellow.

SERENADE.

I.

Ah, sweet, thou little knowest how
I wake and passionate watches keep;
And yet, while I address thee now,
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
'T is sweet enough to make me weep,
That tender thought of love and thee,
That while the world is hushed so deep,
Thy soul 's perhaps awake to me!

II.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!
With golden visions for thy dower,
While I this midnight vigil keep,
And bless thee in thy silent bower;
To me 't is sweeter than the power
Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,
That I alone, at this still hour,
In patient love outwatch the world.

Thomas Hood.

SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light:
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be
A sister to the night!—

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay,
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

Edward Coate Pinkney.

MY LOVE.

I.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star;
And yet her heart is ever near.

II.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

V.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

VII.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

IX.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green –
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

James Russell Lowell.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear;
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

OH! TELL ME, LOVE, THE DEAREST HOUR.

OH! tell me, love, the dearest hour
The parted, anxious lover knows,—
When passion, with enchanter's power,
Across his faithful memory throws
Its softest, brightest flame.

'T is when he sings on some lone shore
Where Echo's vocal spirits throng,
Whose airy voices, o'er and o'er,
On still and moonlight lake prolong
One dear, loved, thrilling name.

ANONYMOUS.

TO ——.

LET other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:
Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not though none should call thee fair;
So, Mary, let it be,
If naught in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BALLAD.

I.

IT was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast;
It was the time of roses,—
We plucked them as we passed!

II.

That churlish season never frowned
On early lovers yet!
Oh no—the world was newly crowned
With flowers when first we met.

III.

'T was twilight, and I bade you go—
But still you held me fast;
It was the time of roses,—
We plucked them as we passed!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE PORTRAIT.

Come, thou best of painters,
 Prince of the Rhodian art;
Paint, thou best of painters,
 The mistress of my heart—
Though absent—from the picture
 Which I shall now impart.

First paint for me her ringlets
 Of dark and glossy hue,
And fragrant odors breathing—
 If this thine art can do.

Paint me an ivory forehead
 That crowns a perfect cheek,
And rises under ringlets
 Dark-colored, soft, and sleek.

The space between the eyebrows
 Nor mingle nor dispart,
But blend them imperceptibly
 And true will be thy art.

From under black-eye fringes
 Let sunny flashes play—
Cythera's swimming glances,
 Minerva's azure ray.

With milk commingle roses
 To paint a nose and cheeks—
A lip like bland persuasion's—
 A lip that kissing seeks.

Within the chin luxurious
 Let all the graces fair,
Round neck of alabaster,
 Be ever flitting there.

And now in robes invest her
 Of palest purple dyes,
Betraying fair proportions
 To our delighted eyes.

Cease, cease, I see before me
 The picture of my choice!
And quickly wilt thou give me—
 The music of thy voice.

Anacreon. (Greek.)

Translation of William Hay.

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
 And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
 'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
 Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
 Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
 And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
 Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
 The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
 The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
 So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
 The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
 A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
 A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
 So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
 Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
 Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
 And weariness a name.

Edward Coate Pinkney.

LOVE SONG.

Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair!
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air!

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above;
Oh that, in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
I, too, could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah, where the woodbines, with sleepy arms, have wound her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away!

Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou ever bearest,
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me—
Come! this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound—but deeper yet for thee!

George Darley.

SYLVIA.

I've taught thee love's sweet lesson o'er—
A task that is not learned with tears:
Was Sylvia e'er so blest before
In her wild, solitary years?
Then what does he deserve, the youth
Who made her con so dear a truth?

I'll now in silent vales to roam,
Singing vain songs to heedless flowers,
Or watch the dashing billows foam,
Amid thy lonely myrtle bowers—
To weave light crowns of various hue—
Were all the joys thy bosom knew.

The wild bird, though most musical,
Could not to thy sweet plaint reply;
The streamlet, and the waterfall,
Could only weep when thou didst sigh!
Thou couldst not change one dulcet word
Either with billow, or with bird.

For leaves and flowers, but these alone,
Winds have a soft, discoursing way;
Heaven's starry talk is all its own,—
It dies in thunder far away.
E'en when thou wouldst the moon beguile
To speak,—she only deigns to smile!

Now, birds and winds, be churlish still!
Ye waters, keep your sullen roar!
Stars, be as distant as ye will,—
Sylvia need court ye now no more:
In love there is society
She never yet could find with ye!

George Darley.

ROSALIE.

Oh, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

No—never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this—
So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play—
So thought the gentle Rosalie
As on her maiden revery
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

SONG.

I.

SING the old song, amid the sounds dispersing
That burden treasured in your hearts too long;
Sing it with voice low-breathed, but never name her:
She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing
High thoughts, too high to mate with mortal song—
Bend o'er her, gentle heaven, but do not claim her!

II.

In twilight caves, and secret lonelinesses,
She shades the bloom of her unearthly days;—
The forest winds alone approach to woo her.
Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses;
And wild birds haunt the wood-walks where she strays,
Intelligible music warbling to her.

III.

That spirit charged to follow and defend her,
He also, doubtless, suffers this love-pain;
And she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing.
And yet that face is not so sad as tender;
Like some sweet singer's, when her sweetest strain
From the heaved heart is gradually dying!

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

LONE upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,
Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecayed.
When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying,
Night after night, and the cry has been in vain;
Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,
But the tones of the beloved one were never heard again.
When will he awaken?
Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping;
Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for him as dead;
By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,
And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful love's imploring;
Long has hope been watching with soft eyes fixed above;
When will the fates, the life of life restoring,
Own themselves vanquished by much-enduring love?
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watched untiring,
Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
Softened by the woman's meek and loving sigh.
When will he awaken?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
And the poet's passionate world has entered in his soul;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
When sages and when kings first upheld the mind's control.
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight! the present hour is fated!
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air;
How long, how tenderly his goddess-love has waited,
Waited with a love too mighty for despair!
Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos but is bringing
Music that is murmured from nature's inmost heart.
Soon he will awaken
To his and midnight's queen!

Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the hour is holy;
Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.
Soon he will awaken!

Red as the red rose towards the morning turning,
Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own;
While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and burning
With a life more glorious than, ere they closed, was known.
Yes, he has awakened
For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history, but a lesson given,
How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth—
How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and youth?
'T is for such they waken!

When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few;
Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
To a being more intense, more spiritual, and true.
So doth the soul awaken,
Like that youth to night's fair queen!

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

SONG.

Day, in melting purple dying;
Blossoms, all around me sighing;
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou 'rt true, and I 'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent.
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling—
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
Gifts and gold are naught to me
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation;
Yet but torture, if comprest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA BROOKS.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense—
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

II.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend, with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

III.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
Aimed their glances at the bride;
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

IV.

Three there were that stood beside her;
One was dark, and one was fair;
But nor fair nor dark the other,
Save her Arab eyes and hair;
Neither dark nor fair I call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

V.

While her groomsman—shall I own it?
 Yes to thee, and only thee—
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
 Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought: "How blest the bridal
 Where the bride were such as she!"

VI.

Then I mused upon the adage,
 Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the churchman
 Dwelt upon his holy text,
Which of all who heard his lesson
 Should require the service next.

VII.

Whose will be the next occasion
 For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;
 Or, who knows?—it may be mine,
What if 't were—forgive the fancy—
 What if 't were—both mine and thine?

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

SONG.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there 's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has rueing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate our fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last forever!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
 Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
 Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
 Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
 A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'T was then a golden time with me:
 But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
 Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
And the artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera.*

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
(Numberless, nameless mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel the waiting-maid—
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first of the name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE NUN.

I.

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
The blind will see the show:
What! you become a nun, my dear?
I'll not believe it, no!

II.

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant, "We trust in thee!"
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a dying,
The water turn to wine:
What! you go take the vows, my dear?
You may—but they 'll be mine.

LEIGH HUNT.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O, sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage;
Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic—
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;

Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

Anonymous.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle dove or pelican—
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may merit name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe—
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

George Wither.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?—
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her—
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

Sir John Suckling.

FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet—'t is just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'T was but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;

'T is then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing!
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh! 't is pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet! the fount that played,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like sounds of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter-brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

THOMAS MOORE.

DECEITFULNESS OF LOVE.

Go, sit by the summer sea,
Thou whom scorn wasteth,
And let thy musing be
Where the flood hasteth.
Mark how o'er ocean's breast
Rolls the hoar billow's crest;
Such is his heart's unrest,
Who of love tasteth.

Griev'st thou that hearts should change?
Lo! where life reigneth,
Or the free sight doth range,
What long remaineth?
Spring with her flowers doth die;
Fast fades the gilded sky;
And the full moon on high
Ceaselessly waneth.

Smile, then, ye sage and wise;
And if love sever
Bonds which thy soul doth prize,
Such does it ever!
Deep as the rolling seas,
Soft as the twilight breeze,
But of more than these
Boast could it never!

ANONYMOUS.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID;

OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

One silent night of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And, knocking, me molested.

Who 's there, said I, beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy?
Cast off, said he, all fear,
And let not locks thus keep thee.

For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swerved;
And all with showers wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved.

I, pitiful, arose,
And soon a taper lighted;
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
And wings, too, which did shiver;
And, looking down below,
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shrine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chafed his hands with mine,
And dried his dripping tresses.

But when that he felt warmed:
Let 's try this bow of ours,
And string, if they be harmed,
Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said flying:
Adieu, mine host, adieu!
I 'll leave thy heart a-dying.

ANACREON. (Greek.)
Translation of ROBERT HERRICK.

IF I DESIRE WITH PLEASANT SONGS.

If I desire with pleasant songs
To throw a merry hour away,
Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs
In careful tale he doth display,
And asks me how I stand for singing,
While I my helpless hands am wringing.

And then another time, if I
A noon in shady bower would pass,
Comes he with stealthy gestures sly,
And flinging down upon the grass,
Quoth he to me: My master dear,
Think of this noontide such a year!

And if elsewhile I lay my head
On pillow, with intent to sleep,
Lies Love beside me on the bed,
And gives me ancient words to keep;
Says he: These looks, these tokens number—
May be, they 'll help you to a slumber.

So every time when I would yield
An hour to quiet, comes he still;
And hunts up every sign concealed,
And every outward sign of ill;
And gives me his sad face's pleasures
For merriment's, or sleep's, or leisure's.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

THE ANNOYER.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men
May not deny him room.
He 'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream,
And he 'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud and the open sky,—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he.
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought
Will Love be lurking nigh.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE DULE 'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

The dule 's i' this bonnet o' mine:
My ribbins 'll never be reet;
Here, Mally, aw 'm like to be fine,
For Jamie 'll be comin' to-neet;
He met me i' th' lone t'other day
(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),
An' he begged that aw' d wed him i' May,
Bi th' mass, if he 'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his,
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between!
An' aw durstn't look up in his face,
Becose on him seein' my e 'en.
My cheek went as red as a rose;
There 's never a mortal con tell
Heaw happy aw felt—for, thae knows,
One couldn't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:
To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,

For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung;
So aw towd him aw 'd tell him to-neet.
But, Mally, thae knows very weel,
Though it isn't a thing one should own,
Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',
Aw 'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw 've towd thae my mind;
What would to do iv it wur thee?
"Aw'd tak him just while he 'se inclined,
An' a farrantly bargain he 'll be;
For Jamie 's as greadly a lad
As ever stept eawt into th' sun.
Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed;
An' mak th' best o' th' job when it 's done!"

Eh, dear! but it 's time to be gwon:
Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait;
Aw connut for shame be too soon,
An' aw wouldn't for th' wuld be too late.
Aw 'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel:
Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do?
"Be off, lass—thae looks very weel;
He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"

EDWIN WAUGH.

RORY O'MORE;

OR, GOOD OMENS.

I.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—
"With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm about;
Faith you've teazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You 've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

II.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "do n't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I 'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

III.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you 've teazed me enough;
Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now Rory, leave off, sir—you 'll hug me no more—
That 's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there 's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie—
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie—
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

ANONYMOUS.

MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost,
Like a bud in the frost;
And there 's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 't is dhrames and not sleep that comes into my head;
And 't is all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 't is a sin and a shame!
You 're complater than nature
In every feature;
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair;
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky;
And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You 're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I 'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme;
Tho' there 's one Burke, he says, that would call it snublime.
And then for your cheek,
Troth 't would take him a week
Its beauties to tell, as he 'd rather;
Then your lips! oh, machree!
In their beautiful glow
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'T was an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I 'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I 'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You taze me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me.
Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the old cheat
Would n't play you your favorite tune.
And when you 're at mass
My devotion you crass,
For 't is thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew.
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep
That I can't at your sweet pretty face get a peep.
Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I 'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering sowl!
Och hone! weirasthru!
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me without you!

Och hone! do n't provoke me to do it;
For there 's girls by the score
That loves me—and more;
And you 'd look very quare if some morning you 'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street;
Troth, you 'd open your eyes,
And you 'd die with surprise
To think 't was n't you was come to it!
And faith, Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I 'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day;"
And tho' you 're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she 's short and dark like a cold winter's day,
Yet if you do n't repent
Before Easter, when Lent
Is over, I 'll marry for spite,
Och hone! weirasthru!
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night.

SAMUEL LOVER.

WIDOW MACHREE.

I.

Widow machree, it 's no wonder you frown—
Och hone! widow machree;
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown—
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'T is destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl—
Och hone! widow machree!

II.

Widow machree, now the summer is come—
Och hone! widow machree!
When every thing smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! widow machree!
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can 't spake, they wish—
Och hone! widow machree.

III.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in—
Och hone! widow machree—
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! widow machree.

IV.

And how do you know, with the comforts I 've towld—
Och hone! widow machree—
But you 're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld,
Och hone! widow machree!
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled;
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone! widow machree!"

V.

Then take my advice, darling widow machree—
Och hone! widow machree—
And with my advice, faith, I wish you 'd take me,
Och hone! widow machree!
You 'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure hope is no liar
In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart
When you 'd me near your heart—
Och hone! widow machree!

SAMUEL LOVER.

STANZAS.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'T is but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Lord Byron.

LOVE UNREQUITED.

Though thou say'st thou lov'st me not,
And although thou bidd'st me blot
From my heart, and from my brain,
All this consciousness of thee,
With its longing, its blest pain,
And its deathless memory
Of the hope—ah, why in vain?—
That thy great heart might beat for me;—
Ask it not,—love fixed so high,
Though unrequited, cannot die;
In my soul such love hath root,
And the world shall have the fruit.

Anonymous.

SONNET.

Since there 's no help, come, let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen, on either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes;
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Michael Drayton.

JENNY KISSED ME.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in,
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I 'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

Leigh Hunt.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'T was vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath

Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And oh! pray, too, for me!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

MISCONCEPTIONS.

I.

This is a spray the bird clung to,
Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
Fit for her nest and her treasure.
Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to,—
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

II.

This is a heart the queen leant on,
Thrilled in a minute erratic,
Ere the true bosom she bent on,
Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—
Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on!

ROBERT BROWNING.

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

I.

All June I bound the rose in sheaves;
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves,
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.

II.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string—fold music's wing.
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

III.

My whole life long I learned to love;
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion.—Heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'T is well!
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BALLAD.

Sigh on, sad heart, for love's eclipse
And beauty's fairest queen,
Though 't is not for my peasant lips
To soil her name between.
A king might lay his sceptre down,
But I am poor and naught;
The brow should wear a golden crown
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
Whose sudden beams surprise,
Might bid such humble hopes beware
The glancing of her eyes;
Yet, looking once, I looked too long;
And if my love is sin,
Death follows on the heels of wrong,
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,
It was so pure and fine—
Oh lofty wears, and lowly weaves,
But hodden gray is mine;
And homely hose must step apart,
Where gartered princes stand;
But may he wear my love at heart
That wins her lily hand!

Alas! there 's far from russet frieze
To silks and satin gowns;
But I doubt if God made like degrees
In courtly hearts and clowns.

My father wronged a maiden's mirth,
And brought her cheeks to blame;
And all that 's lordly of my birth
Is my reproach and shame!

'T is vain to weep, 't is vain to sigh,
'T is vain this idle speech—
For where her happy pearls do lie
My tears may never reach;
Yet when I 'm gone, e'en lofty pride
May say, of what has been,
His love was nobly born and died,
Tho' all the rest was mean!

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak
Such love as mine to tell;
Yet had I words, I dare not speak:
So, lady, fare thee well!
I will not wish thy better state
Was one of low degree,
But I must weep that partial fate
Made such a churl of me.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE DREAM.

I.

OUR life is twofold: sleep hath its own world—
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will;
They shake us with the vision that 's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows—are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—the mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision, which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity; the last,
As 't were the cape, of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array—so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath;
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers; but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects;—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.

But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 't was much;
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him—
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not —and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another. Even now she loved another;
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
There was an ancient mansion; and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned
His bowed head on his hands, and shook, as 't were
With a convulsion—then arose again:
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written; but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet. As he paused,
The lady of his love reëntered there;
She was serene and smiling then; and yet
She knew she was by him beloved; she knew—
How quickly comes such knowledge! that his heart
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched; but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced; and then it faded as it came.
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired; but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles. He passed
From out the massy gate of that old hall;
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way;
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The boy was sprung to manhood. In the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay,
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around;
And they were canopied by the blue sky—
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better. In her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home—
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lids were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—She had all she loved;
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,

Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The wanderer was returned—I saw him stand
Before an altar, with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair; but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood. As he stood,
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came;
And he stood calm and quiet; and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words;
And all things reeled around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade—
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny—came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light;
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The lady of his love—oh! she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling; and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things,
And forms impalpable, and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near to utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The wanderer was alone, as heretofore;
The beings which surrounded him were gone
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation—compassed round
With hatred and contention; pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him; until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons; and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment. He lived
Through that which had been death to many men;
And made him friends of mountains. With the stars,
And the quick spirit of the universe,
He held his dialogues, and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape.
But, oh too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed.
I strove against the stream and all in vain.
Let the great river take me to the main.
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well.
Long, long, shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
In silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

AN August evening, on a balcony
That overlooked a woodland and a lake,
I sat in the still air, and talked with one
Whose face shone fairer than the crescent moon.
Just over-head, a violin and flute
Played prelude to a dance. Their long-drawn chords
Poured through the windows, gaping summer-wide,
A flood of notes that, flowing outward, swept
To the last ripple of the orchard trees.

I had not known her long, but loved her more
Than I could dream of then—oh, even now
I dare not dwell upon my passion,—more
Than life itself I loved her, and still love.

The white enchantment of her dimpled hand
Lay soft in mine! I looked into her eyes;
I knew I was unworthy, but I felt
That I was noble if she did but smile.

A light of stars shone round her head; I saw
The sombre shores that gloomed the lake below;
The shadows settling on the distant hills;
I heard the pleasant music of the night,
Brought by the wind, a vagrant messenger,
From the deep forest and the broad, sweet fields.

But when she spoke, and her pervasive voice
Stole on me till I trembled to my knees,
I pressed my lips to hers—then round me glowed
A sudden light, that seemed to flash me on,
Beyond myself, beyond the fainting stars.
Then all the bleak disheartenings of a life
That had not been of pleasure faded off,

And left me with a purpose, and a hope
That I was born for something braver than
To hang my head and wear a nameless name.

That hour has passed, nor ever came again.
We all do live such—so I would believe.
Life's mere arithmetic and prose are mine,
And I have missed the beauty of the world.

Let this remembrance comfort me,—that when
My heart seemed bursting—like a restless wave,
That, swollen with fearful longing for the shore,
Throws its strong life on the imagined bliss
Of finding peace and undisturbed calm—
It fell on rock and broke in many tears.

Else could I bear, on all days of the year,
Not now alone—this gentle summer night,
When scythes are busy in the headed grass,
And the full moon warms me to thoughtfulness,—
This voice, that haunts the desert of my soul;
"It might have been," alas! "It might have been!"

WILLIAM CROSS WILLIAMSON.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met—and we parted for ever!
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never—no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence—we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river:
But the odor and bloom of those by-gone years
Shall hang o'er its waters for ever.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we reëmbrace,
Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sang
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprang,
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!

I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet.
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

"Speak—I love thee best!"
He exclaimed—
"Let thy love my own foretell."
I confessed:
"Clasp my heart on thine
Now unblamed,
Since upon thy soul as well
Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth—
Since my lover gave me love,
I gave these.

That was all I meant,
—To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.
Since he chose to change
Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised
Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,
On and on,
While I found some way undreamed
—Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
Till, all gone,
He should smile "She never seemed
Mine before.

"What—she felt the while,
Must I think?
Love 's so different with us men,"
He should smile.
"Dying for my sake—
White and pink!
Can 't we touch these bubbles then
But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure. How perplext
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it—and what comes next?
Is it God?

ROBERT BROWNING

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

I.

With one black shadow at its feet,
The house through all the level shines,
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines;
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river-bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright.
But "Ave Mary," made she moan,
And "Ave Mary," night and morn;
And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

II.

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Through rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown
To left and right, and made appear,
Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.
And "Ave Mary," was her moan,
"Madonna, sad is night and morn;"
And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

III.

Till all the crimson changed, and passed
Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
Before Our Lady murmured she;
Complaining, "Mother, give me grace
To help me of my weary load!"
And on the liquid mirror glowed
The clear perfection of her face.

"Is this the form," she made her moan,
"That won his praises night and morn?"
And "Ah," she said, "but I wake alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn."

IV.

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
Nor any cloud would cross the vault;
But day increased from heat to heat,
On stony drought and steaming salt;
Till now at noon she slept again,
And seemed knee-deep in mountain grass,
And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.
She breathed in sleep a lower moan;
And murmuring, as at night and morn,
She thought, "My spirit is here alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

V.

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream;
She felt he was and was not there.
She woke: the babble of the stream
Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank the sick olive sere and small.
The river-bed was dusty white;
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall.
She whispered, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
"Sweet mother, let me not here alone
Live forgotten, and die forlorn."

VI.

And, rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth;
For "Love;" they said, "must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth."
An image seemed to pass the door.
To look at her with slight, and say,
"But now thy beauty flows away,
So be alone for evermore."
"O cruel heart," she changed her tone,
"And cruel love, whose end is scorn,
Is this the end—to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn!"

VII.

But sometimes in the falling day
An image seemed to pass the door,
To look into her eyes and say,
"But thou shalt be alone no more."
And flaming downward over all,
From heat to heat the day decreased,
And slowly rounded to the east
The one black shadow from the wall.
"The day to night," she made her moan,
"The day to night, the night to morn
And day and night I am left alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

VIII.

At eve a dry cicala sung;
There came a sound as of the sea;
Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
And leaned upon the balcony.
There, all in spaces rosy-bright,
Large Hesper glittered on her tears,
And deepening through the silent spheres,
Heaven over heaven, rose the night,
And weeping then she made her moan,
"The night comes on that knows not morn;
When I shall cease to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

ALFRED TENNYSON

SONG.

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow—
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

LOCKSLEY HALL.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn—
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me;
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

Oh my cousin, shallow-hearted! Oh my Amy, mine no more!
Oh the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung—
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me; to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy—think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him; it is thy duty—kiss him; take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought—
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hands.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved,
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.

Never! though my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly; love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry;
'T is a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest—
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

Oh, the child, too, clothes the father with a dearness not his due;
Half is thine, and half is his—it will be worthy of the two.

Oh, I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart:

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffered."—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors; all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield—
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men—

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do;

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be—

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales—

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping through me, left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye—

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle horn—
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining orient, where my life began to beat!

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-starred;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day—

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag—
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag—

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind—
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I, that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help me as when life begun—
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun—

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ORPHEUS TO BEASTS.

HERE, here, oh here, Eurydice—
Here was she slain—
Her soul 'stilled through a vein;
The gods knew less
That time divinity,
Than ev'n, ev'n these
Of brutishness.

Oh could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,
You 'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye,
Than now you hear.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

OH THAT 'T WERE POSSIBLE.

I.

Oh that 't were possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

II.

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

III.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be!

IV.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

V.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes—
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

VI.

'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

VII.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry—
There is some one dying or dead;
And a sullen thunder is rolled;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake—my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold!

VIII.

Get thee hence, nor come again!
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'T is the blot upon the brain
That will show itself without.

IX.

Then I rise; the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes—a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

X.

Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

XI.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels

At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall!

XII.

Would the happy spirit descend
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest?"

XIII.

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SONNET.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak! though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest, filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine;
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die;
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
Thy once bright eye;
But look! on me the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary;
Thy step is sad and slow;
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell!

It seems as 't were but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell!

'T was not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our hearts' fond flame
And long-imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doomed lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so!
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes
There 's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:
Despair, and love, and madness meet
In this, in this.
Farewell!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

Oh waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak—
Sae my true love did lightly me!

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

Oh wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he 'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed;
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I 'm weary.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I 'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I my sell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growin' over me!

ANONYMOUS.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about—
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.

Oh mornin' life! oh mornin' luve!
Oh lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees—
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
I 've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young
I 've never seen your face nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie—
My heart is like to break;
I 'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie—
I 'm dyin' for your sake!
Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane,—
Oh, say ye 'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It 's vain to comfort me, Willie—
Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie—
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I 'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

Oh, wae 's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh, wae 's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh, wae 's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae 's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie—
I downa seek to blame;
But oh, it 's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I 'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie—
A sair stoun' through my heart;
Oh, haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we 're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the knight to the peasant-girl,—
"I tell thee sooth, I am belted earl;
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall;

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;
Here with my sword and horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest! this full-blown rose,
A token of love that as ripely blows."
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaimed,—"Thou seest, sir knight,
Thy fingers of iron can only smite;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scattered,
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered."

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell;
But she turned from the knight, and said, "Farewell!"
"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize;
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with furious heel;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue;
That morning the maiden was fair to view;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the withered leaves, and the maiden dead.

JOHN STERLING.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ancles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel-eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow.
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But, saving a croun, he had naething else beside.
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me!

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mother
cou'dna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I
cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I 'm come back for to marry thee!"

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I 'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

BERTHA IN THE LANE.

Put the broidery-frame away,
For my sewing is all done!
The last thread is used to-day,
And I need not join it on.
Though the clock stands at the noon,
I am weary! I have sewn,
Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,
And stand near me, dearest-sweet!
Do not shrink nor be afraid,
Blushing with a sudden heat!
No one standeth in the street!—
By God's love I go to meet,
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down! drop it in
These two hands, that I may hold
'Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,
Stroking back the curls of gold.
'T is a fair, fair face, in sooth—
Larger eyes and redder mouth
Than mine were in my first youth!

Thou art younger by seven years—
Ah!—so bashful at my gaze
That the lashes, hung with tears,
Grow too heavy to upraise?
I would wound thee by no touch
Which thy shyness feels as such—
Dost thou mind me, dear, so much?

Have I not been nigh a mother
To thy sweetness—tell me, dear?
Have we not loved one another
Tenderly, from year to year?
Since our dying mother mild
Said, with accents undefiled,
"Child, be mother to this child!"

Mother, mother, up in heaven,
Stand up on the jasper sea,
And be witness I have given
All the gifts required of me;—
Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,
Love that left me with a wound,
Life itself, that turned around!

Mother, mother, thou art kind,
 Thou art standing in the room,—
In a molten glory shrined,
 That rays off into the gloom!
 But thy smile is bright and bleak,
 Like cold waves—I cannot speak;
 I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof
 One hour longer from my soul—
For I still am thinking of
 Earth's warm-beating joy and dole!
 On my finger is a ring
 Which I still see glittering,
 When the night hides every thing.

Little sister, thou art pale!
 Ah, I have a wandering brain—
But I lose that fever-bale,
 And my thoughts grow calm again.
 Lean down closer—closer still!
 I have words thine ear to fill,—
 And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,
 Thee and Robert—through the trees,—
When we all went gathering
 Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.
 Do not start so! think instead
 How the sunshine overhead
 Seemed to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day!
 Hills and vales did openly
Seem to heave and throb away,
 At the sight of the great sky;
 And the silence, as it stood
 In the glory's golden flood,
 Audibly did bud—and bud!

Through the winding hedgerows green,
 How we wandered, I and you,—
With the bowery tops shut in,
 And the gates that showed the view—
 How we talked there! thrushes soft
 Sang our pauses out,—or oft
 Bleatings took them, from the croft.

Till the pleasure, grown too strong,
 Left me muter evermore;
And, the winding road being long,
 I walked out of sight, before;
 And so, wrapt in musings fond,
 Issued (past the wayside pond)
 On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech
 Which leans over to the lane,
And the far sound of your speech
 Did not promise any pain;
 And I blessed you, full and free,
 With a smile stooped tenderly
 O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word
 As the speakers drew more near—
Sweet, forgive me that I heard
 What you wished me not to hear.
 Do not weep so—do not shake—
 Oh,—I heard thee, Bertha, make
 Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and he too! let him stand
 In thy thoughts, untouched by blame.
Could he help it, if my hand
 He had claimed with hasty claim!
 That was wrong perhaps—but then
 Such things be—and will, again!
 Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee, when he swore
 He would love but me alone?
Thou wert absent—sent before
 To our kin in Sidmouth town.
 When he saw thee, who art best
 Past compare, and loveliest,
 He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,
 Thou and I, dear, if we might?
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
 Flying straightway to the light;
 Mine are older.—Hush!—look out—
 Up the street! Is none without?
 How the poplar swings about!

And that hour—beneath the beech—
 When I listened in a dream,
And he said, in his deep speech,
 That he owed me all esteem—
 Each word swam in on my brain
 With a dim, dilating pain,
 Till it burst with that last strain—

I fell flooded with a dark,
In the silence of a swoon—
When I rose, still, cold and stark,
There was night—I saw the moon:
And the stars, each in its place,
And the May-blooms on the grass,
Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I walked as if apart
From myself when I could stand—
And I pitied my own heart,
As if I held it in my hand—
Somewhat coldly—with a sense
Of fulfilled benevolence,
And a "Poor thing" negligence.

And I answered coldly too,
When you met me at the door;
And I only heard the dew
Dripping from me to the floor;
And the flowers I bade you see,
Were too withered for the bee—
As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so—dear—heart-warm!
It was best as it befell!
If I say he did me harm,
I speak wild—I am not well.
All his words were kind and good—
He esteemed me! Only blood
Runs so faint in womanhood.

Then I always was too grave—
Liked the saddest ballads sung—
With that look, besides, we have
In our faces, who die young.
I had died, dear, all the same—
Life's long, joyous, jostling game
Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,
Thou and I; that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
But for mutual tenderness.
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant, verily, to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
Close beside a rose-tree's root!
Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus underfoot—
I, like May-bloom on thorn tree—
Thou, like merry summer-bee!
Fit, that I be plucked for thee.

Yet who plucks me?—no one mourns—
I have lived my season out—
And now die of my own thorns,
Which I could not live without.
Sweet, be merry! How the light
Comes and goes! If it be night,
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?
Look out quickly. Yea, or nay?
Some one might be waiting for
Some last word that I might say.
Nay? So best!—So angels would
Stand off clear from deathly road—
Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet—
When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
And the rosemary be spread—
That if any friend should come,
(To see thee, sweet!) all the room
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave—where it will light
All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave, drop not a tear!
Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear
I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun—
Or forget me—smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer? so!
Kiss me close upon the eyes,
That the earthly light may go
Sweetly as it used to rise—
When I watched the morning gray
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
He was sure to come that day.

So—no more vain words be said!
The hosannas nearer roll—
Mother smile now on thy dead—
I am death-strong in my soul!
Mystic Dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind above loss!

Jesus, victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation—
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire!—
I aspire while I expire!—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THEN.

I GIVE thee treasures hour by hour,
That old-time princes asked in vain,
And pined for in their useless power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit, or from prayer,
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers, like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear;
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea
Her thousand streams of wealth untold,
So flows my silent life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn
My triumph shines, more sweet than late;
When from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thy heart shall know me—I can wait.

ROSE TERRY.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away!
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chaff and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away;
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet,
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices wild with pain.
Surely, she will come again.
Call her once, and come away;
This way, this way.
"Mother dear, we cannot stay,"
The wild white horses foam and fret,
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore,
Then come down.
She will not come, though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all around
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sat with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sat on her knee.
She combed its bright hair and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell;
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'T will be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with thee."
I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay;
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach in the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town,
Through the narrow-paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sat by the pillar; we saw her clear;
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, "we are here alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
"Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door."
Come away, children, call no more,
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea;
She sits at her wheel in the humming town
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "Oh joy, oh joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy,
For the priest and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar;
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low,

When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back, down.
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she;
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EXCUSE.

I TOO have suffered. Yet I know
She is not cold, though she seems so;
She is not cold, she is not light;
But our ignoble souls lack might.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turned upon the sons of men;
But light the serious visage grew—
She looked, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labored puny passion-fits—
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet oh, that Fate would let her see
One of some worthier race than we—
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—
His voice like sounds of summer nights—
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry—Long, long I've looked for thee!

Then will she weep—with smiles, till then
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

INDIFFERENCE.

I MUST not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair;
And they that lovely face who view,
They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
Wounded by men, by fortune tried,
Outwearied with their lonely parts,
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear;
Their lot was but to weep and moan.
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant breath
Has charmed at birth from gloom and care,
These ask no love—these plight no faith,
For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make,
And garlands for their forehead weave;
And what the world can give, they take—
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world; their ears
To one demand alone are coy.
They will not give us love and tears—
They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

It was not love that heaved thy breast,
Fair child! it was the bliss within.
Adieu! and say that one, at least,
Was just to what he did not win.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SONG.

MY silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away,
And mournful lean despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave;
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to him was 't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat!
Then down I 'll lie, as cold as clay,
True love doth pass away!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

ALLAN PERCY.

It was a beauteous lady richly dressed;
Around her neck are chains of jewels rare;
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is softly slumbering there.
In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun,
She bears him onward to the greenwood tree;
Is the dun heath, thou fair and thoughtless one,
The place where an earl's son should cradled be?

Lullaby!

Though a proud earl be father to my child,
Yet on the sward my blessed babe shall lie;
Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild,
And toss the green boughs upward to the sky.
Well knows that earl how long my spirit pined.
I loved a forester, glad, bold, and free;
And had I wedded as my heart inclined,
My child were cradled 'neath the greenwood tree.

Lullaby.

Slumber thou still, my innocent—mine own,
While I call back the dreams of other days.
In the deep forest I feel less alone
Than when those palace splendors mock my gaze.
Fear not! my arm shall bear thee safely back
I need no squire, no page with bended knee,
To bear my baby through the wildwood track,
Where Allan Percy used to roam with me

Lullaby!

Here I can sit; and while the fresh wind blows,
Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
Giving thy cheek a deeper tinge of rose,
I can dream dreams that comfort my despair;
I can make visions of a different home,
Such as we hoped in other days might be;
There no proud earl's unwelcome footsteps come—
There, Allan Percy, I am safe with thee!

Lullaby!

Thou art mine own—I 'll bear thee where I list,
Far from the dull, proud tower and donjon keep;
From my long hair the pearl chains I 'll untwist,
And with a peasant's heart sit down and weep.
Thy glittering broidered robe, my precious one,
Changed for a simpler covering shall be;
And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son,
And think poor Allan guards thy sleep with me.

Lullaby!

CAROLINE NORTON.

CHANGES.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care.
And yet, I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know;
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago;

Who might have been . . . ah, what I dare
not think!
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard
to bear.
Who knows the past? and who can judge us
right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have
been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall
know all!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain—
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas, the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep;
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep.
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

MINSTREL'S SONG.

Oh, sing unto my roundelay!
Oh, drop the briny tear with me!
Dance no more at holiday;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;

Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh, he lies by the willow-tree!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers
Round his holy corse to gre;
Ouphant fairy, light your fires;
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die! I come! my true love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think;
The shutters are shut—no light may pass,
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares;
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What! your soul was pure and true;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth—in the years long still—
That body and soul so gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald her robes
And there she langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past—
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

AUX ITALIENS.

AT Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"*Non ti scordar di me?*"

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
You 'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front row box we sat,
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;—
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over;
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked: she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse shoe curved between:—
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her ... well, we 'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;

And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There 's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh that music! and oh the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

TOO LATE.

"Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and trew."

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I 'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice, before the rising morn,
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from th' infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required;
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

Oh terror! what hath she perceived?—oh joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'t is he!
And a god leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear: "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to reünite,
And reässume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak! and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold—
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief, by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes! bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he whose power restores thee hath decreed
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave;
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow this;
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past;
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains;
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful, and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!" he said;—
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive, though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a divine air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,

"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained,
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given;—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, ofttimes bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers—
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept th' indignity away.
Old frailties then recurred;—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend,—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven,—
That self might be annulled—her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear shade she would have clung,—'t is vain;
The hours are past,—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for wilful crime,
By the just gods, whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LOVE'S LAST MESSAGES.

MERRY, merry little stream,
Tell me, hast thou seen my dear?
I left him with an azure dream,
Calmly sleeping on his bier—
But he has fled!

"I passed him in his church-yard bed—
A yew is sighing o'er his head,
And grass-roots mingle with his hair."
What doth he there?

Oh cruel! can he lie alone?
Or in the arms of one more dear?
Or hides he in the bower of stone,
To cause and kiss away my fear?

"He doth not speak, he doth not moan—
Blind, motionless he lies alone;
But, ere the grave-snake fleshed his sting,
This one warm tear he bade me bring
And lay it at thy feet
Among the daisies sweet."

Moonlight whisp'rer, summer air,
Songster of the groves above,
Tell the maiden rose I wear
Whether thou hast seen my love.
"This night in heaven I saw him lie,
Discontented with his bliss;
And on my lips he left this kiss,
For thee to taste and then to die."

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

To make my lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enlumined her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both His hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint
When I the life recall
Of her, who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all—
That in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck His paradise,
And with His saints to reign;
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries;
All soon or late in death shall sleep;
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

CHARLES DUKE OF ORLEANS. (French.)
Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm, sad brows and raven hair;
And one was pale and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown;
Bring forest blooms of name unknown;
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep:
And fold his hands in sign of rest,
His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue-birds, in the misty spring,
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken fillet that around
His waggish eyes in sport he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet

And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye:
All these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache—and tears will start.

The bow, the band, shall fall to dust;
The shining arrows waste with rust;
And all of Love that earth can claim,
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,
A prisoner in this narrow cell;
But he whom now we hide from men
In the dark ground, shall live again—

Shall break these clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and purer sight,
And in th' eternal glory stand,
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! oh warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!

CAROLINE NORTON.

SONNET.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye
Without constraint, or dread of any ill:
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage; but sings and feeds her fill;
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound;
But simple truth, and mutual good-will,
Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each other's wound;
There faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless pleasure builds her sacred bower.

EDMUND SPENSER.

WINIFREDA.

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We 'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we 'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 't is spoke:
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We 'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that 's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We 'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While 'round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy, time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You 'll in your girls again be courted,
And I 'll go a-wooing in my boys.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

GATHER ye rose-buds as ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he 's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he 's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Time still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

BRIDAL SONG.

To the sound of timbrels sweet
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road
To the virgin's blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceased;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door,
That the favored youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din
At the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in, a welcome guest,
To the chamber of his rest.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to the ayding others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple lays,
But joyed in theyr praise;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment;
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with girlands crowned,
Helpe me mine owne love's prayses to resound,
Ne let the same of any be envide.
So Orpheus did for his owne bride;
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the night's uncheerful dampe,
Doe ye awake; and with fresh lustyhed
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright torch that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight;
For loe! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight!
And, whylest she doth her dight,

Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphes that you can
heare,
Both of the rivers and the forests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare;
All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound, true-love-wise, with a blue silk
riband.
And let them make great store of bridale
posies;
And let them eke bring store of other flow-
ers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall
tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should
wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your
echo ring.

Ye nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull
heed
The silver-scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which used therein to
feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe ex-
cell;)
And ye, likewise, which keepe the rushy
lake,
Where none do fishes take—
Bynd up the locks the which hang scattered
light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth
lie
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe
the dore
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre—
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to
devoure,
With your steele darts doe chace from com-
ing neare—
Be also present here,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time:
The rosy morne long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coache to clyme;
And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerfull birds do chaunt
theyr laies,
And carroll of love's praise!
The merry larke his mattins sings aloft;
The thrush replyes; the mavis descant
playes;
The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft:
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this daye's merriment.
Ah! my deare love, why do ye sleepe thus
long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make;
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr
echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame;
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed
were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly
beame,
More bright than Hesperus his head doth
reare.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight!
But first come, ye fayre houres, which were
begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot;
And all that ever in this world is fayre,
Do make and still repayre!
And ye, three handmayds of the Cyprian
queene,
The which do still adorn her beauteous
pride,
Helpe to adorn my beautifullest bride;

And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye used to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your
echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come—
Let all the virgins, therefore, well awayt;
And ye fresh boys, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare yourselves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely-good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day—
The joyfulest day that ever sun did see.
Fair sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy minde delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boone refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayeses loud will sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr
echo ring.

Harke! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry musick that resounds from far—
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the damzels do delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boyes run up and doune the
street,
Crying aloud with strong, confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce:
Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen! they do shout,
That even to the heavens theyr shouting
shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen! sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr
echo ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long, loose, yellow locks, lyke golden
wyre,
Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowres
atweene,
Do lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some mayden queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse do ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beauty's grace and vertue's
store?
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright;
Her forehead ivory white;
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath
rudded;
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte
Her brest lyke to a bowl of cream uncrudded;
Her paps lyke lyllies budded;
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up with many a stately stayre,
To honor's seat and chastity's sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that
sight,

And stand astonisht, lyke to those which red
Medusae's mazeful hed.
There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There vertue raynes as queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love!
Open them wide, that she may enter in!
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you!
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She commeth in before th' Almighty's view.
Of her, ye virgins, learne obedience,—
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The choristers the joyous antheme sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold! whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimson dyde in grayne:
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring!

Now all is done: bring home the bride again—
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine—
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day than this,
Whom heaven would heape with bliss.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay—
Poure not by cups, but by the belly-full—
Poure out to all that wull!
And sprinkle all the postes and walls with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maydens do theyr carrol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy—do ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may,—
This day the sun is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill-ordained was

To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter
weare;
Yet never day so long but late would passe.
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonfires make all day;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers
spend!
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home,
Within the westerne foame;
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden
crest
Appeare out of the east.
Fayre child of beauty! glorious lamp of love!
That all the host of heaven in rankes dost
lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad
dread,
How cherefully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atweene thy twinkling
light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their
echo ring.

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-
past;
Enough it is that all the day was youres.
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast;
Now bring the bryde into the brydall bowres.
The night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lyllies and in violets;
And silken curtains over her display,
And odourd sheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does lye,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry grass,
'Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.

Now it is night—ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone;
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your
echo ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so long
expected,
That long daie's labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares which cruell love collected,
Hast summd in one, and cancelled for aye!
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome;
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lye,
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr
echo ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor doleful teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden, sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helples
harmes,
Ne let the pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their
charmes,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we
see not,
Fray us with things that be not;
Let not the shriech-owle, nor the storke, be
heard;
Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells;
Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty
spells;
Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard.
Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still crok-
ing
Make us to wish theyr choking.

Let none of these theyr dreary accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr
echo ring.

But let stil silence true night-watches keepe,
That sacred peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant
playne;
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shall worke, and snares
shall spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye sonnes of Venus play your sports at will!
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes
Than what ye do, albeit good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day;
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your
echo ring.

Who is the same, which at my window
peepes?
Or whose is that fayre face that shines so
bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walks about high Heaven all the night?
O fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy;
For thou likewise didst love, though now un-
thought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee
brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of women's labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast womb informe with timely
seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo
ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful
might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart—
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad genius! in whose gentle hand
The brydale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine;
And the sweet pleasures of theyr love's delight
With secret ayde dost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night;
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be;
Till which we cease your further praise to sing,
Ne any wood shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye, high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same re-
mayne,
More than we men can fayne—
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which, from the earth which they may long
possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo
ring.

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been deckt,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse monument!

EDMUND SPENSER.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

Not ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

MY LOVE HAS TALKED.

My love has talked with rocks and trees;
He finds on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crowned—
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life,—
I looked on these and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two, they dwelt with eye on eye;
Their hearts of old have beat in tune;
Their meetings made December June;
Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never passed away;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone—he sits apart—
He loves her yet—she will not weep,
Though, rapt in matters dark and deep,
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind;
He reads the secret of the star—
He seems so near and yet so far;
He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before—
A withered violet is her bliss;
She knows not what his greatness is;
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house;
And he—he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixed and cannot move;
She darkly feels him great and wise;
She dwells on him with faithful eyes:
"I cannot understand—I love."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife of mine.

The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't,
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we 'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here.
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We 'll form their minds with studious care
To all that 's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They 'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot;
Monarchs! we envy not your state—
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We 'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we 'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we 'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead;

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath—
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

Nathaniel Cotton.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

Oh, my love 's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time, and care, and birthtime woes
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower;
Oh then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine,
The best of all that 's not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

TO SARAH.

One happy year has fled, Sall,
Since you were all my own;
The leaves have felt the autumn blight,
The wintry storm has blown.
We heeded not the cold blast,
Nor the winter's icy air;
For we found our climate in the heart,
And it was summer there.

The summer sun is bright, Sall,
The skies are pure in hue—
But clouds will sometimes sadden them,
And dim their lovely blue;
And clouds may come to us, Sall,
But sure they will not stay;
For there 's a spell in fond hearts
To chase their gloom away.

In sickness and in sorrow
Thine eyes were on me still,
And there was comfort in each glance
To charm the sense of ill;
And were they absent now, Sall,
I 'd seek my bed of pain,
And bless each pang that gave me back
Those looks of love again.

Oh, pleasant is the welcome kiss
When day's dull round is o'er,
And sweet the music of the step
That meets me at the door.
Though worldly cares may visit us,
I reck not when they fall,
While I have thy kind lips, my Sall,
To smile away them all.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE BLISSFUL DAY.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toiled,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line—
Than kingly robes, and crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more; it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give—
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live;
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

ROBERT BURNS.

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter doun, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

PART V.

POEMS OF AMBITION.

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.

Cowper.

——— Oh courage! there he comes;
What ray of honor round about him looms!
Oh, what new beams from his bright eyes do glance!
O princely port! presageful countenance
Of hap at hand! He doth not nicely prank
In clinquant pomp, as some of meanest rank,
But armed in steel; that bright habiliment
Is his rich valor's sole rich ornament.

Joshua Sylvester.

En avant! marchons
Contre leurs canons!
A travers le fer, le feu des battaillons,
Courons à la victoire!

Casimir de la Vigne.

The perfect heat of that celestial fire,
That so inflames the pure heroic breast,
And lifts the thought, that it can never rest
Till it to heaven attain its prime desire.

Lord Thurlow.

POEMS OF AMBITION.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF ROME CCCLX.

I.

Lars Porsena of Clusium,
By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterrae,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisae,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes,
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;

Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand.
Evening and morn the thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore;

X.

And with one voice the thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena—
Go forth, beloved of heaven!
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome!"

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array;
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following,
To join the muster, came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright;
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers, sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons,
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands,
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,
In Crustumerium stands.

Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the consul,
Up rose the fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council, standing
Before the river-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! sir consul—
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpets' war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all—
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo:
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield;
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the consul's brow was sad,
And the consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:

"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

XXVIII.

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame—
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play—
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party—
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned!
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And fathers, mixed with commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

XXXVI.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

XXXVII.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
Lord of the hill of vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar—
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow:
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns, when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail!"

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh—
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space—
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless three;
And from the ghastly entrance,
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank—like boys who, unaware,
Ranging a wood to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now, and forward,
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the three,
And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the fathers all—
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius—
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more;

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace!"

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

LIX.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,—
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high—
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

I'LL wreathe my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid the tyrant low,
When patriots burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though 'reft of breath,
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death;
The heroes' happy isles shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreathe my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Athena's adverse fane
He knelt, and never rose again.

While freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good;
You dared to set your country free,
And gave her laws equality.

Translation of LORD DENMAN. CALLISTRATUS (Greek).

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

OH! it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending:
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye—
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending—
Glory that never shall fade, never, oh! never away.

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perished;
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;
Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted for ever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

Oh! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear!
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

LEONIDAS.

Shout for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valor's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rushed—a storm of sword and spear;
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear—
Greece is a hopeless slave.
Leonidas! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-washed grave.
The voice that should be raised by men
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge,
The tree, the rock, the sand
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell
Where their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where justice has an ear to hear?—
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,
Till in thy crimsoned seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar.
Greece shall be a new-born star!

George Croly.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

This was the ruler of the land
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring—
Of more than men the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear,
Loved—but as freemen love alone,
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue—
Then eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung—
Minerva from the thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,—
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage—
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won—
He perished in his height of fame;
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was posterity!

George Croly

BOADICEA.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'T is because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

I.

KING Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains around;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

II.

'T is the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,
And they have closed the spacious lists beside the Alhambra's gate;
In gowns of black, and silver-laced, within the tented ring,
Eight Moors, to fight the bull, are placed in presence of the king.

III.

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping furious through;
The deeds they 've done, the spoils they 've won, fill all with hope and trust;
Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

IV.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly; then clangs the loud tambour:
Make room, make room for Gazul—throw wide, throw wide the door!
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum—
The Alcayde of Algava to fight the bull doth come!

V.

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low,
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the infantas all a-rowe;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony, was whiter than the snow.

VI.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords
all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en
his stand;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and
lords with anxious eye—
But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his
look is calm and high.

VII.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and
two come roaring on;
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his
rejon;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals
him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back, across the
sand to go.

VIII.

"Turn, Gazul, turn," the people cry—"the
third comes up behind;
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nos-
trils snuff the wind;"
The mountaineers that lead the steers with-
out stand whispering low,
"Now thinks this proud Alcayde to stun
Harpado so?"

IX.

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not
from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of
the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's
waters clear,
Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this
proud and stately steer.

X.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood
within doth boil;
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he
paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal
rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of
brass upon the foe.

XI.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand
close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like
daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old
knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like
billows curled, ye see.

XII.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his
hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierce-
ness of his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn
from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Al-
cayde's shock.

XIII.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come
—thrice meet, and thrice give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the char-
ger's breast of black—
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's
front of dun:
Once more advance upon his lance—once
more, thou fearless one!

XIV.

Once more, once more—in dust and gore to
ruin must thou reel;
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with
furious heel—
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see
thee stagger;
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the
stern Alcayde's dagger!

XV.

They have slipped a noose around his feet
six horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud
and joyful din.
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and
the ring of price bestow
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Har-
pado low.

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)
Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

CHEVY-CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take—

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt
When day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;"
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed;"
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldy here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he—
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art—
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone;

I 'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I 'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows—
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side—
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said
"In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart;
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

In truth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun:
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is wo
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too—
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain:

"Oh heavy news," King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Since 't will no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take:
I 'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain
With lords of high renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

ANONYMOUS.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour—
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun—
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is

Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear—
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan—
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother—
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speed,
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come;
And oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
Whenas their war cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt 's in our hand—
Heart whole we 'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye;
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

PRINCE EUGENE.

PRINCE EUGENE, our noble leader,
Made a vow in death to bleed, or
Win the emperor back Belgrade:
"Launch pontoons, let all be ready
To bear our ordnance safe and steady
Over the Danube"—thus he said.

There was mustering on the border
When our bridge in marching order
Breasted first the roaring stream;
Then at Semlin, vengeance breathing,
We encamped to scourge the heathen
Back to Mahound, and fame redeem.

'T was on August one-and-twenty,
Scouts and glorious tidings plenty
Galloped in, through storm and rain;
Turks, they swore, three hundred thousand
Marched to give our prince a rouse, and
Dared us forth to battle-plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's head-quarters
Met our fine old fighting Tartars
Generals and field marshals all;
Every point of war debated,
Each in his turn the signal waited,
Forth to march and on to fall.

For the onslaught all were eager
When the word sped round our leaguer:
"Soon as the clock chimes twelve to-night
Then, bold hearts, sound boot and saddle,
Stand to your arms, and on to battle,
Every one that has hands to fight!"

Musqueteers, horse, yagers, forming,
Sword in hand each bosom warming,
Still as death we all advance;
Each prepared, come blows or booty,
German-like to do our duty,
Joining hands in the gallant dance.

Our cannoneers, those tough old heroes,
Struck a lusty peal to cheer us,
Firing ordnance great and small;
Right and left our cannon thundered,
Till the pagans quaked, and wondered,
And by platoons began to fall.

On the right, like a lion angered,
Bold Eugene cheered on the bold vanguard;
Ludovic spurred up and down,
Crying "On, boys; every hand to 't;
Brother Germans nobly stand to 't;
Charge them home, for our old renown!"

Gallant prince! he spoke no more; he
Fell in early youth and glory,
Struck from his horse by some curst ball:
Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him,
For a brother's love he bore him;
Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes;
Cannon peals and musket flashes
O'er his grave due honors paid:
Then, the old black eagle flying,
All the pagan powers defying,
On we marched and stormed Belgrade.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Translation of JOHN HUGHES.

BANNOCK-BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled—
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led—
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'—
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the league drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: God save our lord the king!
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never I saw promise yet of such a bloody fray—

Press where ye see my white plume shine
amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of
Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the
mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and
roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint
André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and
Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentle-
men of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with
the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thou-
sand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind
the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while,
like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the hel-
met of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours: Ma-
yenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flem-
ish count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds be-
fore a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and
flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all
along our van,
Remember Saint Bartholomew! was passed
from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry—"No French-
man is my foe:
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let
your brethren go"—
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friend-
ship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the sol-
dier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who
fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them
for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in
fight;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the
cornet white—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white
hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag
of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all the
host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house
which wrought His Church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound
their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for
Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of
Lucerne—
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who
never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican
pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy
poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look that
your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch
and ward to-night;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our
God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the
valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all
glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry
of Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY.

GIVE A ROUSE.

I.

KING CHARLES, and who 'll do him right
now?
King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here 's in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

II.

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III.

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

ROBERT BROWNING.

NASEBY.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that ye tread?

Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the man of blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his bible and his sword,
The general rode along us to form us for the fight;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line:
For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the laws!
For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close your ranks!
For Rupert never comes, but to conquer, or to fall.

They are here—they rush on—we are broken—we are gone—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound—the centre hath given ground.
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row:
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;
And he—he turns! he flies! shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven, and hell, and fate?
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths?
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! for ever down, with the mitre and the crown!
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope!
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the houses and the word!

LORD MACAULAY.

AN HORATIAN ODE,

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'T is time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide.

For 't is all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
And, with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould!

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art:

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn.
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forced power:
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust:

Nor yet grown stiffer by command,
But still in the republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And, what he may, forbears
His fame to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul;
To Italy an Hannibal;
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colored mind;
But from this valor sad
Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect!

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

ANDREW MARVELL.

SONNETS.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war. New foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, t' have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

JOHN MILTON.

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING.

I.

When banners are waving,
And lances a-pushing;
When captains are shouting,
And war-horses rushing;
When cannon are roaring,
And hot bullets flying,
He that would honor win,
Must not fear dying.

II.

Though shafts fly so thick
That it seems to be snowing;
Though streamlets with blood
More than water are flowing;
Though with sabre and bullet
Our bravest are dying,
We speak of revenge, but
We ne'er speak of flying.

III.

Come, stand to it, heroes!
The heathen are coming;
Horsemen are round the walls,
Riding and running;
Maidens and matrons all
Arm! arm! are crying,
From petards the wildfire's
Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
Loudly are braying;
The steeds for the onset
Are snorting and neighing;
As waves in the ocean,
The dark plumes are dancing;
As stars in the blue sky,
The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
Their sabres are sweeping;
Now swords from our sheaths
By the thousand are leaping;
Like the flash of the levin
Ere men hearken thunder,
Swords gleam, and the steel caps
Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,
And the flashing of cannon!
I looked from the turret
For crescent and pennon:
As flax touched by fire,
As hail in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
And had melted for ever.

ANONYMOUS.

THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-CHANT.

To battle! to battle!
To slaughter and strife!
For a sad, broken covenant
We barter poor life.
The great God of Judah
Shall smite with our hand,
And break down the idols
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice
In prayer, and in song;
Remember the battle
Is not to the strong;—
Lo, the Ammonites thicken!
And onward they come,
To the vain noise of trumpet,
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,
With hagbut and spear;
They lust for a banquet
That 's deathful and dear.
Now horseman and footman
Sweep down the hill-side;
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,
To die in their pride!

See, long plume and pennon
Stream gay in the air!
They are given us for slaughter,
Shall God's people spare?
Nay, nay; lop them off—
Friend, father, and son;
All earth is athirst till
The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,
And lift high the sword!
For biting must blades be
That fight for the Lord.
Remember, remember,
How saints' blood was shed,
As free as the rain, and
Homes desolate made!

Among them!—among them!
Unburied bones cry:
Avenge us,—or, like us,
Faith's true martyrs die!
Hew, hew down the spoilers!
Slay on, and spare none;
Then shout forth in gladness,
Heaven's battle is won!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist, where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened there 'mong the heath bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness—
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delight of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings;
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was crying;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty covering

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;

But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding—
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye—
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

JAMES HYSLOP.

THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the lords of convention 't was Claverhouse who spoke,
"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The gude toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

As he rode doun the sanctified bends of the Bow
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee!

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured whigs the grass-market was thranged
As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged;

There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ee,
As they watched for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears.
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free
At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth;
If there 's lords in the Lowlands, there 's chiefs in the north;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three
Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

"There 's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide,
There 's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own an usurper I 'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
Come open your doors and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I hae mony day been!
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on war,
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They 'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I 'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR!

HERE 's to the king, sir!
Ye ken wha I mean, sir—
And to every honest man
That will do 't again!

Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—
That winna do 't again.

Here 's to the chieftains
Of the gallant Highland clans!
They hae done it mair nor ance,
And will do 't again.

Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—
That winna do 't again,

When you hear the trumpet's sound
Tuttie taittie to the drums,
Up wi' swords and down wi' guns,
And to the loons again!

Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—
That winna do 't again.

Here' s to the king o' Swede!
Fresh laurels crown his head!
Shame fa' every sneaking blade
That winna do 't again!

Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—
That winna do 't again.

But to make a' things right now,
He that drinks maun fight too,
To show his heart 's upright too,
And that he 'll do 't again!

Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—
That winna do't again.

ANONYMOUS.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'T WAS on a Monday morning
Richt early in the year,
That Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young chevalier.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
Oh, there he spied a bonnie lass
The window looking through.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

Say licht's he jumped up the stair,
And tirled at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in?
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he kenned the way
To please a bonnie lass.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

ANONYMOUS.

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

To wear the blue I think it best,
Of a' the colors that I see;
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams
That are banished frae their ain countrie.

I'll crown them east, I'll crown them west,
The bravest lads that e'er I saw;
They bore the gree in free fighting,
And ne'er were slack their swords to draw.

They wan the day wi' Wallace wight;
They were the lords o' the south countrie;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
Till the gallant Grahams come o'er the sea.

At the Gouk head, where their camp was set,
They rade the white horse and the gray,
A' glancing in their plated armor,
As the gowd shines in a summer's day.

But woe to Hacket, and Strachan baith,
And ever an ill death may they die,
For they betrayed the gallant Grahams,
That aye were true to majesty.

Now fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale,
Baith kith and kin that I could name;
Oh, I would sell my silken snood
To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

ANONYMOUS.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

Oh, Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
Oh, Kenmure's on and awa!
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here 's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here 's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
Oh, Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true—
And that their faes shall ken.

They 'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They 'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here 's him that 's far awa, Willie!
Here 's him that 's far awa;
And here 's the flower that I love best—
The rose that 's like the snaw.

ROBERT BURNS.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

HERE 's a health to them that 's awa,
And here 's to them that 's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
It 's guid to be merry and wise,
It 's guid to be honest and true,
It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
And here 's to them that 's awa;
Here 's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her fra evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
And here 's to them that 's awa;
Here 's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!

Here 's freedom to him that wad read,
Here 's freedom to him that wad write!
There 's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
And here 's to them that 's awa;
Here 's Maitland and Wycombe, and wha does na like 'em
We 'll build in a hole o' the wa'.
Here 's timmer that 's red at the heart,
Here 's fruit that 's sound at the core!
May he that would turn the buff and blue coat
Be turned to the back o' the door.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
And here 's to them that 's awa;
Here 's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here 's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!

ROBERT BURNS.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'T is thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led—
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.

Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling. Oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, sootless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BORDER BALLAD.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Treviotdale!
Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border!
Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story!—
Mount and make ready, then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the queen and our old Scottish glory!
Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding;
War-steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew
Summon Clan-Conuil!
Come away, come away—
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded!

Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster—
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come—
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Kneel for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

A WEE bird came to our ha' door;
He warbled sweet and clearly;
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae 's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonny, bonny bird,
The tears came drapping rarely;
I took my bonnet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I: "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is 't some words ye 've learned by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I 've flown sin' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh! wae 's me for Prince Charlie!

On hills that are by right his ain
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he 's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in the glen,
My heart near bursted fairly;
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! wae 's me for Prince Charlie!

Dark night came on; the tempest howled
Out owre the hills and valleys;
And whare was 't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should be a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae 's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
"Oh! this is noa land for me—
I 'll tarry here nae langer."
A while he hovered on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewell strain,
'T was "Wae 's me for Prince Charlie!"

WILLIAM GLEN.

HAME, HAME, HAME!

HAME, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyaltie 's beginning now to fa';
The bonnie white rose, it is withering an' a';
But we 'll water it wi' the bluid of usurping tyrannie,
And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie!
Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Oh there 's nocht now frae ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gone wha attempted to save,
The green grass is growing abune their grave;
Yet the sun through the mist seems to promise to me,
"I 'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.
Oh gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countree.

Oh it 's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
An' smiled my fair Marie:
I 've left my heart behind me
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I 'll win back—oh never,
To my ain countree.
I 'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
An there I 'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countree.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

Now there 's peace on the shore, now there 's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honor his grave.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim;
We 'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham,
All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of the north;
Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth,
All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And, there, the last unfinished word
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
 Were covered by the sounding sea;—
So pass away the cause and name
 Of him who dies for liberty!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
 As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
 To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

ODE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS.

PEACE to the slumberers!
 They lie on the battle-plain,
With no shroud to cover them;
 The dew and the summer rain
And all that sweep over them.
 Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery!
 The fallen oak lies where it lay
Across the wintry river;
 But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas! forever.
 Vain was their bravery!

Woe to the conqueror!
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
 Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us!
 Woe to the conqueror!

THOMAS MOORE.

SHAN VAN VOCHT.

Oh! the French are on the say,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
The French are on the say,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht!
Oh! the French are in the bay;
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.
 Oh! the French are in the bay,
 They'll be here by break of day,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
On the Currach of Kildare;
The boys they will be there
With their pikes in good repair,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

To the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they 'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht.
What should the yeoman do,
But throw off the Red and Blue,
And swear that they 'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht!

And what color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color should be seen,
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
What color should be seen,
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht!
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurra! for liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurra! for liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

ANONYMOUS.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us—
God save the king!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall,
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice—
God save the king!

ANONYMOUS.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight.
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her;
We 'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they 'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round.
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day;
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the sons of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low!
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain.

Anne Hunter.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

On the mat he 's sitting there—
See! he sits upright—
With the same look that he ware
When he saw the light.

But where now the hand's clenched weight?
Where the breath he drew,
That to the Great Spirit late
Forth the pipe-smoke blew?

Where the eyes that, falcon-keen,
Marked the reindeer pass,
By the dew upon the green,
By the waving grass?

These the limbs that, unconfined,
Bounded through the snow,
Like the stag that 's twenty-tyned,
Like the mountain roe!

These the arms that, stout and tense,
Did the bow-string twang!
See, the life is parted hence!
See, how loose they hang!

Well for him! he 's gone his ways,
Where are no more snows;
Where the fields are decked with maize
That unplanted grows;—

Where with beasts of chase each wood,
Where with birds each tree,
Where with fish is every flood
Stocked full pleasantly.

He above with spirits feeds;—
We, alone and dim,
Left to celebrate his deeds,
And to bury him.

Bring the last sad offerings hither;
Chant the death-lament;
All inter, with him together,
That can him content.

'Neath his head the hatchet hide
That he swung so strong;
And the bear's ham set beside,
For the way is long;

Then the knife—sharp let it be—
That from foeman's crown,
Quick, with dexterous cuts but three,
Skin and tuft brought down;

Paints, to smear his frame about,
Set within his hand,
That he redly may shine out
In the spirits' land.

Frederick Schiller. (German.)
Translation of N. L. Frothingham.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW-ENGLAND.

"Look now abroad—another race has filled
Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads."

BRYANT.

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;—
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame;

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great uprising epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire take its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERKELEY

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoniers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodlands ring with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.

With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away!
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
For ever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

I.

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreathes the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons!
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—

How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There 's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies,
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OUR STATE.

THE south-land boasts its teeming cane,
The prairied west its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak and hard, our little state
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house stands;
And what her rugged soul denies
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the good old cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry—
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MONTEREY.

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He 'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

MAY 27TH, 1863.

DARK as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land;—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel;—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout;
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death;

Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

I.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We 've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal 's in the market-place,
And you 'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

V.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You 're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I 'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
"Forward, the light brigade!
Take the guns!" Nolan said:
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the light brigade!"
No man was there dismayed—
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desp'rate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the light brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND:

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

YE mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,

As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the north
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line—
It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou—
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE SEA FIGHT.

AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT MARINER.

Ah, yes—the fight! Well, messmates, well,
I served on board that Ninety-eight;
Yet what I saw I loathe to tell.
To-night, be sure a crushing weight
Upon my sleeping breast—a hell
Of dread will sit. At any rate,
Though land-locked here, a watch I 'll keep—
Grog cheers us still. Who cares for sleep?

That Ninety-eight I sailed on board;
Along the Frenchman's coast we flew;
Right aft the rising tempest roared;
A noble first-rate hove in view;
And soon high in the gale there soared
Her streamed-out bunting—red, white, blue!
We cleared for fight, and landward bore,
To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn
Twice laid with words of silken stuff.
A fact 's a fact; and ye may larn
The rights o' this, though wild and rough
My words may loom. 'T is your consarn,
Not mine, to understand. Enough;—
We neared the Frenchman where he lay,
And as we neared, he blazed away.

We tacked, hove to; we filled, we wore;
Did all that seamanship could do
To rake him aft, or by the fore—
Now rounded off, and now broached to;
And now our starboard broadside bore,
And showers of iron through and through
His vast hull hissed; our larboard then
Swept from his three-fold decks his men.

As we, like a huge serpent, toiled,
And wound about, through that wild sea,
The Frenchman each manœuvre foiled—
'Vantage to neither there could be.
Whilst thus the waves between us boiled,
We both resolved right manfully
To fight it side by side;—began
Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain
Rings out her wild, delirious scream!
Redoubling thunders shake the main;
Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.
The timbers with the broadsides strain;
The slippery decks send up a steam
From hot and living blood—and high
And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.

The shredded limb, the splintered bone,
Th' unstiffened corpse, now block the way!
Who now can hear the dying groan?
The trumpet of the judgment day,
Had it pealed forth its mighty tone,
We should not then have heard,—to say
Would be rank sin; but this I tell,
That could alone our madness quell.

Upon the fore-castle I fought
As captain of the for'ad gun.
A scattering shot the carriage caught!
What mother then had known her son
Of those who stood around?—distraught,
And smeared with gore, about they run,
Then fall, and writhe, and howling die!
But one escaped—that one was I!

Night darkened round, and the storm pealed,
To windward of us lay the foe.
As he to leeward over keeled,
He could not fight his guns below;
So just was going to strike—when reeled
Our vessel, as if some vast blow
From an Almighty hand had rent
The huge ship from her element.

Then howled the thunder. Tumult then
Had stunned herself to silence. Round
Were scattered lightning-blasted men!
Our mainmast went. All stifled, drowned,
Arose the Frenchman's shout. Again
The bolt burst on us, and we found
Our masts all gone—our decks all riven:
—Man's war mocks faintly that of heaven!

Just then—nay, messmates, laugh not now—
As I, amazed, one minute stood
Amidst that rout; I know not how—
'T was silence all—the raving flood,
The guns that pealed from stem to bow,
And God's own thunder—nothing could
I then of all that tumult hear,
Or see aught of that scene of fear.

My aged mother at her door
Sat mildly o'er her humming wheel;
The cottage, orchard, and the moor—
I saw them plainly all. I'll kneel,
And swear I saw them! Oh, they wore
A look all peace. Could I but feel
Again that bliss that then I felt,
That made my heart, like childhood's, melt!

The blessed tear was on my cheek,
She smiled with that old smile I know:
"Turn to me, mother, turn and speak,"
Was on my quivering lips—when lo!
All vanished, and a dark, red streak
Glared wild and vivid from the foe,
That flashed upon the blood-stained water—
For fore and aft the flames had caught her.

She struck and hailed us. On us fast
All burning, helplessly, she came—
Near, and more near; and not a mast
Had we to help us from that flame.
'Twas then the bravest stood aghast—
'Twas then the wicked, on the name
(With danger and with guilt appalled,)
Of God, too long neglected, called.

Th' eddying flames with ravening tongue
Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash—
We almost touched—when ocean rung
Down to its depths with one loud crash!
In heaven's top vault one instant hung
The vast, intense, and blinding flash!
Then all was darkness, stillness, dread—
The wave moaned o'er the valiant dead.

She 's gone! blown up! that gallant foe!
And though she left us in a plight,
We floated still; long were, I know,
And hard, the labors of that night
To clear the wreck. At length in tow
A frigate took us, when 't was light;
And soon an English port we gained—
A hulk all battered and blood-stained.

So many slain—so many drowned!
I like not of that fight to tell.
Come, let the cheerful grog go round!
Messmates, I 've done. A spell, ho, spell—
Though a pressed man, I 'll still be found
To do a seaman's duty well.
I wish our brother landsmen knew
One half we jolly tars go through.

ANONYMOUS.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

SONG OF THE GREEK POET.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet;
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah no!—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served—but served Polycrates—

A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there perhaps some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LORD BYRON.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring—
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose.
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death,
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys—
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

WHO fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He 's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit 's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that might can vanquish right—
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here 's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-eight!

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

AN ODE.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'T is folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SONNETS.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee. She is a fen
Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh, raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow.
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee—air, earth, and skies.
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee. Thou hast great allies:
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song!
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care, and scorn, abide—
Small friendship for the lordly throng,
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine—
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of time.

O time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

Thomas William Parsons.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

Come then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways—
No such law to me was given;
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

Mark Akenside.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass," the old man said:
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PART VI.

POEMS OF COMEDY.

Oh! never wear a brow of care, or frown with rueful gravity,
For wit's the child of wisdom, and good humor is the twin;
No need to play the Pharisee, or groan at man's depravity,
Let one man be a good man, and let all be fair within.
Speak sober truths with smiling lips; the bitter wrap in sweetness—
Sound sense in seeming nonsense, as the grain is hid in chaff;
And fear not that the lesson e'er may seem to lack completeness—
A man may say a wise thing, though he say it with a laugh.

"A soft word oft turns wrath aside," (so says the great instructor,)
A smile disarms resentment, and a jest drives gloom away;
A cheerful laugh to anger is a magical conductor,
The deadly flash averting, quickly changing night to day.
Then, is not he the wisest man who rids his brow of wrinkles,
Who bears his load with merry heart, and lightens it by half—
Whose pleasant tones ring in the ear, as mirthful music tinkles,
And whose words are true and telling, though they echo in a laugh?

So temper life's work—weariness with timely relaxation;
Most witless wight of all is he who never plays the fool;
The heart grows gray before the head, when sunk in sad prostration;
Its winter knows no Christmas, with its glowing log of Yule.
Why weep, faint-hearted and forlorn, when evil comes to try us?
The fount of hope wells ever nigh—'t will cheer us if we quaff;
And, when the gloomy phantom of despondency stands by us,
Let us, in calm defiance, exorcise it with a laugh!

ANONYMOUS.

POEMS OF COMEDY.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART FIRST.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen;
To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead him fro,
And he loved keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from even to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always spend and never spare,
I wot, an he were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he might be bare.

So fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,
And John o' Scales was called he;
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne;
Let nought disturb thy heavy cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I 'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a god's-penny;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board;
He was right glad the land to win:
"The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now I 'll be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad;
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight:
"My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free;

"But swear me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou 'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold;
And, "Come with me, my friends," said he;
"Let 's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
The one was brass, the other was lead,
And t' other it was white money.

'Now well-a-way!" said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-way, and woe is me!
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And sharply bade him wend his way

"Now well-a-way!" said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-way, and woe is me!
For when I had my land so broad,
On me they lived right merrily.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

PART SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothely were the walls:
"Here's sorry cheer!" quoth the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with a running noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
These words were written, so plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, hath spent thy all,
And brought thyself to penury?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely vexed with this rebuke,
Sorely vexed was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to burst,
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprung aloft with his body;
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,
Nor knew if he were live or dead;
At length he looked and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill and looked it on;
Straight good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold;
The third was full of white money
And over them, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For, but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne;
"And let it be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went the heir of Linne,
Away he went with merry cheer;
I wis he neither stint nor stayed,
Till John o' the Scales' house he came near.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the spere then looked he;
There sat three lords at the board's end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespoke the heir of Linne;
To John o' the Scales then could he:
"I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
Away, away! this may not be:
For a curse be on my head," he said,
"If ever I lend thee one penny."

Then bespoke the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
"Madam, some alms on me bestow,
I pray, for sweet Saint Charity."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee."

Then up bespoke a good fellow
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board:
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou was a well good lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company;
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Then up bespoke him John o' the Scales,
All woode he answered him again:
"Now a curse be on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargain.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have 't back again better cheap,
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said:
With that he gave him a god's-penny:
"Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy money."

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board;
All wo-begone was John o' the Scales,
So vexed he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the lord of Linne!"

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow;
Forty pence thou didst lend me;
Now I'm again the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-way!" quoth Joan o' the Scales,
"Now well-a-way, and wo is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare-thee-well," said the heir of Linne,
"Farewell, good John o' the Scales," said he;
"When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."

ANONYMOUS.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a;
But he had a club this dragon to drub,
Or he ne'er had done it, I warrant ye;
But More, of More-hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I 'll tell ye;
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he ate them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon would eat,
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees;
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys;
He ate all and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise.
Oh, save us all, More of More-hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We 'll give thee all our goods.

This being done, he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But first he went new armor to
Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong,
Both behind and before, legs, arms, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he looked, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig:
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange, outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight all people then
Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too;
But these put on their trousers,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excel;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well,
Where he did think this dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth;
And as he stooped low, he rose up and cried, boh!
And kicked him in the mouth.

Oh! quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
And turned six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
Out of his throat of leather.
More of More-hall, oh thou rascal!
Would I had seen thee never!
With the thing at thy foot thou hast pricked my throat,
And I 'm quite undone forever!

Murder, murder! the dragon cried,
Alack, alack, for grief!
Had you but missed that place, you could
Have done me no mischief.
Then his head he shaked, trembled, and quaked,
And down he lay and cried;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groaned, and kicked, and died.

OLD BALLAD. (English.)
Version of COVENTRY PATMORE.

GOOD ALE.

I CANNOT eat but little meat—
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care;
I am nothing a-cold—
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old!

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead—
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, nor wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold—
I am so wrapt, and thorowly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old!

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till you may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm should;
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old!

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old!
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old!

JOHN STILL.

THE JOVIAL BEGGAR.

THERE was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg,
Lame from his cradle,
And forced for to beg.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

A bag for his oatmeal,
Another for his salt,
And a long pair of crutches,
To show that he can halt.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

A bag for his wheat,
Another for his rye,
And a little bottle by his side,
To drink when he 's a-dry.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

Seven years I begged
For my old master Wilde,
He taught me how to beg
When I was but a child.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a begging we will go.

I begged for my master,
And got him store of pelf,
But goodness now be praised,
I 'm begging for myself.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

In a hollow tree
I live, and pay no rent,
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

Of all the occupations
A beggar's is the best,
For whenever he 's a-weary,
He can lay him down to rest.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go,

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open cell;
Then who would be a king, lads,
When the beggar lives so well?
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

ANONYMOUS.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAKE ABOUT THEE.

THIS winter weather—it waxeth cold,
And frost doth freese on every hill;
And Boreas blows his blastes so cold
That all ur cattell are like to spill.
Bell, my wife, who loves no strife,
Shee sayd unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cowe Crumbocke's life—
Man, put thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?
Thou kenst my cloake is very thin;
It is so bare and overworne
A cricke he thereon can not renn.
Then Ile no longer borrowe or lend
For once Ile new apparelled be;
To morrow Ile to towne, and spend,
For Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cow—
She has been alwayes true to the payle;
She has helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fayle;
I wold be loth to see her pine;
Good husbande, counsel take of me—
It is not for us to go so fine;
Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake, it was a very good cloake—
It hath been alwayes true to the weare;
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it four and-forty yeare.
Sometime it was of cloth in graine;
'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see;
It will neither hold nor winde nor raine—
And Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

It is four-and-forty yeeres ago
Since the one of us the other did ken;
And we have had betwixt us towe
Of children either nine or ten;

We have brought them up to women and men—
In the fere of God I trowe they be;
And why wilt thou thyself misken—
Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, my wife, why dost thou floute?
Now is now, and then was then;
Seeke now all the world throughout,
Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen;
They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray,
So far above their own degree—
Once in my life Ile do as they,
For Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere—
His breeches cost him but a crowne;
He held them sixpence all too deere,
Therefore he called the tailor loon.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou'se but of a low degree—
It 's pride that puts this countrye downe;
Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me if she can;
And oft to live a quiet life
I 'm forced to yield though I be good-man.
It 's not for a man with a woman to threepe,
Unless he first give o'er the plea;
As we began sae will we leave,
And Ile tak my old cloake about me.

ANONYMOUS.

MALBROUCK.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's;
But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity feast; or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come.

For Trinity feast is over,
And has brought no news from Dover;
And Easter is past, moreover,
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prythee, come faster!
What news do you bring of your master?
I fear there is some disaster—
Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I 'm hurried,"
Added this page quite flurried,
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"
—And here he shed a tear.

"He 's dead! he 's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his berring,
And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his sabre;
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer—
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, I
Find, that—by the Lord Harry!—
The fourth is left nothing to carry;—
So there the thing remains."

ANONYMOUS. (French.)
Translation of FATHER PROUT.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old study filled full of learned old books;
With an old reverend chaplain—you might know him by his looks;
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks;
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows;
And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbors with bagpipe and drum;
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed, gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind—
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbors be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined,
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command;
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land;
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping or care;
Who buys gaudy-colored fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good;
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood;
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With a new study, stuft fell of pamphlets and plays;
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays;
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With a new fashion when Christmas is drawing on—
On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete;
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat;
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat—
Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With new titles of honor bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold:
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

ANONYMOUS.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wandering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye:
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—MART.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, muse! is due;
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake;
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,
And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest—
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest;
'T was he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head:
A youth more glittering than a birthnight beau,
(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow,)
Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught,
Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green;
Or virgins visited by angel powers
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers—
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed;
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly—
The light militia of the lower sky;
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire;
The sprites of fiery termagant in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name;
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea;
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome
In search of mischief still on earth to roam;
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
"Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,

Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark—
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'T is but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honor is the word with men below.
"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the gnome's embrace;
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdained, and love denied;
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'Your grace,' salutes their ear.
'T is these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll;
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
"Oft when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities from every part
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call—
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
"Of these am I, who thy protection claim;
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning's sun descend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can;
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'T was then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanished from thy head.
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears—
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here, and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs—the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty 's praised for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames

Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore;
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose—
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike;
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly love—to love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppressed,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold,
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light;
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew—
Thin, glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind:
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,

Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain;
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

"This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night—
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether heaven has doomed that Shock must fall—
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat—
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale—
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivaled flower;
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here, thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they past:
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen;
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes—
At every word a reputation dies;
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;

The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold; four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And parti-colored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mowed down armies in the fights of loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread—
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The baron now his diamonds pours apace:
The embroidered king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons—
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierced battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps—one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned;
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late;
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight—
Present the spear and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again:)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast
When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
The victor cried "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air;
Or in a coach and six the British fair;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date;
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
And secret passions labored in her breast.

Not youthful kings in battle seized alive;
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive;
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss;
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss;
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die;
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair.
For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show—
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapor o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise—
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent—the handle this, and that the spout;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works;
And maids, turned bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe passed the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the power—"Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;
Parent of vapors and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game—
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the headdress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease—
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that when once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eye dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid," replied,)
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honor forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'T will then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then, raging, to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs.
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes, and round, unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil!
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on 't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapped his box.
"It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew,)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she said:
"For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favorite curl away;
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
Oh had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!

'T was this the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patchbox fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnant of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties praised and honored most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford?
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;
Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll—
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found—
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight;
Propped on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,

A beau and witling perished in the throng—
One died in metaphor, and one in song:
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But at her smile the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome rëechoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate!" incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew—
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

"Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain;
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there;
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases;
There broken vows, and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view;)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And, pleased, pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust—
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed
Where they did all get in—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels—
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride—
But soon came down again:

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came: for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs—
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow—the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay;
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here 's the house,
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig:
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear—
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit—
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here—
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear!
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain—
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord
Lament for Madame Blaize
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satin new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

GENTLEFOLKS, in my time, I've made many a rhyme,
But the song I now trouble you with,
Lays some claim to applause, and you'll grant it, because
The subject's Sir Sidney Smith, it is;
The subject's Sir Sidney Smith.

We all know Sir Sidney, a man of such kidney,
He'd fight every foe he could meet;
Give him one ship for two, and without more ado,
He'd engage if he met a whole fleet, he would,
He'd engage if he met a whole fleet.

Thus he took every day, all that came in his way,
Till fortune, that changeable elf,
Ordered accidents so, that while taking the foe,
Sir Sidney got taken himself, he did,
Sir Sidney got taken himself.

His captors right glad of the prize they now had,
Rejected each offer we bid,
And swore he should stay locked up till doomsday;
But he swore he'd be d——d if he did, he did;
But he swore he'd be hanged if he did.

So Sir Sid got away, and his jailer next day
Cried "sacre, diable, morbleu,
Mon prisonnier 'scape; I 'ave got in von scrape,
And I fear I must run away too, I must,
I fear I must run away too!"

If Sir Sidney was wrong, why then blackball
my song,
E'en his foes he would scorn to deceive;
His escape was but just, and confess it you
must,
For it only was taking French leave, you
know,
It only was taking French leave.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

I.

FHAIRSHON swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish—
Marched into their land
To murder and to rafish;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men,
And five-and-thirty pipers.

II.

But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath-Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin'.
They were all he had
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
Off to drive ta cattle.

III.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon—
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we 'll need to fight
Pefore we touch ta peasties.
Here 's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Coming wi' his fassals—
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinéwassels!"

IV.

"Coot tay to you, sir!
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To visit any person?
You are a plackguard, sir?
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."

V.

"Fat is tat you say?
Dar you cock your peavor?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot pehaviour!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore!"

VI.

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels.

VII.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta flood
By trinking up ta water—

VIII.

Which he would have done,
I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale:
Sirs, I hope 't is new t' ye!
Here 's your fery good healths,
And tamn ta whusky tuty!

WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE AYTOUN.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.
Gawin Douglass.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he, frae Ayr, ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou been but sae wise
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirten Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony—
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And ay the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—
That hour o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed;
That night a child might understand
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire—
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods:
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we 'll face the Devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na Deils a bodle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight;
Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspreys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast—
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large—
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof an' rafter a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrips sleight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new cutted fra a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout;
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'
Which ev'n to name would be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glowred, amazed, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleckit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark.
Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping in their teens:
Their sarks, instead of creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock—
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.
But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perished monie a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn—
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vaunty.
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots (twas a' her riches)—
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!
But here my Muse her wing maun cower,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was and strang);
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched.
Ev'n Satan glowred, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main
Till first ae caper, syne anither—
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark;

And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied,
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When *Catch the thief!* resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs—the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.
Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'—
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss—
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake;
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle:
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS.

COLOGNE.

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches—
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined and several stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

I.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm, the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

II.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain;
And backward and forward he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

III.

And how then was the devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

IV.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

V.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse
Ride by on his vocations;
And the devil thought of his old friend
Death, in the Revelations.

VI.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

VII.

He peeped into a rich bookseller's shop—
Quoth he, "We are both of one college!
For I sate, myself, like a cormorant, once,
Hard by the tree of knowledge."

VIII.

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
A pig with vast celerity;

And the devil looked wise as he saw how,
the while,
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he
with a smile,
"Goes England's commercial prosperity."

IX.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell;
And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a
hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

X.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome blade;
"Nimbly," quoth he, "do the fingers move
If a man be but used to his trade."

XI.

He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man
With but little expedition;
Which put him in mind of the long debate
On the slave-trade abolition.

XII.

He saw an old acquaintance
As he passed by a Methodist meeting;
She holds a consecrated key,
And the devil nods her a greeting.

XIII.

She turned up her nose, and said,
"Avaunt!—my name 's Religion!"
And she looked to Mr. ——,
And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

XIV.

He saw a certain minister,
A minister to his mind,
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind;

XV.

The devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How "Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the ark."

XVI.

He took from the poor,
And he gave to the rich,
And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
For he was not afraid of the ——
* * * *

XVII.

General ——— burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did he take—
For the devil thought by a slight mistake
It was a general conflagration.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,
This night for to ride—
The devil and she together;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur;
With a lash of the bramble she rides now
Through brakes and through briers,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But husht in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischiefs, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise,
And trouble the skies,
This night; and, more the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order.
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in 't;
So have your breeches!

"Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-road, what hard work 't is crying all day 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!'

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only, last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

[*Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

GEORGE CANNING.

SONG

OF ONE ELEVEN YEARS IN PRISON.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I 'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds:*]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—
Alas, Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line he clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in!
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
tor, law-professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza he dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*]

GEORGE CANNING.

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen
sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half suspected, animate the whole;
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt;
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca
crown,
And twice with vinegar, procured from town;
And lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous
treat!
'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he 'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl;
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-
day."

SYDNEY SMITH.

THE ESSENCE OF OPERA;

OR, ALMANZOR AND IMOGEN.

An Opera, in three Acts.

SUBJECT OF THE OPERA.

A brave young prince a young princess adores;
A combat kills him, but a god restores.

PROLOGUE.

A MUSICIAN. People, appear, approach, advance!

To Singers.

You that can sing, the chorus bear!

To Dancers.

You that can turn your toes out, dance!
Let 's celebrate this faithful pair.

ACT I.

IMOGEN. My love!
ALMANZOR. My soul!
BOTH. At length then we unite!
People, sing, dance, and show us your delight!
CHORUS. Let 's sing, and dance, and show
'em our delight.

ACT II.

IMOGEN. O love!

[*A noise of war. The prince appears, pursued by his enemies. Combat. The princess faints. The prince is mortally wounded.*]

ALMANZOR. Alas!
IMOGEN. Ah, what!
ALMANZOR. I die!
IMOGEN. Ah me!
People, sing, dance, and show your misery!
CHORUS. Let 's sing, and dance, and show
our misery.

ACT III.

[*Pallas descends in a cloud to Almanzor and speaks.*]

PALLAS. Almanzor, live!
IMOGEN. Oh, bliss!
ALMANZOR. What do I see?
TRIO. People, sing, dance, and hail this
prodigy!
CHORUS. Let 's sing, and dance, and hail
this prodigy.

ANONYMOUS. (French.)
Anonymous Translation.

HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

By myself walking,
To myself talking
When as I ruminate
On my untoward fate,
Scarcely seem I
Alone sufficiently,
Black thoughts continually
Crowding my privacy.
They come unbidden,
Like foes at a wedding,
Thrusting their faces
In better guests' places,
Peevish and malcontent,
Clownish, impertinent,
Dashing the merriment:
So, in like fashions,
Dim cogitations
Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me,
In my heart festering,
In my ears whispering—
"Thy friends are treacherous,
Thy foes are dangerous,
Thy dreams ominous."

Fierce anthropophagi,
Spectres, diaboli—
What scared St. Anthony—
Hobgoblins, lemures,
Dreams of antipodes!
Night-riding incubi
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions:
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical!
Abaddon vexeth me,
Mahu perplexeth me;
Lucifer teareth me—

Jesu! Maria! liberate nos ab his diris tentationibis Inimici.

CHARLES LAMB.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, great plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate;
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More for a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine!
Bacchus's black servant, negro fine!
Sorcerer! that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women! Thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem;
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,
Monsters—that who see us, fear us;

Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex can'st shew
What his deity can do—
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapors thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze;
But to the reins and nobler heart
Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born!
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than, before,
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume—
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind!
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind!
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison!
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite ——

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue!
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!
'T was but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplext lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of dearest Miss,
Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her cockatrice and siren,
Basilisk, and all that 's evil,
Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil,
Ethiop, wench, and blackamoor,
Monkey, ape, and twenty more—
Friendly trait'ress, loving foe—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know,
A contentment to express
Borders so upon excess
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be from pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
With what 's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow 's at the height
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing, whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will hate
Any tittle of her state

Though a widow, or divorced—
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Catherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest tobacco boys;
Where though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favors, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odors, that give life
Like glances from a neighbor's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot;
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid—
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches."

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms."

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off,—of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside.

THOMAS HOOD.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'T was nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head—
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat
A boatswain he will be."

So when they 'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright;
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her;
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye water in the sea."

"Alas! they 've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she 'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They 've only taken him
To the tender ship, you see."
"The tender ship," cried Sally Brown—
"What a hard ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I 'd follow him;
But oh!—I 'm not a fish woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That 's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she 'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

"O, Sally Brown, O, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I 've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All 's Well!"
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned—and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD

THE LADY AT SEA.

Cables entangling her;
Ship-spars for mangling her;
Ropes sure of strangling her;
Blocks over-dangling her;
Tiller to batter her;
Topmast to shatter her;
Tobacco to spatter her;
Boreas blustering;
Boatswain quite flustering;
Thunder-clouds mustering,
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don 't ingulph her;
Sometimes fear 's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation;
All the sea dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates, and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels;
Every thing wrong enough—
Long-boat not long enough;
Vessel not strong enough;
Pitch marring frippery;
The deck very slippery;
And the cabin—built sloping;
The captain a-toping;
And the mate a blasphemer,
That names his Redeemer—
With inward uneasiness;
The cook known by greasiness;
The victuals beslubbered;
Her bed—in a cupboard;
Things of strange christening,
Snatched in her listening;
Blue lights and red lights,
And mention of dead lights;
And shrouds made a theme of—
Things horrid to dream of;
And buoys in the water;
To fear all exhort her.
Her friend no Leander—
Herself no sea gander;
And ne'er a cork jacket
On board of the packet;
The breeze still a-stiffening;
The trumpet quite deafening;
Thoughts of repentance,
And doomsday, and sentence;
Every thing sinister—
Not a church minister;
Pilot a blunderer;
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her:
Trunks tipsy-topsy;
The ship in a dropsy;
Waves oversurging her;
Sirens a-dirging her;
Sharks all expecting her;
Sword-fish dissecting her;
Crabs with their hand-vices
Punishing land vices;
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns;
Mermen carnivorous—
"Good Lord deliver us!"

Thomas Hood

THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
 Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting—
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
 The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
 That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
 That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison

There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.
Strange company we harbored:
We 'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray.

With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did nought but scratch and pray.
Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were—
Their pipes did puff away;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling—
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave Iberia bowling,
Before the break of day——

When a squall, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled;
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle;
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;

And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers, whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorrored,
And, shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them;
And they called upon the prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury:
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up,
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins;)
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gabardine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the white squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,

And which all will remember,
On the 28th September:
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle;
And oft we 've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "George, some brandy and water!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he 's a saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so 's the Hill of Howth, sir:
But there 's a hill, much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'T was on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he 's a saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

There 's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop
Slap-dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he 's a saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.
Where blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he 's a saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whiskey;
No wonder that the saint himself
Should understand distilling,
Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
In the town of Enniskillen.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he 's a saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

Oh! was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'T is I 'd be bound that from that ground
I never more would once stir.
For there St. Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,
And cabbages—and ladies!
Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
For he 's the darling saint oh!
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist;
He 's a beauty without paint oh!

HENRY BENNETT.

ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND, MY DEAR!

A FIG for St. Denis of France—
He 's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with that patron of swipers—
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;
The steamboat he beat by a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted.
Says he, "The salt water, I think,
Has made me most bloodily thirsty·
So bring me a flagon of drink
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye!
Of drink that is fit for a saint!"

He preached, then, with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a-teaching;
With a pint he washed down his discourse,
"For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."
The people, with wonderment struck
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed—"We 're for you, my old buck!
And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
Who dwells in hot water below!"

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice, each cool afternoon,
Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black-jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party;
Says the saint—"This good day, do you hear
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty!
So give me a pull at the pot!"

The pewter he lifted in sport
(Believe me, I tell you no fable);
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then placed it full on the table.
"A miracle!" every one said—
And they all took a haul at the stingo;
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo,
The pot still frothed over the brim!

Next day, quoth his host, "'T is a fast,
And I 've nought in my larder but mutton;
And on Fridays who 'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?"
Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg—
What you tell me is nothing but gammon,
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!"
And the leg most politely complied.

You 've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
He marched to the county Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence, not to use water for drink,
The people of Ireland determine—
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin,
And vipers, and such other stuff!

Oh! he was an elegant blade
As you 'd meet from Fairhead to Kilcrumper;
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But since he is not—why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish,—
Because all the liquor is out!

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE IRISHMAN.

I.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man—
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman—
A nasty, ugly Irishman—
A wild, tremendous Irishman—
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring Irishman.

II.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 't was scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh, the lump of an Irishman—
The whiskey devouring Irishman—
The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue —the fighting, rioting Irishman!

III.

One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear!
Oh, the great big Irishman—
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

IV.

He took so much of Lundy-foot
That he used to snort and snuffle oh;
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman—
The thundering, blundering Irishman—
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman.

V.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch
He 'd not rest till he filled it full again;
The boozing, bruising Irishman—
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

VI.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity;
Oh, the leathering Irishman—
The barbarous, savage Irishman—
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads were bothered I'm sure by this Irishman.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney they look so charming,
Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks—
All decked by posies, that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'T is there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent the sweet, open air.

'T is Lady Jeffers owns this plantation,
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair;
There's no commander in all the nation
For regulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation,
And conversation in sweet solitude;
'T is there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
And if a young lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'T is there her courtier he may transport her
In some dark fort, or under the ground.

For 't is there 's the cave where no daylight enters,
But bats and badgers are for ever bred;
Being mossed by natur', that makes it sweeter
Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.
'T is there 's the lake that is stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
All standing in order for to guard the flood.

'T is there 's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,
With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;
The bread and biske', the beer and whiskey,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
'T is there you 'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A washing praties forenent the door,
With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

There 's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair—
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.
So now to finish this brave narration,
Which my poor geni' could not entwine;
But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
'T is in every feature I would make it shine.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

Ye genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore,
Ye sons of Gineral Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions,
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in the nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'T is William Smith O'Brine,
Reprisints this darling Limerick this ten years or more;
Oh the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valiant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of revolution, that grows the tricolor;
And to welcome his return
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword;
'T is he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;
And Mitchil of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We took the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;
And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'T would binifit your sowls
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo—
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake,
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged;
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

Oh, the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honorable jintlemin they cursed and swore:
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'T was he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

Oh, the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?
'T is a national disgrace;
Let me go and veil me face!"
And he boulted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the sword,
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamoor;"
But millions were arrayed,
So he shaythed his battle-blade,
Rethrayting undismayed from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'T would have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the futt and the dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
And the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers repoort?
They 're goan to recal the liftinant,
And shut up the castle and coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland
They 're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy;
And now, having murdthered our counthry,
They 're goin to kill the viceroy,
Dear boy!—
'T was he was our proide and our joy.

And will we no longer behould him,
 Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he weaves his cocked hat from the windies,
 And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?
I liked for to see the young haroes,
 All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
 And winking the girls in the cyars—
 Like Mars,
 A smokin' their poipes and cigyars,

Dear Mitchel, exoiled to Bermudies,
 Your beautiful oilids you'll ope!—
And there'll be an abondance of croyin
 From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope—
When they read of this news in the peepers,
 Acrass the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish liftinants
 Of the 'oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
 God save
 The queen—she should betther behave!

And what 's to become of poor Dame sthreet,
 And who 'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
Whin the coort of imparial splindor
 From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers
 When the deuce of a coort there remains;
And where 'll be the bucks and the ladies,
 To hire the coort-shuits and the thrains?
 In sthrains
 It 's thus that ould Erin complains!

There 's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,
 'T was she in the coort didn't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of popplin
 For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady—
 Eight shillings a yard tabinet—
But now that the coort is concluded
 The divvle a yard will she get:
 I bet,
 Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There 's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
 They 'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';
Each year, at the dthrawing-room sayson,
 They mounted the natest of wigs.

When spring, with its buds and its daisies,
 Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu 'll never think of new jasies,
 Because there is no dthrawing-room,
 For whom
 They 'd choose the expense to ashume.

There 's Alderman Toad and his lady,
 'T was they gave the clart and the poort,
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
 To feast the lord liftinant's coort.
But now that the quality 's goin,
 I warnt that the aiting will stop,
And you 'll get at the alderman's teeble
 The divvle a bite or a dthrop,
 Or chop,
 And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin;
 And his lordship, the dear, honest man:
And the duchess, his eemiable leedy;
 And Corry, the bould Connellan;
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren;
 And the chewter and governess tu;
And the servants are packing their boxes—
 Oh, murther, but what shall I due
 Without you?
 O Meery, with ois of the blue!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

Oh will ye choose to hear the news?
 Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:
I'll tell you all about the ball
 To the Naypaulase ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate
 At which I worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
 Of th' Oriental company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
 To fête these black Achilleses.
"We 'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
 And take the rooms at Willis's."

With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
With roses and with lilies up.
And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the coort was tired of spoort,
I 'd lave you, boys, to think there was
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten, before the ball-room door
His moighty excellency was;
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd—
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
Into the door-way followed him;
And oh the noise of the blackguard boys,
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble chair stud at the stair,
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince to that black prince
The welcome of his company.
Oh fair the girls, and rich the curls,
And bright the oys you saw there, was;
And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
On Gineral Jung Bahawther was!

This gineral great then tuck his sate,
With all the other ginerals,
(Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious minerals;)
And as he there, with princely air,
Recloinin on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such jukes and earls,
Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of Tim, and fancy him
Amidst the hoigh gentility!
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Porty-geese
Ministher and his lady there;
And I reckonized, with much surprise,
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there.

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
Well in her robes of gauze, in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first
When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife—
I wondther how he could stuff her in.
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there;
And the widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
And the marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, jukes and earls, and diamonds and pearls,
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied
Behind the windies, coorting there.
Oh, there 's one I know, bedad, would show
As beautiful as any there;
And I 'd like to hear the pipers blow,
And shake a fut with Fanny there!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE RAIL.

I MET him in the cars,
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat;
He was furthermore embellished
By a ticket in his hat.

The conductor touched his arm,
And awoke him from a nap;
When he gave the feeding flies
An admonitory slap,
And his ticket to the man
In the yellow-lettered cap.

So, launching into talk,
We rattled on our way,
With allusions to the crops
That along the meadows lay—
Whereupon his eyes were lit
With a speculative ray.

The heads of many men
 Were bobbing as in sleep,
And many babies lifted
 Their voices up to weep;
While the coal-dust darkly fell
 On bonnets in a heap.

All the while the swaying cars
 Kept rumbling o'er the rail,
And the frequent whistle sent
 Shrieks of anguish to the gale,
And the cinders pattered down
 On the grimy floor like hail.

When suddenly a jar,
 And a thrice-repeated bump,
Made the people in alarm
 From their easy cushions jump;
For they deemed the sounds to be
 The inevitable trump.

A splintering crash below,
 A doom-foreboding twitch,
As the tender gave a lurch
 Beyond the flying switch—
And a mangled mass of men
 Lay writhing in the ditch.

With a palpitating heart
 My friend essayed to rise;
There were bruises on his limbs
 And stars before his eyes,
And his face was of the hue
 Of the dolphin when it dies.

* * * *

I was very well content
 In escaping with my life;
But my mutilated friend
 Commenced a legal strife—
Being thereunto incited
 By his lawyer and his wife.

And he writes me the result,
 In his quiet way as follows:
That his case came up before
 A bench of legal scholars,
Who awarded him his claim,
 Of $1500!

GEORGE H. CLARK.

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

ST. ANTHONY at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes;
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all hither drawn;
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
 No sermon beside
 Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear St. Antonius.
 No sermon beside
 Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast days, the cod-fish,—
The stock-fish, I mean,—
At the sermon was seen.
 No sermon beside
 Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
 No sermon beside
 Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom,
As if the devil had got 'em.
 No sermon beside
 Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher,
Like a reasonable creature:
 At God's word,
 They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling;
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set,
All the sermon forget;
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

ANONYMOUS.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed:
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the revolution.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen
And I became a tory;
Occasional conformists base,
I blam'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law that I'll maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law that I'll maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

ANONYMOUS.

THE VICAR.

Some years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel park was Darnel waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don, and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
"Our master knows you; you 're expected."

Up rose the reverend Doctor Brown,
Up rose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow.
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the vicarage or the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed trom Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished truth or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep
And dreamt of eating pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road,
From Jerome or from Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost;
Lines to a ringlet or a turban;
And trifles for the "Morning Post;"
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage.
At his approach complaint grew mild,
And when his hand unbarred the shutter
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome that they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus;
From him I learned the rule of three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack, the change! In vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled!
The church is larger than before,
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted for the gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat; you 'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose voice is clear,
Whose tone is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid? Look down
And construe on the slab before you—
"*Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,*
Vir nullâ non donandus lauro."

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter:
The old year went with mourning by—
The new came dancing after!
Let sorrow shed her lonely tear—
Let revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier—
Fling roses on the cradle;
Mutes to wait on the funeral state,
Pages to pour the wine:
A requiem for twenty-eight,
And a health to twenty-nine!

Alas for human happiness!
Alas for human sorrow!
Our yesterday is nothingness—
What else will be our morrow?
Still beauty must be stealing hearts,
And knavery stealing purses;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses;
While sages prate, and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine;
And the world, as it rolled through twenty-eight,
Must roll through twenty-nine.

Some king will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his father came to;
Some thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine;
And much where we were in twenty-eight,
We shall be in twenty-nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the rent,
And Kenyon to sink the nation;
And Shiel will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the association;
And thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the house of lords,
And throats in the county of Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
On the cabinet's design;
And just what it did in twenty-eight
It will do in twenty-nine.

And the goddess of love will keep her smiles,
And the god of cups his orgies;
And there 'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's:
And mendicants will sup like kings,
And lords will swear like lacqueys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes;
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine;
Alas! they married in twenty-eight,
They will part in twenty-nine.

My uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
And talk of his oils and blubbers;
My aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns,
And rather longer rubbers:
My cousin in Parliament will prove
How utterly ruined trade is;
My brother, at Eton, will fall in love
With half a hundred ladies;

My patron will sate his pride from plate,
And his thirst from Bordeaux wine—
His nose was red in twenty-eight,
'T will be redder in twenty-nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older—
How the laugh of pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of friendship colder;

But still I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
And fond of talking treason;
I shall buckle my skate, and leap my gate,
And throw and write my line;
And the woman I worshipped in twenty-eight
I shall worship in twenty-nine.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

PART VII.

POEMS OF TRAGEDY AND SORROW.

The mournful funeral slow proceeds behind,
Arrayed in black, the heavy head declined;
Wide yawns the grave; dull tolls the solemn bell;
Dark lie the dead; and long the last farewell.
There music sounds, and dancers shake the hall;
But here the silent tears incessant fall.
Ere Mirth can well her comedy begin,
The tragic demon oft comes thundering in,
Confounds the actors, damps the merry show,
And turns the loudest laugh to deepest woe.

JOHN WILSON.

POEMS OF TRAGEDY AND SORROW.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"Oh where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?"

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,—
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—
But I fear you 'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ship's side,
—But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,—
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake of their true loves,—
For them they 'll see na mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,—
For them they 'll see na mair.

Oh forty miles off Aberdour
'T is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANONYMOUS.

CHILD NORYCE.

CHILD NORYCE is a clever young man—
He wavers wi' the wind;
His horse was silver shod before,
With the beaten gold behind.

He called to his little man John,
Saying, "You don't see what I see;
For oh yonder I see the very first woman
That ever loved me.

"Here is a glove, a glove," he said,
"Lined with the silver gray;
You may tell her to come to the merry green wood,
To speak to child Nory.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
"It 's all gold but the stane;
You may tell her to come to the merry green wood,
And ask the leave o' nane."

"So well do I love your errand, my master,
But far better do I love my life;
Oh would ye have me go to Lord Barnard's castel,
To betray away his wife?"

"Oh do n't I give you meat," he says,
"And do n't I pay you fee?
How dare you stop my errand?" he says;
"My orders you must obey."

Oh when he came to Lord Barnard's castel,
He tinkled at the ring;
Who was as ready as Lord Barnard himself
To let this little boy in?

"Here is a glove, a glove," he says,
"Lined with the silver gray;
You are bidden to come to the merry green wood,
To speak to Child Nory.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
"It 's all gold but the stane:
You are bidden to come to the merry green wood,
And ask the leave o' nane."

Lord Barnard he was standing by,
And an angry man was he:
"Oh little did I think there was a lord in this world
My lady loved but me!"

Oh he dressed himself in the Holland smocks,
And garments that was gay;
And he is away to the merry green wood,
To speak to Child Nory.

Child Noryce sits on yonder tree—
He whistles and he sings:
"Oh wae be to me," says Child Noryce,
"Yonder my mother comes!"

Child Noryce he came off the tree,
His mother to take off the horse:
"Och alace, alace!" says Child Noryce,
"My mother was ne'er so gross."

Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,
That hung low down by his knee;
He cut the head off Child Noryce,
And put the body on a tree.

And when he came to his castel,
And to his lady's hall,
He threw the head into her lap,
Saying, "Lady, there is a ball!"

She turned up the bloody head,
She kissed it frae cheek to chin:
"Far better do I love this bloody head
Than all my royal kin.

"When I was in my father's castel,
In my virginitie,
There came a lord into the north,
Gat Child Noryce with me."

"Oh wae be to thee, Lady Margaret," he said,
"And an ill death may you die;
For if you had told me he was your son,
He had ne'er been slain by me."

ANONYMOUS.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

"Oh wha will shoe my fair foot,
And wha will glove my han'?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a new made London ban'?

"Or wha will kemb my yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kemb?
Or wha 'll be father to my young bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame?"

"Your father 'll shoe your fair foot,
Your mother glove your han';
Your sister lace your middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban';

"Your brethren will kemb your yellow hair
Wi' a new made silver kemb;
And the king o' heaven will father your bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame."

"Oh gin I had a bonny ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It 's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin he winna come to me!"

Her father 's gien her a bonny ship,
And sent her to the stran';
She 's taen her young son in her arms,
And turned her back to the lan.'

She hadna been o' the sea sailin'
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship
Near her true-love's door.

The nicht was dark, and the wind blew cald,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true love's door,
And lang tirled at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"Oh it is Annie of Lochroyan,
Your love, come o'er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
You 're nae come here for gude;
You 're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flude."

"I 'm nae a witch or vile warlock,
Or mermaiden," said she;—
"I 'm but your Annie of Lochroyan;—
Oh open the door to me!"

"Oh gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
As I trust not ye be,
What taiken can ye gie that e'er
I kept your companie?"

"Oh dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"Whan we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks?
It 's nae sae lang sinsyne.

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
But nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the cambrick clear,
But mine o' the silk sae fine.

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"As we twa sat at dine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can shew thee thine:

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
Yet nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gold,
But mine o' the diamonds fine.

"Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
And open it wi' speed;
Or your young son, that is in my arms,
For cald will soon be dead."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Gae frae my door for shame;
For I hae gotten anither fair love—
Sae ye may hie you hame."

"Oh hae ye gotten anither fair love,
For a' the oaths ye sware?
Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor.
For me ye's never see mair!"

Oh hooly, hooly gaed she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on good ship board,
And sair, sair did she weep.

"Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud;
Set up the mast o' tree;
Ill sets it a forsaken lady
To sail sae gallantlie.

"Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk:
Set up the sails o' skin;
Ill sets the outside to be gay,
Whan there 's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say:
"I dreamt a dream this night, mither,
That maks my heart richt wae;

"I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower o' a' her kin,
Was standin' mournin' at my door;
But nane wad lat her in."

"Oh there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi' a bairn intill her arms;
But I wadna let her within the bower,
For fear she had done you harm."

Oh quickly, quickly raise he up,
And fast ran to the strand;
And there he saw her, fair Annie,
Was sailing frae the land.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
O, Annie, winna ye bide?"
But ay the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The higher raired the tide.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
O, Annie, speak to me!"
But ay the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The louder raired the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith tossed aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catched her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cald and stiff was every limb,
Before he reached the land.

Oh first he kist her cherry cheek,
And syne he kist her chin:
And sair he kist her ruby lips,
But there was nae breath within.

Oh he has mourned o'er fair Annie,
Till the sun was ganging down;
Syne wi' a sich his heart it brast,
And his saul to heaven has flown.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"Oh stay at hame, my noble lord!
Oh stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

"Oh fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
Oh fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, oh;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he 's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Oh come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"—

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye 're nine to ane;
And that 's an unequal marrow:
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He 's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."—

"Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream:
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armed men;
They 've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They 've slain—the comeliest knight they 've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high, high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheeks, she kaimed his hair,
 She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed them, till her lips grew red,
 On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
 For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord,
 Than him ye lost on Yarrow."—

"Oh haud your tongue, my father dear!
 Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
 Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

ANONYMOUS.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
 And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow."

"Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride,
 Where got ye that winsome marrow?"
"I got her where I daurna weel be seen,
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep—
 Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear—
 Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
 That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
 Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

"What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
 What 's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
 Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, Oh wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
 And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And weep around, in waeful wise,
 His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow!

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
 The arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
 His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow!

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
 And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
 Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green grows the grass;
 Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowing!

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed;
 As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk;
 The apple from its rocks as mellow!

"Fair was thy love! fair, fair indeed thy love!
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
Than I he never loved thee better.

"Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How can I lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

"Oh Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'t was my ain sewing;
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenned
He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the too fa' of the night,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

"Much I rejoiced that waefu', waefu' day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threatening words, to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!
With bridal-sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door!
Let in the expected husband-lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter!
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
Oh lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
Oh could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night within my arms—
No youth lay ever there before thee!

"Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night within my arms,
No youth shall ever lie there after!"

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

RARE WILLY DROWNED IN YARROW.

"WILLY'S rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wondrous bonny;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the livelang winter night
I ly twined of my marrow.

"Oh came you by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?"

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover.

For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring—
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The green-wood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

THE CRUEL SISTER.

THERE were two sisters sat in a bour,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with broach and knife
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sore envied her sister fair;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie—
"Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She 's ta'en her by the lily hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie—
And led her down to the river strand;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The eldest came and pushed her in;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie

She took her by the middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And ye shall be heir of half my land."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And I'll be heir of all your land;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
Binnorie, O Binnorie:
It's twined me and my world's make."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall be your love."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall better be my love,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Garred me gang maiden evermair."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Until she cam to the miller's dam;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there he found a drowned woman;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
He sighed and made a heavy moan;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie—
Whose notes made sad the listening ear;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Oh yonder sits my father, the king,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And by him my William, sweet and true."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp played then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

ANONYMOUS.

LORD RANDAL.

"Oh where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
Oh where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I 'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boiled in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"Oh they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Oh I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
Oh I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"Oh yes! I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

ANONYMOUS.

EDWARD, EDWARD.

"Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward:
Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
And quhy sae sad gang zee oh?"
"Oh I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither:
Oh I hae killed my hauk sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee oh."

"Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward:
Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid—
My deir son, I tell thee oh."
"Oh I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither:
Oh I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and free oh."

"Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae got mair—
Sum other dule ze drie oh."
"Oh I hae killed my fader deir,
Mither, mither:
Oh I hae killed my fader deir—
Alas! and wae is mee oh!"

"And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me oh."
"Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:
Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea oh."

"And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
That were sae fair to see oh?"
"Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee oh."

"And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea oh?"
"The warldis room—late them beg throw life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room—late them beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see oh."

"And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?
My deir son, now tell me oh."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
Mither, mither:
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir—
Sic counseils ze gave to me oh."

ANONYMOUS.

THE TWA BROTHERS.

THERE were twa brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa',—
"It 's will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at the ba'?
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,
And there we 'll warsel a fa'?"

"I winna play at the stane-chucking,
Nor will I play at the ba';
But I 'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we 'll warsel a fa'?"

They warsled up, they warsled down,
Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk fell out of William's pouch,
And gave John a deadly wound.

"Oh lift me upon your back—
Tak me to yon well fair;
And wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
And they 'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He 's lifted his brother upon his back,
Ta'en him to yon well fair;
He 's washed his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak ye aff my Holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And row it in my bluidy wounds,
And they 'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He 's taken aff his Holland sark,
And torn it gair by gair;
He 's rowit it in his bluidy wounds,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak now aff my green cleiding,
And row me saftly in;
And tak me up to yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green."

He 's taken aff the green cleiding,
And rowed him saftly in;
He 's laid him down by yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.

"What will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae hame at e'en?"
"I 'll say ye 're lying at yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green."

"Oh no, oh no, my brother dear,
Oh you must not say so;
But say that I am gane to a foreign land,
Where nae man does me know."

When he sat in his father's chair,
He grew baith pale and wan:
"Oh what blude 's that upon your brow?
O dear son, tell to me."
"It is the blude o' my gude gray steed—
He wadna ride wi' me."

"Oh thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me.
Oh what blude 's this upon your cheek?
O dear son, tell to me."
"It is the blude of my greyhound—
He wadna hunt for me."

"Oh thy hound's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me.
Oh what blude 's this upon your hand?
O dear son, tell to me."
"It is the blude of my gay goss hawk—
He wadna flee for me."

"Oh thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me.
Oh what blude 's this upon your dirk?
Dear Willie, tell to me."
"It is the blude of my ae brother,
Oh dule and wae is me!"

"Oh what will ye say to your father?
Dear Willie, tell to me."
"I 'll saddle my steed, and awa' I 'll ride
To dwell in some far countrie."

"Oh when will ye come hame again?
Dear Willie, tell to me."
"When sun and mune leap on yon hill—
And that will never be."

She turned hersel' right round about,
And her heart burst into three:
"My ae best son is deid and gane,
And my tother ane I 'll ne'er see."

ANONYMOUS.

THE TWA CORBIES.

As I gaed doun by yon house-en'
Twa corbies there were sittan their lane:
The tane unto the tother sae,
"Oh where shall we gae dine to-day?"

"Oh down beside yon new-faun birk
There lies a new-slain knicht;
Nae livin kens that he lies there,
But his horse, his hounds, and his lady fair.

"His horse is to the huntin gane,
His hounds to bring the wild deer hame;
His lady 's taen another mate;
Sae we may make our dinner swate.

"Oh we 'll sit on his bonnie briest-bane,
And we 'll pyke out his bonnie grey een;
Wi ae lock o' his gowden hair
We 'll theek our nest when it blaws bare.

"Mony a ane for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Ower his banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair!"

ANONYMOUS.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Hie upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither,
Greeting fu' sair;
And out cam his bonnie bride,
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame came the saddle,
But never cam he!

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
And my baby 's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

ANONYMOUS.

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day;
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I tuk his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
Oh think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

ANONYMOUS.

FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries.
Oh that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

Oh think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide—
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lee—

I lighted down my sword to draw;
I hacked him in pieces sma'—
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die!

Oh that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise—
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

AN EPISODE.

And the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream;
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep.
Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night along
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.
Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood,
Clustering like bee-hives, on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere:
Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink, the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crowned the top
With a clay fort. But that was fallen; and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths; and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts; and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa; it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not. All night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful; and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou knowest if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This, too, thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone.
Rustum, my father; who, I hoped, should greet,
Should one day greet upon some well-fought field
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man. If I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat fame speaks clear."
He spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said:
"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring—in our tents, while it is war;
And when 't is truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,

To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight;
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms—
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him; for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray;
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Siestan, with Zal, his father old;
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age;
Or in some quarrel with the Persian king.
There go;—Thou wilt not? yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us—fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain. But who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son?
Go! I will grant thee what thy heart desires."
So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat
He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him; and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he placed his sheep-skin cap—
Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul;
And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
His herald to his side, and went abroad.
The sun, by this, had risen, and cleared the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands;
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain: so Haman bade—
Haman, who, next to Peran-Wisa, ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed:
As when, some grey November morn, the files,
In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes,
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore Caspian reed-bed—southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board: so they streamed—
The Tartars of the Oxus, the king's guard,
First, with black sheep-skin caps, and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come,
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands—
Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service owned—
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes—men with scanty beards
And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmuks and unkemped Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the pole; and wandering Kirghizes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.
These all filed out from camp into the plain.
And on the other side the Persians formed:
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshalled battalions bright in burnished steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came
And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.

And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:—
"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion, Sohrab, man to man."

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran,
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow,
Winding so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
Choked by the air; and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel. Gudurz and Zoarrah came;
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the king;
These came and counselled; and then Gudurz said:—
"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth;
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits,
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart:
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and said:—
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."
He spoke; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitched. The high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's; and his men lay camped around.
And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum. His morning meal was done; but still
The table stood beside him, charged with food—
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark green melons. And there Rustum sate
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And played with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he looked and saw him stand;
And with a cry sprang up, and dropped the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:—
"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? But sit down first, and eat and drink."
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said:—
"Not now. A time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day: to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,

Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose."
He spoke. But Rustum answered with a smile:—
"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older. If the young are weak, the king
Errs strangely; for the king, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honors younger men,
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have—
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds;
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."
He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:—
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all; and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed, lest men should say,
Like some old miser Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men."
And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:—
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal? Am not I myself?
But who for men of nought would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame.
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man."
He spoke, and frowned; and Gudurz turned, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy—
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel. The arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device;
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold;
And from the fluted spine, atop, a plume
Of horse-hair waved, a scarlet horse-hair plume.
So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him, like a faithful hound, at heel—
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth—
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find,
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broidered green
Crusted with gold; and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed: but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife, who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf—
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,

Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.
And Rustum to the Persian front advanced:
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And as a-field the reapers cut a swathe
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare:
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling; and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb-blackened fingers makes her fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be: so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs. Long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said:
"Oh, thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold.
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe;
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be governed: quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die.
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly. Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand—
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs. Hope filled his soul;
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own and said:—
"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not he?"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spoke to his own soul;
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean.
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say—*Rustum is here*—
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts—
A belt or sword perhaps—and go his way.
And on a feast day, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—
'I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank; only Rustum dared. Then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.

Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."
And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:
"Rise! Wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth. Make good thy vaunt, or yield.
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee.
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul—
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield;
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer, wash them all away."
He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet:
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so.
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well: did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! Thou art more vast, more dread, than I;
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—
But yet success sways with the breath of heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall;
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea—
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death—
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."
He spake; and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear. Down from the shoulder, down it came—
As on some partridge in the corn, a hawk,
That long has towered in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet. Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash. The spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide. Then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield. Sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield—an unlapped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough; like those which men, in treeless plains,
To build them boats, fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in wintertime
Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs—so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand.
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword;

But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:
"Thou strik 'st too hard; that club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth; not wroth am I.
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou sayest thou art not Rustum; be it so.
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too;
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends;
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
May'st fight: fight them, when they confront thy spear.
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"
He ceased. But while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage. His club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand
Blazed bright and baleful—like that autumn star,
The baleful sign of fevers. Dust had soiled
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved; his lips foamed; and twice his voice
Was choked with rage. At last these words broke way:—
"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight! let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war. I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning; all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts,
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."
He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword. At once they rushed
Together; as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west. Their shields
Dashed with a clang together; and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees; such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darkened the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath. First Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out. The steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin:

And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away; and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sunk to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head. But then the gloom
Grew blacker; thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry.
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Has trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard the cry, and quaked for fear;
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not—but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head. But this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in his hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted "Rustum!" Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab wounded, on the bloody sand.
Then with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent;
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."
And with a fearless mien Sohrab replied:—
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thou,
And I were he who till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man—tremble to hear!
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"
As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries

His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken—
A heap of fluttering feathers. Never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream, as she sails by.
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss—
So Rustum knew not his own loss; but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.
But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said:
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."
And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear—
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee—
Fierce man, bethink thee—for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be!
Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows gray
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more;
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."
He spoke; and as he ceased he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listened, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all:
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should take the boy, to train in arms;
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought;
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore
At the full moon. Tears gathered in his eyes;
For he remembered his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture. As, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
A far bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old king, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand.
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass: so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said:
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved!
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men

Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son. One child he had—
But one—a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us;
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."
But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die.
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:
"Man, who art thou, who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men;
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks;
And his knees tottered; and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clanked aloud;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:
"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie.
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
Then, with weak, hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked. As a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift; at early morn he paints,
And all day long; and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands:
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm—the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks.
Him that kind creature found, and reared, and loved;
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand and said:
"How sayest thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp cry—
"O, boy—Thy father!"—and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond, faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life. And life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair—
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;
And strong, convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutched his sword
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands;
And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said:
"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom that at my birth was written down
In heaven, and thou art heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,

When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it. But fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this—I find
My father; let me feel that I have found.
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say, 'My son!'
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in heaven that this should be."
So said he: and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts
When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe,
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if enquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big, warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:
"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should then have rotted on thy nimble joints,
When first they bore thy master to this field."
But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said;
"Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed—
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seïstan,
And seen the river of Helmund, and the lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food—
Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine—
And said—'O, Ruksh! bear Rustum well!'
But I
Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seïstan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream—
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."
And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied:
"Oh that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"
And, with a grave, mild voice, Sohrab replied:
"Desire not that, my father! Thou must live;
For some are born to do great deeds, and live;
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!

Let me entreat for them—what have they done?
They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seïstan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me—
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all;
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and say:
Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill—
And I be not forgotten in my grave."
And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:
"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seïstan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all;
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave;
And I will spare thy host—yea, let them go—
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive—my bitterest foes,
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have—
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown;
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather, would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seïstan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;
And say—*O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!—
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age;
And I shall never end this life of blood."
Then at the point of death, Sohrab replied:—
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet. But thou shalt have it on that day
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt, blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."
And Rustum gazed on Sohrab's face, and said:—
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."
He spoke: and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish. But the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream; all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soiled—
Like the soiled tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank
By romping children, whom their nurses call
From the hot fields at noon. His head drooped low;
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face.
Till now all strength was ebbed, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left.

And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps,
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward; the Tartars by the river marge.
And Rustum and his son were left alone.
But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon. He flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunje,
Brimming, and bright, and large. Then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents—that for many a league
The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand, and matted, rushy isles—
Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere—
A foiled, circuitous wanderer. Till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said:
"O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the goddess spake;—old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms,
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he, also, hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it; but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
"O father! sayest thou nothing? Hearest thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still;
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs:
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athene, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes—
But, father, to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers;

And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away—not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice:
"O father! if the ships are now detained,
And all your vows move not the gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them; and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried:
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe.
What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief comes these bewailing?
"A tower is fallen, a star is set! Alas! alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock—three times they cry—and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they, mustering, stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch:
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery.—"Alas! alas for Celin!"
Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood—
'Twas at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share;
But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are bewailing—
For he was Granada's darling knight—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,—
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;
His dark, dark eyes are closed; his rosy lip is pale;
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;
And ever more the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing—
Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands—the Moor stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments of crimson, green and blue;

Before each gate the bier stands still—then bursts the loud bewailing
From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye:
'T was she that nursed him at her breast—that nursed him long ago;
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing—
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas! alas for Celin!"

MOORISH BALLAD.

Translation of J. G. LOCKHART.

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD.

ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA, WHICH, IN THE ARABIC LANGUAGE, IS TO THE FOLLOWING PURPORT:

THE Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Wo is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Wo is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Wo is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Wo is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain.
Wo is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Wo is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor,
In these words the king before:
"Wherefore call on us, O king?
What may mean this gathering?"
Wo is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow—
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."
Wo is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see:
"Good king! thou art justly served—
Good king! this thou hast deserved.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee,
Of Cordova the chivalry.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O king! is sent
On thee a double chastisement;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Wo is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes
The monarch's wrath began to rise;

Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:"—
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.
Wo is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The king hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased—
Wo is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier, and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish monarch know
That to him I nothing owe.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the king his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost; another, wealth or fame.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Wo is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's walls with speed
'T was carried, as the king decreed.
Wo is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Wo is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Wo is me, Alhama!

ANONYMOUS (Spanish).
Translation of LORD BYRON.

THE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west—
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, liberty, thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose;
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred—forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven, who now are one—
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed—
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars, of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray—
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left—
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp;
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er;
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone;
And we were three—yet, each alone.
We could not move a single pace;
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together, yet apart—
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;
'T was still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each—
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound—not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three;
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do, and did, my best—
And each did well in his degree.

The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven—
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distrest
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free),
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer 's gone—
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was, as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but other's ills;
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy; but not in chains to pine.
His spirit withered with their clank;
I saw it silently decline—
And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine!
But yet I forced it on, to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls.
A thousand feet in depth below,
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthrals;
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked.
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high,
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked;
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined;
I said his mighty heart declined.
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men,
Like brutes, within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought;
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laughed, and laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant—
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,

His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care—for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free—
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I 've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I 've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion;
I 've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise;
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most.
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
 called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him: I found him not.
I only stirred in this black spot;
I only lived—I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still—
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew.
First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too.
I had no thought, no feeling—none:
Among the stones I stood a stone;
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night—it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight;
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness, without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime;
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death—
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

X.

A light broke in upon my brain—
 It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again—
 The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then, by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track:
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;

I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done;
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before—
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine;
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine—
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—heaven forgive that thought, the while
Which made me both to weep and smile!—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal well I knew;
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate—
My keepers grew compassionate.
I know not what had made them so—
They were inured to sights of woe;
But so it was—my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain;
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun—
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall:
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me;
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery.
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same;
They were not changed, like me, in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide, long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile—
The only one in view;
A small, green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous, each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast—
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;

And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save;
And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count, I took no note—
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last came men to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be;
I learned to love despair.
And thus, when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a sacred home.
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play—
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

THE SEA.

THROUGH the night, through the night,
In the saddest unrest,
Wrapt in white, all in white,
With her babe on her breast,
Walks the mother so pale,
Staring out on the gale
Through the night!

Through the night, through the night,
Where the sea lifts the wreck,
Land in sight, close in sight,
On the surf-flooded deck
Stands the father so brave,
Driving on to his grave
Through the night!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold grey morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE NORTON.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing—
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'T was vain:—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing.
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

Toll for the brave—
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset—
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone—
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea—
The ship was still as she might be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay—
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring—
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float:
Quoth he, "My men, pull out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.

Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the rover sailed away—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They could not see the sun on high;
The wind had blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
O Christ! it is the Inchcape rock!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm;
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
Oh say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the mast went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem o'er;

And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! thou hast blest me—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear?
'T is the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright—
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid—
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How 's my boy—my boy?"
"What 's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There 's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How 's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I 'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no—
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no—

Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'"—
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
"That good ship went down."

"How 's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor—
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how 's my John?"—
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How 's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I 'm not their mother—
How 's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How 's my boy—my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he 'll hear the tempest howling—
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty;
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, he did his duty;
But now he 's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed—
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he 'd sing so blithe and jolly—
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

THE moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep
That his heart it grew weary;
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroidered the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander;
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him;
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom!

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you!—
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corpse of your lover!

JAMES HOGG.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'T was in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
And lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod;
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal—
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned—the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
The sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:
My gentle boy, remember! this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"O heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at sleep;
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime;
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime—

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave!
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight—
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began—
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there—
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep—
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Aye, though he 's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

YOUNG AIRLY.

KEN ye aught of brave Lochiel?
Or ken ye aught of Airly?
They have belted on their bright broad swords,
And off and awa' wi' Charlie.
Now bring me fire, my merry, merry men,
And bring it red and yarely—
At mirk midnight there flashed a light
O'er the topmost towers of Airly.

What lowe is yon, quo' the gude Lochiel,
Which gleams so red and rarely?
By the God of my kin, quo' young Ogilvie,
It 's my ain bonnie hame of Airly!
Put up your sword, said the brave Lochiel,
And calm your mood, quo' Charlie;
Ere morning glow we 'll raise a lowe
Far brighter than bonnie Airly.

Oh, yon fair tower 's my native tower!
Nor will it soothe my mourning,
Were London palace, tower, and town,
As fast and brightly burning.
It 's no my hame—my father's hame,
That reddens my cheek sae sairlie—
But my wife, and twa sweet babes I left
To smoor in the smoke of Airly.

ANONYMOUS.

A SNOW-STORM.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

I.

'T is a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full; but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

II.

All day had the snow come down—all day
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sun-set, lay
Some two or three feet, or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curbs gone;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the norther, see! on the mountain peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, ho-ho! ho-ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

III.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,
Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair.
He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls;
He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet—
Pray what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain—
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;
His hands were numb and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

IV.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For a while he strives with a wistful cry
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

V.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er—
'T is the hour of midnight, past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast.
The silent moon with her peaceful light
Looks down on the hills with snow all white
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
Are they who came from the town—
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown—

In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head and the reins in his hand—
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

THE HUNTER'S VISION.

Upon a rock that, high and sheer,
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared to the soft summer air
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between;
And rivers glimmered on their way,
By forests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound,
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A strain, so soft and low
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know;
With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,
"Thou faint with toil and heat,
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky
Amid the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze,
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank.
He saw the glittering streams; he heard
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right towards his resting place,
And stretched her hand and called his name,
With that sweet smiling face.
Forward with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned in act to rise:

Forward he leaned—and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,
An instant, in his fall—
A frightful instant, and no more;
The dream and life at once were o'er.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!
She hath seen her happy day—
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies—sweet love!
Good she was, and fair in youth;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, for evermore—
For ever—evermore!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE MAY QUEEN.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year—
Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be queen o' the May.

II.

There 's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There 's Margaret and Mary, there 's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say:
So I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be queen o' the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, and garlands gay;
For I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be queen o' the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be queen o' the May.

V.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white;
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be queen o' the May.

VI.

They say he 's dying all for love—but tha can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There 's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day;
And I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be queen o' the May.

VII.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you 'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away;
And I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be queen o' the May.

VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;
And I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be queen o' the May.

IX.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day;
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

X.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I 'm to be queen o' the May.

XI.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year:
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I 'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I 'm to be queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I.

If you 're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see—
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

II.

To-night I saw the sun set—he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the new-year 's coming up, mother; but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

III.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day—
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

IV.

There 's not a flower on all the hills—the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high—
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

V.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

VI.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill—
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

VII.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

VIII.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll
forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my
cheek and brow;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your
grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother—you
have another child.

X.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out
my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall
look upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken
what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think
I'm far away.

XI.

Good-night! good-night! when I have said
good-night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold
of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave
be growing green—
She'll be a better child to you than ever I
have been.

XII.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary
floor.
Let her take 'em—they are hers; I shall never
garden more.
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the
rose-bush that I set
About the parlor-window, and the box of
mignonette.

XIII.

Good-night, sweet mother! Call me before
the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at
morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad
new-year—
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early,
mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive
I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating
of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of
the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now
the violet's here.

II.

Oh sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath
the skies;
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me
that cannot rise;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the
flowers that blow;
And sweeter far is death than life, to me that
long to go.

III.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave
the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet,
His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find
release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told
me words of peace.

IV.

Oh blessings on his kindly voice, and on his
silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he
meet me there!
Oh blessings on his kindly heart and on his
silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt be-
side my bed.

V.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught
me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp was lighted late,
there's One will let me in.
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if
that could be;
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died
for me.

VI.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat—
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

VII.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call—
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

VIII.

For lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both—and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

IX.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed;
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

X.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It 's not for them—it 's mine;"
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars—
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.

XI.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But Effie, you must comfort her when I am past away.

XII.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There 's many worthier than I would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

XIII.

Oh look! the sun begins to rise! the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

XIV.

Oh sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

XV.

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

The wanton troopers, riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill—
Nor do I for all this, nor will;
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, oh my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of every thing;
And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain—
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean—their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain;
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.
Inconstant Sylvio! when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me; nay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do:
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear!"
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled—
This waxed tame, while he grew wild;
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.
Thenceforth, I set myself to play
My solitary time away,
With this; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game. It seemed to bless
Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? Oh I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.
Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did—his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.
With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white—shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'T was on those little silver feet!
With what a pretty, skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race!
And when 't had left me far away,
'T would stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler, much, than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own—
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed;
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
Oh help! oh help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so

The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.
I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears; and fill
It, till it do o'erflow, with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.
Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermins pure.
Oh do not run too fast! for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.
First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too! But there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep though I be stone;
Until my tears, still drooping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary—
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! Drowned!"—HAMLET.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it!
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly—
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

SLEEP!—The ghostly winds are blowing!
No moon abroad—no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
('T was melted away by his looks of fire)—
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we 'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel—the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,
But fly—fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps—and die!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags,

That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright!—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

INTO the silent land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand;
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither!
Into the silent land?

Into the silent land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land!

O land! O land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed—
Into the silent land!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS. (German.)
Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

TREAD softly! bow the head—
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll;
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow!
There 's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter!—no crowds attend—
Enter!—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp—and then
The parting groan!

Oh! change—oh! wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

SLOWLY, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his lone home;
Short grows the homeward road—
On with your mortal load!—
O grave! we come.

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not
Past each remembered spot
Where he hath been—
Where late he walked in glee,
These from henceforth to be
Never more seen!

Rest ye—set down the bier!
One he loved dwelleth here;
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet!—
"O friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend—more than brother!)
How hand in hand we've gone,
Heart with heart linked in one—
All to each other?

"O friend! I go from thee—
Where the worm feasteth free,
Darkly to dwell;
Giv'st thou no parting kiss?
Friend! is it come to this?
O friend, farewell!"

Uplift your load again!
Take up the mourning strain—
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail!

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move!
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate!
Will the dead speak again—
Utt'ring proud boasts, and vain
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose—
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
"O thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me,
Ere hence I go.

"Curse not thy foemen now—
Mark! on his pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pardoning I pass thy way;
Then wage not war with clay—
Pardon—forget!"

Now all his labor's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
O grave, we come!
Seal up the precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot—
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none—
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!—
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed—
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THOMAS NOEL.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

A DEATH-BED.

Her suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?

Peace! what can tears avail?
She lies all dumb and pale,
And from her eye
The spirit of lovely life is fading—
And she must die!
Why looks the lover wroth—the friend upbraiding?
Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long
'Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?
Then why not die?
Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,
And hopeless lie?
Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?
Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms!
And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
The angels lie!
Wilt bear her there, O death! in all her whiteness?
Reply, reply!

BARRY CORNWALL.

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her, together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit;

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in nature's school—
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day—
A bliss that would not go away—
A sweet fore-warning?

CHARLES LAMB.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud;
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad song would not be absent long,
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.
But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone—
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn;
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream—
Ay me! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there; for what could that have done?
What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? what need they? they are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth!
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more!
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE HON. EDWARD ERNEST VILLIERS.

I.

A GRACE though melancholy, manly too,
Moulded his being; pensive, grave, serene,
O'er his habitual bearing and his mien
Unceasing pain, by patience tempered, threw
A shade of sweet austerity. But seen
In happier hours and by the friendly few,
That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn,
And fancy light and playful as a fawn,
And reason imped with inquisition keen,
Knowledge long sought with ardor ever new,
And wit love-kindled, showed in colors true
What genial joys with sufferings can consist.
Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist
Touched by the brightness of the golden dawn,
Aërial heights disclosing, valleys green,
And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

II.

And even the stranger, though he saw not these,
Saw what would not be willingly passed by.
In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
A simple grace and gentle dignity,
That failed not at the first accost to please;
And as reserve relented by degrees,
So winning was his aspect and address,
His smile so rich in sad felicities,
Accordant to a voice which charmed no less,
That who but saw him once remembered long,
And some in whom such images are strong
Have hoarded the impression in their heart
Fancy's fond dreams and memory's joys among,
Like some loved relic of romantic song,
Or cherished masterpiece of ancient art.

III.

His life was private; safely led, aloof
From the loud world,—which yet he understood

Largely and wisely, as no worldling could.
For he by privilege of his nature proof
Against false glitter, from beneath the roof
Of privacy, as from a cave, surveyed
With steadfast eye its flickering light and shade,
And gently judged for evil and for good.
But whilst he mixed not for his own behoof
In public strife, his spirit glowed with zeal,
Not shorn of action, for the public weal,—
For truth and justice as its warp and woof,
For freedom as its signature and seal.
His life thus sacred from the world, discharged
From vain ambition and inordinate care,
In virtue exercised, by reverence rare
Lifted, and by humility enlarged,
Became a temple and a place of prayer.
In latter years he walked not singly there;
For one was with him, ready at all hours
His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share,
Who buoyantly his burthens helped to bear,
And decked his altars daily with fresh flowers.

IV.

But farther may we pass not; for the ground
Is holier than the muse herself may tread;
Nor would I it should echo to a sound
Less solemn than the service for the dead.
Mine is inferior matter,—my own loss,—
The loss of dear delights for ever fled,
Of reason's converse by affection fed,
Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.
Friend of my youth! though younger yet my guide,
How much by thy unerring insight clear
I shaped my way of life for many a year,
What thoughtful friendship on thy death-bed died!
Friend of my youth! whilst thou wast by my side
Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath;
How like a charm thy life to me supplied
All waste and injury of time and tide,
How like a disenchantment was thy death!

HENRY TAYLOR.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The muckle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stockfish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He 's gane! he 's gane! he 's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' todlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae linn to linn.

Mourn, little harebells owre the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers!

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins, whiddin' through the glade.
Come, join my wail!

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He 's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake!

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay!
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the weary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my cantie strains;
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow!

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear;
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up his head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that 's dead!

Then autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he 's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I 'll wait
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

ROBERT BURNS.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread!
Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
In honor of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surpliced train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mouldering bone,
Each sculptured stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now, let the sacred organ blow,
With solemn pause, and sounding slow;
Now, let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul—

To lift it to the Maker's praise,
Who first informed our frame with breath
And, after some few stormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes;
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
To One, supremely good and wise,
Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
And man most happy when he dies!
His winter past,
Fair spring at last
Receives him on her flowery shore;
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more!

DAVID MALLETT.

GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER CAULD.

GANE were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld 's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death 's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear;
I 'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by you blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread—
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font re-appearing
From the rain-drops shall borrow;
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH! breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

A DIRGE.

I.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast—
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

II.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

III.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chanteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

IV.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.
Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

V.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep
Bramble roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.
Let them rave.
These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

VI.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine,
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broid'ry of the purple clover.
Let them rave.
Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

VII.

Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused—
But let them rave.
The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great—
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

SHAKESPEARE.

DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes!
O paragon, and pearl of praise!
O virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the maiden traine! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground;
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffodill,
And other flowers, lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou, wonder of all maids, rest here—
Of daughters all, the deerest deere;
The eye of virgins; nay, the queen
Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meades from whence we get
The primrose and the violet.

Too soone, too deere, did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad losse, our liberty;
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet
Thou paid'st the debt;
Lamented maid! he won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch, and victor's song;
He slew the Ammonites we know—
But to thy woe;
And in the purchase of our peace
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine
We offer here, before thy shrine,
Our sighs for storax, teares for wine;
And, to make fine
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here
Four times bestrew thee every yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears;
Receive this offering of our haires;
Receive these christall vials, filled
With tears distilled
From teeming eyes; to these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe; besides, these caules,
These laces, ribbands, and these faules—
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide
The bashfull bride,
When we conduct her to her groome;
All, all we lay upon thy tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;
No more, at yeerly festivalls,
We cowslip balls,
Or chaines of columbines, shall make
For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no! our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee;
'T is we are dead, though not i' th' grave;
Or if we have
One seed of life left, 't is to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise;
May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense;
Let balme and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument.

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir
A wing about thy sepulchre;
No boysterous winds or storms come hither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth; but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers;
May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male incense burn
Upon thine altar; then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

ROBERT HERRICK.

DIRGE.

"Oh dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where I and my true-love may sleep!"
We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where thou and thy true love shall sleep!

"And let it be five fathom low,
Where winter winds may never blow!"
And it shall be five fathoms low,
Where winter winds shall never blow!

"And let it be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!"
And it shall be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!

"And plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!"
We'll plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!

"And set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!"
We'll set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!

"And let the ruddock build his nest
Just above my true-love's breast!"—
The ruddock he shall build his nest
Just above thy true-love's breast!—

"And warble his sweet wintry song
O'er our dwelling all day long!"
And he shall warble his sweet song
O'er your dwelling all day long.

"Now, tender friends, my garments take,
And lay me out for Jesus' sake!"
And we will now thy garments take,
And lay thee out for Jesus' sake!

"And lay me by my true-love's side,
That I may be a faithful bride!"
We'll lay thee by thy true-love's side,
That thou may'st be a faithful bride!

"When I am dead, and buried be,
Pray to God in heaven for me!"
Now thou art dead, we'll bury thee,
And pray to God in heaven for thee!
Benedicite!

William Stanley Roscoe.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen—
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

William Collins.

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love, and all its smart—
Then sleep, dear, sleep!
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love, and all its smart—
Then die, dear, die!
'T is deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou 'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

BRIDAL SONG AND DIRGE.

A CYPRESS-BOUGH and a rose-wreath sweet,
A wedding-robe and a winding-sheet,
A bridal-bed and a bier!
Thine be the kisses, maid,
And smiling love's alarms;
And thou, pale youth, be laid
In the grave's cold arms:
Each in his own charms—
Death and Hymen both are here.
So up with scythe and torch,
And to the old church porch,
While all the bells ring clear;
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

Now tremble dimples on your cheek—
Sweet be your lips to taste and speak,
For he who kisses is near:
By her the bridegod fair,
In youthful power and force;
By him the grizard bare,
Pale knight on a pale horse,
To woo him to a corse—
Death and Hymen both are here.
So up with scythe and torch,
And to the old church porch,
While all the bells ring clear;
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

DIRGE.

I.

SOFTLY!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying of a broken heart.

II.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

III.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to heaven has past!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod low-lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying
Sorrow here.

Yes, they 're ever bending o'er her
Eyes that weep;
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above—
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

A BRIDAL DIRGE.

Weave no more the marriage chain!
All unmated is the lover;
Death has ta'en the place of pain;
Love doth call on love in vain;
Life and years of hope are over!

No more want of marriage bell!
No more need of bridal favor!
Where is she to wear them well?
You beside the lover, tell!
Gone—with all the love he gave her!

Paler than the stone she lies—
Colder than the winter's morning!
Wherefore did she thus despise
(She with pity in her eyes)
Mother's care, and lover's warning?

Youth and beauty—shall they not
Last beyond a brief to-morrow?
No—a prayer and then forgot!
This the truest lover's lot,
This the sum of human sorrow!

Barry Cornwall.

DIRGE.

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh, where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!
When shower and singing bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill;
Low on sweet nature's breast
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind?
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew,
Thence, in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh, then, where wild-flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE PHANTOM.

Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old, familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled upwards
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room—
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices, that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door—
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDST thou heare what man can say
In a little?—reader, stay!
Underneath this stone doth lye
As much beauty as could dye;
Which in life did harbor give
To more vertue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth—
Th' other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it dyed to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

BEN JONSON.

ICHABOD.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not—the tempter hath
A snare for all!
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb is passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! Would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now;
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE LOST LEADER.

I.

Just for a handful of silver he left us;
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed.
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen;
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then—record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

ON THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST,

AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

The castle clock had tolled midnight.
With mattock and with spade—
And silent, by the torches' light—
His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name; that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secrets should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead!" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmured, "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam from the arch's height
Streamed, as we placed the stone;
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then
That shook along the walls,
Whilst the sad shades of mailed men
Were gazing on the stalls.

'T is gone!—Again on tombs defaced
Sits darkness more profound;
And only by the torch we traced
The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilling, freezing air
Without blew long and loud;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer,
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,—
No name, no trace appears!
And when we closed the sounding door,
We thought of him with tears.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he 'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we knew by the distant random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE.

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, the leaves were green—
Blithely the birds were singing;
The cymbals replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken—
When every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
To the muffled drums, deep rolling,
While the minute-gun, with its solemn roar,
Drowned the death-bells' tolling.

The time—since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried—
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

A daughter beloved, a queen, a son,
And a son's sole child, have perished;
And sad was each heart, save only the one
By which they were fondest cherished;

For his eyes were sealed and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness—
Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness;

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread
Unvexed by life's commotion,
Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,
 Though the stream of life kept flowing;
When they spoke of our king, 't was but to say
 The old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
 By weakness rent asunder,
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
 To the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in the dust,
 Death's hand his slumbers breaking;
For the coffined sleep of the good and just
 Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn;
 And should sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when in turn
 We lay our heads beside him.

HORACE SMITH.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British channel;
 The day was just begun;
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
 And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover,
 Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
 Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
 The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared, at drum-beat, from their stations
 On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
 That all was well!

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
 Replied the distant forts—
As if to summon from his sleep the warden
 And lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
 No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black forts' embrazure,
 Awaken with their call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
 The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-marshal
 Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
 In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the destroyer,
 The rampart wall has scaled!

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper—
 The dark and silent room;
And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
 The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or dissemble,
 But smote the warden hoar—
Ah! what a blow!—that made all England tremble
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
 The sun rose bright o'erhead—
Nothing in nature's aspect intimated
 That a great man was dead!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

I.

TAKE back into thy bosom, earth,
This joyous, May-eyed morrow,
The gentlest child that ever mirth
Gave to be reared by sorrow!
'T is hard—while rays half green, half gold,
Through vernal bowers are burning,
And streams their diamond-mirrors hold
To summer's face returning—
To say we 're thankful that his sleep
Shall never more be lighter,
In whose sweet-tongued companionship
Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!

II.

But all the more intensely true
His soul gave out each feature
Of elemental love—each hue
And grace of golden nature—
The deeper still beneath it all
Lurked the keen jags of anguish;
The more the laurels clasped his brow
Their poison made it languish.
Seemed it that like the nightingale
Of his own mournful singing,
The tenderer would his song prevail
While most the thorn was stinging.

III.

So never to the desert-worn
Did fount bring freshness deeper,
Than that his placid rest this morn
Has brought the shrouded sleeper.
That rest may lap his weary head
Where charnels choke the city,
Or where, mid woodlands, by his bed
The wren shall wake its ditty;
But near or far, while evening's star
Is dear to hearts regretting,
Around that spot admiring thought
Shall hover, unforgetting.

IV.

And if this sentient, seething world
Is, after all, ideal,
Or in the immaterial furled
Alone resides the real,
Freed one! there 's a wail for thee this hour
Through thy loved elves' dominions;
Hushed is each tiny trumpet-flower,
And droopeth Ariel's pinions;
Even Puck, dejected, leaves his swing,
To plan, with fond endeavor,
What pretty buds and dews shall keep
Thy pillow bright for ever.

V.

And higher, if less happy, tribes—
The race of early childhood—
Shall miss thy whims of frolic wit,
That in the summer wild-wood,
Or by the Christmas hearth, were hailed,
And hoarded as a treasure
Of undecaying merriment
And ever-changing pleasure.
Things from thy lavish humor flung
Profuse as scents, are flying
This kindling morn, when blooms are born
As fast as blooms are dying.

VI.

Sublimer art owned thy control-
The minstrel's mightiest magic,
With sadness to subdue the soul,
Or thrill it with the tragic.
Now listening Aram's fearful dream,
We see beneath the willow
That dreadful thing, or watch him steal,
Guilt-lighted, to his pillow.
Now with thee roaming ancient groves,
We watch the woodman felling
The funeral elm, while through its boughs
The ghostly wind comes knelling.

VII.

Dear worshipper of Dian's face
In solitary places,
Shalt thou no more steal, as of yore,
To meet her white embraces?
Is there no purple in the rose
Henceforward to thy senses?
For thee have dawn and daylight's close
Lost their sweet influences?
No!—by the mental night untamed
Thou took'st to death's dark portal,
The joy of the wide universe
Is now to thee immortal!

VIII.

How fierce contrasts the city's roar
With thy new-conquered quiet!—
This stunning hell of wheels that pour
With princes to their riot!
Loud clash the crowds—the busy clouds
With thunder-noise are shaken,
While pale, and mute, and cold, afar
Thou liest, men-forsaken.
Hot life reeks on, nor recks that one
—The playful, human-hearted—
Who lent its clay less earthiness,
Is just from earth departed.

B. SIMMONS.

WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD, RED EARTH AM SLEEPING.

When I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break—
When the swoll'n streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make—
Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping—
The great and small—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned,
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed—
A weakness and a wickedness, to borrow
From hearts that bleed
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart!
And, though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain—for time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies—
The poet of the poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
Sin met thy brother every where!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care.
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,

He feared to scorn or hate;
But, honoring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,
He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little, more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

SOLITUDE.

IT is not that my lot is low
That makes this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan;
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead—
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too,
I start, and when the vision 's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

A LAMENT.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone;
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

The swallow, summer, comes again;
The owlet, night, resumes her reign;
But the wild swan, youth, is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow;
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead—
Pansies let my flowers be;
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

A LAMENT.

O WORLD! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—oh, never more!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"CALM IS THE NIGHT."

Calm is the night, and the city is sleeping—
Once in this house dwelt a lady fair;
Long, long ago, she left it, weeping;
But still the old house is standing there.

Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,
Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case;
He turns to the moonlight, his countenance baring—
Oh, heaven! he shows me my own sad face!

Shadowy form, with my own agreeing!
Why mockest thou thus, in the moonlight cold,
The sorrows which here once vexed my being,
Many a night in the days of old?

Henry Heine. (German.)
Translation of Charles G. Leland.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red, above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea—
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there—
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
No maiden was by their side!"

Ludwig Uhland. (German.)
Translation of Henry W. Longfellow.

MOTHER AND POET.

Turin—after news from Gaeta. 1861.

I.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

II.

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
For ever instead.

III.

What art can a woman be good at? oh, vain!
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And I, proud by that test.

IV.

What art's for a woman! To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat

Cling, struggle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to dote.

V.

To teach them. . . It stings there. I made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country," I taught them no doubt
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

VI.

And when their eyes flashed. . . O my beautiful eyes! . .
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one kneels!
—God! how the house feels!

VII.

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

VIII.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

IX.

I bore it;—friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

X.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two . . would be with me ere long:
And 'viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

XI.

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

XII.

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:
—"Shot.
Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother; not "mine."
No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

XIII

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so
The above and below.

XIV.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mother! stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

XV.

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature; We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.
And when Italy 's made, for what end is it done,
If we have not a son?

XVI.

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta 's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short.—

XVII.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead,)

XVIII.

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly!—My country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy 's there,—with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair.

XIX.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into such wail as this!—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

XX.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE FISHING SONG.

Down in the wide, gray river
The current is sweeping strong;
Over the wide, gray river
Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing,
The song falls with the oar;
And an echo in both is ringing,
I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current
The song brings back to me
A cry from mortal silence
Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,
Love that had died of wrong,
Hearts that are dead in living,
Come back in the fisherman's song.

I see the maples leafing,
Just as they leafed before;
The green grass comes no greener
Down to the very shore—

With the rude strain swelling, sinking,
In the cadence of days gone by,
As the oar, from the water drinking,
Ripples the mirrored sky.

Yet the soul hath life diviner;
Its past returns no more,
But in echoes, that answer the minor
Of the boat-song, from the shore.

And the ways of God are darkness;
His judgment waiteth long;
He breaks the heart of a woman
With a fisherman's careless song.

ROSE TERRY.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

BREAK, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me,

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

TEARS, idle tears! I know not what they mean.
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O death in life! the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PART VIII.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

I know more than Apollo;
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping.
The moon embraces her shepherd;
And the queen of love her warrior;
While the first doth horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

With a host of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander—
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander;
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to tourney,
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end—
Methinks it is no journey!

Tom o' Bedlam.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

On Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to be,
Where manye a knighte cry'd, Well-awaye!—
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these wordes did saye:

"Nowe, as you are mine uncle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye
Oh meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye!

"For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knighte,
Who will within this moneth be backe,
And will assiste yee in the fighte."

The kinge then called his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye,
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsayle gave:
That, earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred, on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe,
The beste of all his companye,
To holde the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

For he durste not his uncle truste,
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell;
Alacke! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte,
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte,

An addere crepte forthe of a bushe,
Stunge one o' the king's knightes on the knee;
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there,
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe—
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde
They joyned battayle instantlye;
Till of so manye noble knightes
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slaine that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye;
Ah mee! it was a bloodye fielde,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn, duke of Gloster, free—
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes
All dead and scattered on the molde,
The teares fast trickled downe his face—
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

"Nowe reste yee all, brave knights," he said—
"Soe true and faithful to your trust!
And must yee then, yee valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into dust?

"Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe;
And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe!

"But see, the traitor 's yet alive!
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!
Nowe bitterlye he shall abye,
And vengeance fall upon his head."

"Oh staye, my liege!" then sayd the duke;
"Oh staye for love and charitie!
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee."

"Oh staye mee not, thou worthye wight!
This debt my loyal knights I owe;
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe."

Then straite he grasped his trusty speare,
And on his horse then mounted hee:
As his butler holpe him to his horse
His bowels gushed to his knee.

"Alas!" then sayd the noble king,
"That I should live this sight to see!—
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee!"

He put his speare into his reste.
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye:
"Nowe sette thyself upon thy guarde!
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye!"

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee,
The king his speare he through him thrust—
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe,
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered,
Presentlye upon that tree;
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge,
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake:
"Sir knighte, thou hast been faithfulle tryde;
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,
That hangs so freelye by my syde—

"Oh take my sworde Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe;
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

"And fare thee well, thou trustye sword!
A better neer had valiant knighte;
With thee full ofte, and many a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

"With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reapd the bloody feelde;
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde."

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his owne sword in threwe he;
But he kept back Excalibar—
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade,
And all the hilte of precious stone:
"And ever alacke!" then sayd the knighte,
"Must such a sword awaye be throwne?"

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who sayd, "Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?"—
"Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
Blewe oer the waters faire and free."

"Oh goe againe," then said the kinge,
"O good Syr Lukyn, goe againe!
Into the rivere throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine."

The duke then to the river went,
And the king's scabbard in threwe hee;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, "Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?"
"Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angrye waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the kinge,
"Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye!
Alacke! whom may wee ever truste,
When suche a knighte soe false can bee?

"Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye?
Now goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye."

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No aunswere made unto the kinge;
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
And flourished three times in the air;
Then sunke benethe the renninge streme,
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke—
He stood as still as still mote bee;
Then hastend backe to tell the kinge—
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after hee did him see;
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.

And whether the kinge were there or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde;
For from that sad and direfulle daye
Hee never more was seene on molde.

ANONYMOUS.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee;
"All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

"Oh no, oh no, Thomas!" she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas!" she said
"Harp and carp along wi' me!
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me."—
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said—
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

And they rade on, and farther on—
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee!
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

"Oh see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness—
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elfyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

Oh they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas—
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is mine ain;" true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WEE WEE MAN.

As I was walking by my lane,
Atween a water and a wa,
There sune I spied a wee, wee man—
He was the least that ere I saw.

His legs were scant a shathmont's length,
And sma and limber was his thie;
Between his een there was a span,
Betwixt his shoulders there were ells three

He has tane up a meikle stane,
And flang 't as far as I cold see;
Ein thouch I had been Wallace wicht,
I dought na lift it to my knie.

"O wee, wee man, but ye be strang!
Tell me whar may thy dwelling be?"
"I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir—
Oh will ye gae wi me and see?"

On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we cam to a bonny green;
We lichted syne to bait our steid,
And out there cam a lady sheen—

Wi four and twentie at her back,
A comely cled in glistering green;
Thouch there the king of Scots had stude,
The warst micht weil hae been his queen.

On syne we past wi wondering cheir,
 Till we cam to a bonny ha;
The roof was o' the beaten gowd,
 The flure was o' the crystal a'.

When we cam there, wi wee, wee knichts
 War ladies dancing, jimp and sma;
But in the twinkling of an eie
 Baith green and ha war clein awa.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
 The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin, I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.
 What revell rout
 Is kept about
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee,
 And merrie be,
 And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I flye
 About the aery welkin soone,
And in a minute's space descrye
 Each thing that 's done belowe the moone.
 There 's not a hag
 Or ghost shall wag,
 Or cry 'ware goblins! where I go;
 But Robin, I,
 Their feates will spy,
 And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
 As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
 And call them on with me to roame.
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes,
 Or else unseene, with them I go—
 All in the nicke,
 To play some tricke,
 And frolick it with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man—
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
 To trip and trot about them round;
 But, if to ride,
 My backe they stride,
 More swift than wind away I goe;
 O'er hedge and lands,
 Through pools and ponds,
 I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
 With possets, and with junkets fine,
Unseene of all the company,
 I eat their cakes, and sip their wine;
 And to make sport,
 I fume and snort,
 And out the candles I do blow.
 The maids I kiss;
 They shrieke, Who 's this?
 I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
 At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe and take their ease,
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
 I grind at mill
 Their malt up still;
 I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
 If any wake,
 And would me take,
 I wend me laughing ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,
 I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bedd-clothes from the bedd pull I,
 And in their ear I bawl too-whoo!
 'Twixt sleepe and wake
 I do them take,
 And on the clay-cold floor them throw;
 If out they cry,
 Then forth I fly,
 And loudly laugh out ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow ought,
 We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we naught—
 Our owne is all we do desire.
 If to repay
 They do delay,

Abroad amongst them then I go;
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do
But study how to cog and lye,
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly,
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so.
When I have done
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loope holes, where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe,
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermin taken so;
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And to our fairye kinge and queene
We chaunt our moon-lighte minstrelsies.
When larkes gin singe
Away we flinge,
And babes new-born steale as we go;
And shoes in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And, for my prankes, men call me by
The name of Robin Good-Fellow.
Friends, ghosts, and sprites
Who haunt the nightes,
The hags and gobblins, do me know;
And beldames old
My feates have told—
So *vale, vale!* Ho, ho, ho!

ANONYMOUS.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

COME, follow, follow me—
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green—
Come, follow Mab, your queen!
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
There we pinch their arms and thighs—
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid;
For we use, before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our table cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups, filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stewed,
Is meat that's easily chewed;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve us for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

We dance on hills above the wind,
And leave our footsteps there behind;
Which shall to after ages last,
When all our dancing days are past.

Sometimes we dance upon the shore,
To whistling winds and seas that roar;
Then we make the wind to blow,
And set the seas a-dancing too.

The thunder's noise is our delight,
And lightnings make us day by night;
And in the air we dance on high,
To the loud music of the sky.

About the moon we make a ring,
And falling stars we wanton fling,
Like squibs and rockets, for a toy;
While what frights others is our joy.

But when we 'd hunt away our cares,
We boldly mount the galloping spheres;
And, riding so from east to west,
We chase each nimble zodiac beast.

Thus, giddy grown, we make our beds,
With thick, black clouds to rest our heads,
And flood the earth with our dark showers,
That did but sprinkle these our bowers.

Thus, having done with orbs and sky,
Those mighty spaces vast and high,
Then down we come and take the shapes,
Sometimes of cats, sometimes of apes.

Next, turned to mites in cheese, forsooth,
We get into some hollow tooth;
Wherein, as in a Christmas hall,
We frisk and dance, the devil and all.

Then we change our wily features
Into yet far smaller creatures,
And dance in joints of gouty toes,
To painful tunes of groans and woes.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG OF THE FAIRY.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see:
These be rubies, fairy favors—
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

SHAKESPEARE.

FAIRY SONG.

Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! oh weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core,
Dry your eyes! oh dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up! I flutter now
On this fresh pomegranate bough.
See me! 't is this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu!

JOHN KEATS.

SONG OF FAIRIES.

We the fairies, blithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic,
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;
Stolen kisses much completer;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels:
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then 's the time for orchard-robbing;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

THOMAS RANDOLPH. (Latin.)
Translation of LEIGH HUNT.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

A BALLAD.

I.

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II.

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest 's done.

III.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

IV.

I met a lady in the mead—
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

V.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

VI.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy song.

VII.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said—
"I love thee true."

VIII.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

IX.

And there she lulled me asleep;
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

X.

I saw pale kings and princes too—
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—"La belle dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

XI.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapéd wide;
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

XII.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS

KILMENY.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring—
The scarlet hypp, and the hind berry,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-bell rung;
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain—
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought both holt and den—
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever was seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been—
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.
In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene, Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer:
"What spirit has brought this mortal here!"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain,
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,

Till late this bonny maiden I saw,
As spotless as the morning snaw.
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye.
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she may never ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair;
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here;
Women are freed of the littand scorn;
Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we 've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it 's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"Oh, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
Oh, sweet to heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to heaven the words of truth
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kythe as the body fair!

"O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again—
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear—
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song—she heard it sung,
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn—
"Oh! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun—
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;
And the angels shall miss them, travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have dyed away,
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"—

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'T was like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
Oh, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From whence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow—
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought;
For now she lived in the land of thought.—
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies;
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light;
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame;
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung;
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth—
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale;
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk,
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting ee—
Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedes-man came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain.
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff, grim carle girnéd amain,
And they trampled him down—but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And, weening his head was danger-preef
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
He growled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He growled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven;
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her, fair unfurled,
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew;
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man.

She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the growl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven long years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens' een,
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain,
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The black-bird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began;
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But oh, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kend na whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

James Hogg

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer-night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind, old widow's corn.

"'Oh! the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She 'll be blithe enough when the mildew 's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,
For I 'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

OH! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS?

OH! where do fairies hide their heads,
When snow lies on the hills—
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
And crystallized their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain;
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving-bells,
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps, in red Vesuvius,
Carousals they maintain;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth,
And music in the air,
And fairy wings upon the earth,
And mischief every where.
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof,
When green leaves come again.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

"My visual orbs are purged from film, and, lo!
Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales,
I see old fairy land's miraculous show!
Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,
Her ouphs that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,
And fairies, swarming ——————."

TENNANT'S ANSTER FAIR.

I.

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest;
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still;
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
And nought is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III.

'T is the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,

To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('T was made of the white snail's pearly shell—)
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'T is the dawn of the fairy-day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

V.

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup;—
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away:—
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

VI.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

VII.

"Fairy! fairy! list and mark:
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment:
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be:

VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms;
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must reillume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

X.

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back;
He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,
He lashed her sides with an osier thong;
And now, through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

XI.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream;
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint and distant moans;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

XII.

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad;
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves;
With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste;
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong;

Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab;
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings;
They cut the wave with the living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading fay.

XIV.

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong;
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-bees rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side;
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin;
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain;
He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
Hopeless is the unequal fight,
Fairy! naught is left but flight.

XV.

He turned him round, and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet,
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise;
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes;
And they stunned his ears with the scallop-stroke,
With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.

Oh! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dogwood tree.
—Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore;
He blessed the force of the charméd line,
And he banned the water-goblin's spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moonshine
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the fairy wight.

XVI.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb lint he stanched the blood.
The mild west wind was soft and low,
It cooled the heat of his burning brow;
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
As he drank the juice of the calamus root;
And now he treads the fatal shore,
As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite:
'T is the middle wane of night;
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot wheels of light;
And vain are the spells of fairy-land—
He must work with a human hand.

XVIII.

He cast a saddened look around;
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple muscle-shell;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within;

A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle blade;
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave;
They had no power above the wave;
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She whimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
And momently athwart her track
The quarl upreared his island back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And patter the water about the boat;
But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side like lightning fell
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX.

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim;
Around him were the goblin train—
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head;
Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
And held his colen-goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprung above the waters blue.
Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged him in the deep again,
But he left an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.
It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there;
He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XXII.

A moment, and its lustre fell;
But ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew—
Joy to thee, fay! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—
Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII.

He turns, and, lo! on either side
The ripples on his path divide;
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half-swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleamy wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;
They swim around with smile and song;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along,
Toward the beach of speckled sand;
And, as he lightly leaped to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow;
Then gayly kissed each little hand,
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

XXIV.

A moment stayed the fairy there;
He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer;
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew;
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
It mingles with the hues of heaven;
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
Till lost in the shades of fading night:
So rose from earth the lovely fay—
So vanished, far in heaven away!

* * * * *

Up, fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour;
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies—
Up! thy charmed armor don,
Thou 'lt need it ere the night be gone.

XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katy-did forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone
And folded his wings till the fay was gone,
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time, on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear, and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier ouphe,
Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast;
He cannot see through the mantle murk;
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed, and spurs amain—
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare·
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind:
Howling the misty spectres flew,
They rend the air with frightful cries;
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The sphered moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
To tread the starry plain of even!
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way;
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein;
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI.

But, oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright:
She seemed to the entranced fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'T was tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,
And they leaped with smiles; for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly fay been seen.
Long she looked in his tiny face;
Long with his butterfly cloak she played;
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade;
And as he told, in accents low,
The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
And "O, sweet spirit of earth," she cried,
"Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide
In the land of everlasting light!
Within the fleecy drift we 'll lie,
We 'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
And all the jewels of the sky
Around thy brow shall brightly beam!
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orbed moon!
We 'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
We 'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
Their harps are of the umber shade
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;
But lovelier far, and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there;
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love,

For he thought upon her looks so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek;
Never again might he bask and lie
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye;
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his revery,
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy-knight,
To do my sentence-task aright;
My honor scarce is free from stain—
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now."
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye;
But she led him to the palace gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight,
Of clouds condensed, a sable car.
With charm and spell she blessed it there,
From all the fiends of upper air;
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud;
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky,
For by its wane and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away, he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 't is fitful and uneven,
And now 't is deadly pale;
And now 't is wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
And quenched is its rayless beam;
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its train behind
The elfin gallops along:
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
But the sylphid charm is strong;
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
And rides in the light of its rays.
But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

* * * * *

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither—hither wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song, and lute and lyre;
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark! from tower on tree-top high,
 The sentry-elf his call has made;
A streak is in the eastern sky,
 Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE FAIRIES.

UP the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a hunting
 For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
 The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
 He 's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
 On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long;
When she came down again
 Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
 To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a hunting
 For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL.

FAREWELL rewards and fairies!
 Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
 Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
 Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness
 Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeys,
 The fairies' lost command!
They did but change priests' babies,
 But some have changed your land;
And all your children, stoln from thence,
 Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
 For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad;
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labor,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness, those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine,
Were footed in Queen Marie's dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James, came in
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were *Ave-Maries*,
Their dances were procession.
But, now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled;
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punished sure;
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
Oh how the commonwelth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters,
A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters—
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks,
By one that I could name,
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who, every meale, can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true;
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle;
For all the fairies' evidence
Were lost if it were addle.

RICHARD CORBETT.

THE GREEN GNOME.

A MELODY.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

And I galloped and I galloped on my palfrey white as milk,
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of the silk;
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little drops of dew;
My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I went;
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and play,
Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die away;
And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,
I saw the green gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand.
Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,
And drew me from my palfrey white and set me on the ground.
Oh crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was green to see,
But he cried, "O light-haired lassie, you are bound to marry me!"
He clasped me round the middle small, he kissed me on the cheek,
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not stir or speak;
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he kissed again,
I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men.

Sing, sing! ring, ring! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

Oh faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,
So faintly, faintly, faintly rang the bells far away;
And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,
The ugly green green gnome became a tall and comely man:
His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes,
His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;
A pensive light from Faëryland still lingered on his cheek,
His voice was like the running brook, when he began to speak:
"Oh you have cast away the charm my step-dame put on me,
Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me free.
Oh I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,
And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be!"

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and I behind,
And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow, in the wind;
And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,
As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and loud,
And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the fells,
And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ARIEL'S SONGS.

I.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Court'sied when you have, and kissed,
(The wild waves whist!)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bowgh, wowgh.
The watch-dogs bark—
Bowgh, wowgh.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo.

II.

Full fathoms five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

III.

Where the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKESPEARE.

SONG.

HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep, long, lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee—
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE LORELEI.

I KNOW not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught:
'T is a tale of the olden ages,
That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool, and darkles;
The Rhine flows calmly on;
The mountain summit sparkles
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it;
And combing, low singeth she—
A song of a strange, sweet sadness,
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him,
The strain comes floating by;
He sees not the cliffs before him—
He only looks on high.

Ah! round him the dark waves, flinging
Their arms draw him slowly down—
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,
The Lorelei has done.

HENRY HEINE. (German.)
Translation of CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE WATER LADY.

I.

ALAS, that moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!—
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

II.

I staid awhile, to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

III.

I staid a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,
The bloom of water—tender blue,
Daintily spread.

IV.

I staid to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips, if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

V.

And still I staid a little more—
Alas! she never comes again!
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

VI.

I know my life will fade away—
I know that I must vainly pine;
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she 's divine!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WATER FAY.

THE night comes stealing o'er me,
And clouds are on the sea;
While the wavelets rustle before me
With a mystical melody.

A water-maid rose singing
Before me, fair and pale;
And snow-white breasts were springing,
Like fountains, 'neath her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,
Till I wished her arms away:
"Why hast thou so caressed me,
Thou lovely water fay?"

"Oh, thou need'st not alarm thee,
That thus thy form I hold;
For I only seek to warm me,
And the night is black and cold."

"The wind to the waves is calling,
The moonlight is fading away;
And tears down thy cheek are falling,
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"The wind to the waves is calling,
And the moonlight grows dim on the rocks;
But no tears from mine eyes are falling,
'Tis the water which drips from my locks."

"The ocean is heaving and sobbing,
The sea-mews scream in the spray;
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"My heart is wildly swelling,
And it beats in burning truth;
For I love thee, past all telling—
Thou beautiful mortal youth."

HENRY HEINE. (German.)
Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

SONG.

I.

A LAKE and a fairy boat,
To sail in the moonlight clear—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

II.

Thy gown should be snow-white silk;
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

III.

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky,
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below—
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten; aspens quiver;
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river,
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers;
And the silent isle imbowers
The lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges, trailed
By slow horses; and, unhailed,
The shallop flitteth, silken-sailed—
Skimming down to Camelot;
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land—
The lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river, winding clearly
Down to towered Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be;
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she—
The lady of Shalott.

And, moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near,
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls;
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad—
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page, in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding, two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true—
The lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights;
For often, through the silent nights,
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or, when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
The lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves
He rode between the barley sheaves;
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily,
As he rode down to Camelot;
And, from his blazoned baldric slung,
A mighty silver bugle hung;
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather;
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often, through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror:
"Tirra lirra," by the river,
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom;
She made three paces through the room;
She saw the water-lily bloom;
She saw the helmet and the plume;
She looked down to Camelot:
Out flew the web, and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning—
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came, and found a boat,
Beneath a willow left afloat;
And round about the prow she wrote
The lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away—
The lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white,
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along,
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song—
The lady of Shalott—

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly—
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot;
For ere she reached, upon the tide,
The first house by the water-side,
Singing, in her song she died—
The lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape, she floated by—
A corse between the houses high—
Silent, into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame;
And round the prow they read her name—
The lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the royal palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear—
All the knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space:
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace—
The lady of Shalott."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

COMUS, A MASK.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS, with his crew.
The LADY.
First BROTHER.
Second BROTHER.
SABRINA, the Nymph.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

The attendant SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth, and, with low-thoughted care
Confined, and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
To such my errand is; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task: Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents. But this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;
And all this tract, that fronts the falling sun,
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms;

Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovereign Jove,
I was despatched for their defence and guard;
And listen why—for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell. Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more;
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named;
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form, of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog or bearded goat—
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before;
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favored of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy—
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And, in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid,
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters, with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts—but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

COMUS. The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,

And Advice with scrupulous head;
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come! let us our rites begin—
'T is only daylight that makes us sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotytto! t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and befriend
Us, thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabined loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round!

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright some virgin sure,
(For so I can distinguish by mine art),
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well stocked, with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments; lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight—
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up, about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true—
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose, unlettered hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet oh! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me, then, when the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.

But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope—
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings—
And thou, unblemished form of chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the supreme good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassailed.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers; but
Such noise as I can make, to be heard farthest,
I'll venture, for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph—that livest unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well—
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night—
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I oft have heard
My mother Circe with the sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause;
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself.
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwellest here with Pan or Silvan, by blest song

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood!

LAD. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addressed to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COM. What chance, good 'ady, hath bereft you thus?

LAD. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COM. Could that divide you from near ushering guides?

LAD. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy? or why?

LAD. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

COM. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LAD. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

COM. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

LAD. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LAD. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COM. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LAD. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

COM. Two such I saw, what time the labored ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them, under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck;
And as I passed, I worshipped. If those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven
To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LAD. To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side—
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallat rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

LAD. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended; in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength. Shepherd, lead on!

Enter The Two BROTHERS.

1 BR. Unmuffle, ye faint stars! and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite dammed up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle from the wicker-hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us

With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian cynosure.
2 Br. Or if our eyes
Be barred that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'T would be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But oh that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now;
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears;
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
1 Br. Peace, brother! be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so—while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
2 Br. 'T is most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.
1 Br. I do not, brother,
Infer as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy;
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has hidden strength,
Which you remember not.
2 Br. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of heaven, if you mean that?
1 Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,

Which, if heaven gave it, may be termed her own:
'T is chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbored heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue, meagre hag, or stubborn, unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, forever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dashed brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal; but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 Br. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 Br. List! list! I hear
Some far off halloo break the silent air.

2 Br. Methought so, too; what should it be?

1 Br. For certain
Either some one like us, night-foundered here,
Or else some neighbor wood-man; or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 Br. Heaven keep my sister. Again, again, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

1 Br. I 'll halloo;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and heaven be for us.

The attendant Spirit, *habited like a Shepherd.*

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spi. What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.

2 Br. O brother, 't is my father's shepherd, sure.

1 Br. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram

Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequestered nook?
SPI. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But oh, my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
1 BR. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect we lost her as we came.
SPI. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.
1 BR. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.
SPI. I'll tell ye; 't is not vain or fabulous
(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
*And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charactered in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprint, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceased, and listened them awhile,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep;
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death; but oh, ere long,
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honored lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;
And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey,
Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbor villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here
But further know I not.

2 Br. O night and shades,
How are ye joined with hell in triple knot,
Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?
1 Br. Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me; against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal, restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damned magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life.
Spi. Alas! good venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead.
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.
1 Br. Why, prithee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?
Spi. Care, and utmost shifts
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Among the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil—
Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more medicinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He called it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovereign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I pursed it up; but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compelled;
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off; if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go), you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandished blade, rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his cursed crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire if he but shrink.
1 Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and the* LADY *set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

COM. Nay, lady, sit! if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
LAD. Fool, do not boast!
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while heaven sees good.
COM. Why are you vexed, lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far; see, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed;
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.
LAD. 'T will not, false traitor—
'T will not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With visored falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits, fit to insnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.
COM. Oh foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worshipped ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet despised,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility,
Th' earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,

The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozened
With that same vaunted name, virginity.
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shewn
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.

Lad. I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance;
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered with her store;
And then the giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast not ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more;
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this; yet 't is but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood.
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste—

The Brothers *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in; the attendant* Spirit *comes in.*

Spi. What! have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
Oh ye mistook! ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast: without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed, and motionless.
Yet stay! be not disturbed; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream;
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guileless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers strowed with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vialed liquors heals;
For which the shepherds, at their festivals,
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the mumming spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen, for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!
Listen, and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus;
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethy's grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance—
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

Sabrina *rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank

My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkois blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

SPI. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 't is my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest lady, look on me!
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venomed seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA *descends, and the* LADY *rises out of her seat.*

SPI. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung from old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills;
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, lady! while heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wished presence, and beside
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort,
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the president's castle; then come in country dancers; after them the attendant SPIRIT, *with the two* BROTHERS *and the* LADY.

SONG.

SPI. Back, shepherds, back! enough your play
Till next sun-shine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod—
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second song presents them to their father and mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
Here behold, so goodly grown,
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays,
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT *epiloguizes.*

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedared alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wand'ring labors long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done;
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin low doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON.

HYLAS.

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the water.
No cloud was seen; on blue and craggy Ida
The hot noon lay, and on the plain's enamel;
Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Scamander.
"Why should I haste?" said young and rosy Hylas:
"The seas were rough, and long the way from Colchis.
Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Jason,
Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther;
The shields are piled, the listless oars suspended
On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bondsmen
Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,
Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamander."

So said, unfilleting his purple chlamys,
And putting down his urn, he stood a moment,
Breathing the faint, warm odor of the blossoms
That spangled thick the lovely Dardan meadows.
Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins,
And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure;
Naked, save one light robe that from his shoulder
Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing
Of warm, white limbs, half-nerved with coming manhood,
Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.
Now to the river's sandy marge advancing,
He dropped the robe, and raised his head exulting
In the clear sunshine, that with beam embracing
Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.
For sacred to Latona's son is beauty,
Sacred is youth, the joy of youthful feeling.
A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylas,

Whence Jove-begotten Heracles, the mighty,
To men though terrible, to him was gentle,
Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter
When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulders
Dragged the huge paws of the Nemæan lion.

The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from his forehead,
Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom
Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly
Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips' parting,
Like a loose bow, that just has launched its arrow.
His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,
Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;
Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulders rounded
To the white arms and whiter breast between them.
Downward, the supple lines had less of softness:
His back was like a god's; his loins were moulded
As if some pulse of power began to waken;
The springy fulness of his thighs, outswerving,
Sloped to his knee, and, lightly dropping downward,
Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion.

He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored
In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it
On the smooth sole that answered at the surface:
Alas! the shape dissolved in glimmering fragments.
Then, timidly at first, he dipped, and catching
Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters
Swirled round his thighs, and deeper, slowly deeper,
Till on his breast the river's cheek was pillowed,
And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple
Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom
His white, round shoulder shed the dripping crystal.
There, as he floated, with a rapturous motion,
The lucid coolness folding close around him,
The lily-cradling ripples murmured, "Hylas!"
He shook from off his ears the hyacinthine
Curls, that had lain unwet upon the water,
And still the ripples murmured, "Hylas! Hylas!"
He thought: "The voices are but ear-born music.
Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is calling
From some high cliff that tops a Thracian valley;
So long mine ears, on tumbling Hellespontus,
Have heard the sea waves hammer Argo's forehead,
That I misdeem the fluting of this current
For some lost nymph—" Again the murmur, "Hylas!"
And with the sound a cold, smooth arm around him
Slid like a wave, and down the clear, green darkness
Glimmered on either side a shining bosom—
Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever closer
Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to his shoulders,
Their cheeks lay nestled, while the purple tangles,
Their loose hair made, in silken mesh enwound him.
Their eyes of clear, pale emerald then uplifting,
They kissed his neck with lips of humid coral,
And once again there came a murmur, "Hylas!
Oh, come with us! Oh, follow where we wander
Deep down beneath the green, translucent ceiling—
Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander
With cool white buds we braid our purple tresses,
Lulled by the bubbling waves around us stealing!
Thou fair Greek boy, oh come with us! Oh, follow
Where thou no more shalt hear Propontis riot,
But by our arms be lapped in endless quiet,

Within the glimmering caves of ocean hollow!
We have no love; alone, of all the immortals,
We have no love. Oh, love us, we who press thee
With faithful arms, though cold,—whose lips caress thee,—
Who hold thy beauty prisoned! Love us, Hylas!"
The sound dissolved in liquid murmurs, calling
Still as it faded, "Come with us! Oh follow!"

The boy grew chill to feel their twining pressure
Lock round his limbs, and bear him, vainly striving,
Down from the noonday brightness. "Leave me, naiads!
Leave me!" he cried; "the day to me is dearer
Than all your caves deep-sphered in ocean's quiet.
I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleasure:
I would not change this flexile, warm existence,
Though swept by storms, and shocked by Jove's dread thunder,
To be a king beneath the dark-green waters."
Still moaned the humid lips, between their kisses,
"We have no love. Oh, love us, we who love thee!"
And came in answer, thus, the words of Hylas:
"My love is mortal. For the Argive maidens
I keep the kisses which your lips would ravish.
Unlock your cold white arms—take from my shoulder
The tangled swell of your bewildering tresses.
Let me return: the wind comes down from Ida,
And soon the galley, stirring from her slumber,
Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight shadow
Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt city.
I am not yours—I cannot braid the lilies
In your wet hair nor on your argent bosoms
Close my drowsed eyes to hear your rippling voices.
Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal being,—
Your world of watery quiet. Help, Apollo!
For I am thine: thy fire, thy beam, thy music,
Dance in my heart and flood my sense with rapture;
The joy, the warmth and passion now awaken,
Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly sleeping.
Oh, leave me, naiads! loose your chill embraces,
Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pining."
But still with unrelenting arms they bound him,
And still, accordant, flowed their watery voices:
"We have thee now—we hold thy beauty prisoned;
Oh, come with us beneath the emerald waters!
We have no love; we love thee, rosy Hylas.
Oh, love us, who shall never more release thee—
Love us, whose milky arms will be thy cradle
Far down on the untroubled sands of ocean,
Where now we bear thee, clasped in our embraces."
And slowly, slowly sank the amorous naiads;
The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked through the water,
Pleading for help; but heaven's immortal archer
Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid his forehead;
And last, the thick, bright curls a moment floated,
So warm and silky that the stream upbore them,
Closing reluctant, as he sank for ever.

The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.
Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly
Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless billows.
The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,
And up the mast was heaved the snowy canvas.

But mighty Heracles, the Jove-begotten,
Unmindful stood, beside the cool Scamander,
Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys
Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before him:
And when he called, expectant, "Hylas! Hylas!"
The empty echoes made him answer—"Hylas!"

BAYARD TAYLOR.

RHŒCUS.

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race.
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel-twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
For, as in nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning, which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit: so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light
And earnest parables of inward lore.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of freedom, youth, and beauty still
As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall;
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.
But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
That murmured "Rhœcus!"—'T was as if the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it;
And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer than a breeze.
He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhœcus, I am the dryad of this tree—"
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words,
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew—
"And with it I am doomed to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
Answered: "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
"I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift;

An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak;
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And, far away upon an emerald slope,
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith,
Men did not think that happy things were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow bourne
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was blest;
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked;
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings—
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs,
As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,
"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again,
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee;
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disc of the setting sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the woods long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened well-nigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath, he reached the tree;
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close at hand—
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Nought but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "O, Rhœcus! never more
Shalt thou behold me, or by day or night—
Me, who would fain have blest thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart;
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruised wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes—
We ever ask an undivided love;
And he who scorns the least of nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."

Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it more!"

"Alas!" the voice returned, "'t is thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"
And Rhœcus after heard no other sound,
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gathered round him; o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze;
Beauty was all around him, and delight;
But from that eve he was alone on earth.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

AT midnight from his grave
The drummer woke and rose,
And beating loud the drum,
Forth on his errand goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms,
The drumsticks rise and fall;
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveillé and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round,
Old soldiers in their graves
To life start at the sound:

Both they in farthest north,
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And they who warm repose
Beneath Italian clay;

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath Arabian sand,
Their burial-place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave
The trumpeter arose,
And, mounted on his horse,
A loud, shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then
The cavalry are seen—
Old squadrons, erst renowned—
Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque their skulls
Smile grim; and proud their air,
As in their bony hands
Their long, sharp swords they bare.

At midnight from his tomb
The chief awoke and rose,
And, followed by his staff,
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
A coat quite plain wears he;
A little sword, for arms,
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the moon
A paly lustre threw;
The man with the little hat
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms—
Deep rolls the drum the while;
Recovering then, the troops
Before the chief defile.

Captains and generals round,
In circles formed, appear;
The chief to the first a word
Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,
Resounds along the line;
That word they give is—*France!*
The answer—*St. Hélène!*

'T is there, at midnight hour,
The grand review, they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held
In the Champs-Elysées!

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZEDLITZ. (German.)
Anonymous Translation.

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

An ancient mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"—
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still;
He listens like a three years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone—
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea;

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the mariner continueth his tale.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow—
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head—
The ship drove fast; loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird, called the albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an albatross—
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprang up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The ancient mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."

PART II.

"The sun now rose upon the right—
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind;
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo.

His shipmates cry out against the ancient mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow:
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist:
'T was right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reached the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down—
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A spirit had followed them—one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye—
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!—

The ancient mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist—

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

See! see! I cried, she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all a-flame;
The day was well nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I—and my heart beat loud—
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun.

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death? and are there two?
Is death that woman's mate?

The spectre-woman and her deathmate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy:
The night-mare, Life-in-Death, was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew!

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice:
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
No twilight within the courts of the sun. At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre bark.

At the rising of the moon, We listened, and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip;
The stars were dim, and thick the night—
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates drop down dead. Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan!)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient mariner. The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV.

The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him. "I FEAR thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—

But the ancient mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance. "Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm. The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on—and so did I.

And envied that they should live, and so many lie dead. I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men. The cold sweat melted from their limbs—
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse—
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected; and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival. The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway,
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white;
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire—
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

Oh happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware—
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind—
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud—
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag—
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose—
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me."

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"
"Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'T was not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest;
For when it dawned they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again—
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are—
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon—
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the line in obedience to the angelic troop; but still requireth vengeance

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound—
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air:

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross!

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

The polar spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance, long and heavy for the ancient mariner, hath been accorded to the polar spirit, who returneth southward.

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE.

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

The mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.'

The supernatural motion is retarded; the mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather;
'T was night, calm night—the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient mariner beholdeth his native country.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
Oh let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were;
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in their own forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand—
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand;
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice;
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood;
He 'll shrieve my soul—he 'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The hermit of the wood

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared—I heard them talk:
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights, so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look,'
The pilot made reply—
'I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard:

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread;
It reached the ship, it split the bay—
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient mariner is saved in the pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat span round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long; and all the while
His eyes went to and fro:
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient mariner earnestly entreateth the hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

'Oh shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'—
The hermit crossed his brow:
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale—
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me—
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea—
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends—
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach by his own example, love, and reverence to all things, that God made and loveth.

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone. And now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens, bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm, which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran—
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device—
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
I was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 't would win me
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air—
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! beware
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE, upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door:
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember! it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart,
I stood repeating,
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating
then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgive-
ness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently
you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at
my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here
I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever
dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the dark-
ness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the
whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured
back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul
within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat
louder than before:
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something
at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this
mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mys-
tery explore;—
'T is the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with
many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly
days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an in-
stant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above
my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy
into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the coun-
tenance it wore;
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
thou," I said, "art sure no craven—
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering
from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's
Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
discourse so plainly—
Though its answer little meaning, little rele-
vancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living
human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above
his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above
his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid
bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word
he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a
feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other
friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so
aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its
only stock and store—

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels, whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore—
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE FAIRY THORN.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

"Get up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel;
For your father 's on the hill, and your mother is asleep;
Come up above the crags, and we 'll dance a highland reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 't was thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair, in kirtles of the green;
And Anna laid the sock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween.

They 're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air;

And linking hand in hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,
Till they come to where the rowan trees in lovely beauty grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn gray.

The hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head gray and dim
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
And away in mazes wavy like skimming birds they go,
Oh, never caroll'd bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hush'd the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old white thorn between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together, silent, and stealing side by side,
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasp'd and prostrate all, with their heads together bow'd,
Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only human sound—
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three,
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws;

They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
But they dare not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of night the earth has rolled her dewy side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning-tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain—
They pined away and died within the year and day,
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE LEGEND OF THE STEPMOTHER.

I.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
Under the grass as I lay so deep,
As I lay asleep in my cotton serk
Under the shade of Our Lady's kirk,
I wakened up in the dead of night,
I wakened up in my death-serk white,
And I heard a cry from far away,
And I knew the voice of my daughter May:
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!
Mother, mother, come hither and see!
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here:
My body is bruised, and in pain I cry,
On straw in the darkness afraid I lie;
I thirst and hunger for drink and meat,
And mother, mother, to sleep were sweet!"
I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

II.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep;
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;
And I walked along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and entered in,
And reached the chamber as dark as night,
And though it was dark my face was white.
"Mother, mother, I look on thee!
Mother, mother, you frighten me!
For your cheeks are thin, and your hair is gray!"
But I smiled, and kissed her fears away,
I smoothed her hair and I sang a song,
And on my knee I rocked her long:
"O mother, mother, sing low to me;
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"
I kissed her, but I could not weep,
And she went to sleep, she went to sleep.

III.

As we lay asleep, as we lay asleep,
My May and I, in our grave so deep,
As we lay asleep in our midnight mirk,
Under the shade of Our Lady's kirk,
I wakened up in the dead of night,
Though May my daughter lay warm and white,
And I heard the cry of a little one,
And I knew 't was the voice of Hugh my son:
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!
Mother, mother, come hither and see!
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here:
My body is bruised and my heart is sad,
But I speak my mind and call them bad;
I thirst and hunger night and day,
And were I strong I would fly away!"
I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

IV.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep;
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;
And I walked along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and entered in.
"Mother, mother, and art thou here?
I know your face, and I feel no fear;

Raise me, mother, and kiss my cheek,
For oh I am weary and sore and weak."
I smoothed his hair with a mother's joy,
And he laughed aloud, my own brave boy;
I raised and held him on my breast,
Sang him a song, and bade him rest.
"Mother, mother, sing low to me;
I am sleepy now and I cannot see!"
I kissed him and I could not weep,
As he went to sleep, as he went to sleep.

V.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
With my girl and boy in my grave so deep,
As I lay asleep, I woke in fear,
Awoke, but awoke not my children dear,
And heard a cry so low and weak
From a tiny voice that could not speak;
I heard the cry of a little one,
My bairn that could neither talk nor run,
My little, little one, uncaressed
Starving for lack of the milk of the breast;
And I rose from sleep and entered in,
And found my little one pinched and thin,
And crooned a song and hushed its moan,
And put its lips to my white breastbone;
And the red, red moon that lit the place
Went white to look at the little face,
And I kissed and kissed, and I could not weep,
As it went to sleep, as it went to sleep.

VI.

As it lay asleep, as it lay asleep,
I set it down in the darkness deep,
Smoothed its limbs and laid it out,
And drew the curtains around about;
Then into the dark, dark room I hied
Where he lay awake at the woman's side,
And though the chamber was black as night,
He saw my face, for it was so white;
I gazed in his eyes, and he shrieked in pain,
And I knew he would never sleep again,
And back to my grave went silently,
And soon my baby was brought to me;
My son and daughter beside me rest,
My little baby is on my breast;
Our bed is warm, and our grave is deep,
But he cannot sleep, he cannot sleep.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE DJINNS.

Town, tower,
Shore, deep,
Where lower
Clouds steep;
Waves gray
Where play
Winds gay—
All asleep.

Hark! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night—
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Now on it is sweeping
With rattling beat,
Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet;
He flies, he prances,
In frolic fancies—
On wave-crest dances
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst!
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore—
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound
Of the djinns' fearful cry!
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase, fly!
See, see our lamplight fade!
And of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade
Up to the ceiling high!

'T is the djinns' wild-streaming swarm
Whistling in their tempest-flight;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
Like a pine-flame crackling bright;

Swift and heavy, low, their crowd
Through the heavens rushing loud!—
Like a lurid thunder-cloud
With its bolt of fiery night!

Ha! they are on us, close without!
Shut tight the shelter where we lie!
With hideous din the monster rout,
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky!
The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like quivering reed;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from it's rusty hinge 't would fly!

Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and shriek!
The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed—
O heaven!—descends my lowly roof to seek;
Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host;
Totters the house, as though—like dry leaf shorn
From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne—
Up from its deep foundations it were torn
To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

O prophet! if thy hand but now
Save from these foul and hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I 'll bow,
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on my faithful door in vain,
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed!—and their wild legion
Cease to thunder at my door;
Fleeting through night's rayless region,
Hither they return no more.
Clanking chains and sounds of woe
Fill the forests as they go;
And the tall oaks cower low,
Bent their flaming flight before.

On! on! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear;
Like locusts' humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the pattering hail
On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne
Fitful murmurings still;
As, when Arab horn
Swells its magic peal,
Shoreward o'er the deep
Fairy voices sweep,
And the infant's sleep
Golden visions fill.

Each deadly djinn,
Dark child of fright,
Of death and sin,
Speeds the wild flight.
Hark, the dull moan!
Like the deep tone
Of ocean's groan,
Afar, by night!

More and more
Fades it now,
As on shore
Ripples flow—
As the plaint,
Far and faint,
Of a saint,
Murmured low.

Hark! hist!
Around
I list!
The bounds
Of space
All trace
Efface
Of sound.

VICTOR HUGO. (French.)
Translation of JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN.

PART IX.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet;
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily which lifted up,
As a mœnad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

SHELLEY.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION

"ALL EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN."

Or Lentren in the first morning,
Early as did the day up-spring,
Thus sang ane bird with voice up-plain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

O man! have mind that thou maun pass;
Remember that thou are but ass, [ashes,]
And sall in ass return again:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Have mind that eild aye follows youth;
Death follows life with gaping mouth,
Devouring fruit and flouring grain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Wealth, worldly gloir, and rich array,
Are all but thorns laid in thy way,
Covered with flowers laid in ane train:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Come never yet May so fresh and green,
But Januar come as wud and keen;
Was never sic drouth but anis come rain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Evermair unto this warld's joy,
As nearest heir succeeds noy,
Therefore when joy may not remain,
His very heir succedis pain.

Here health returns in seikness;
And mirth returns in heaviness;
Toun in desert, forest in plain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Freedom returns in wretchedness,
And truth returns in doubleness,
With fenyeit words to mak men fain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Virtue returnis into vice,
And honor into avarice;
With covetice is conscience slain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Sen earthly joy abidis never,
Work for the joy that lasts forever;
For other joy is all but vain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THE LORDS OF THULE.

The lords of Thule it did not please
That Willegis their bishop was;
For he was a wagoner's son.
And they drew, to do him scorn,
Wheels of chalk upon the wall;
He found them in chamber, found them in hall.
But the pious Willegis
Could not be moved to bitterness;
Seeing the wheels upon the wall,
He bade his servants a painter call;
And said,—"My friend, paint now for me,
On every wall, that I may see,
A wheel of white in a field of red;
Underneath, in letters plain to be read—
'Willegis, bishop now by name,
Forget not whence you came!'"

The lords of Thule were full of shame—
They wiped away their words of blame;
For they saw that scorn and jeer
Cannot wound the wise man's ear.
And all the bishops that after him came
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame.
Thus came to pious Willegis
Glory out of bitterness.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)
Anonymous Translation.

BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose, and free, and froward:
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! Through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
Scarred and sun-burned darkly;

Who, with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee;
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe 's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst, we 'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not mine ancient friend—
Like beginning, like the end!"
Quoth the laird of Ury;
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffered long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all—
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me—
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen
With bared heads to meet me;

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friends' falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords
Warm, and fresh, and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial!
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this—that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow—
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet: but a while the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest—for, around him, angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the caliph "is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water—this reprieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirred—
Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid thee drink and live!"

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

BALDER.

BALDER, the white sun-god, has departed!
Beautiful as summer dawn was he;
Loved of gods and men—the royal-hearted
Balder, the white sun-god, has departed—
Has gone home where all the brave ones be.

For the tears of the imperial mother,
For a universe that weeps and prays,
Rides Hermoder forth to seek his brother—
Rides for love of that distressful mother,
Through lead-colored glens and cross-blue ways.

With the howling wind and raving torrent,
Nine days rode he, deep and deeper down—
Reached the vast death-kingdom, rough and horrent,
Reached the lonely bridge that spans the torrent
Of the moaning river by Hell-town.

There he found the ancient portress standing—
Vexer of the mind and of the heart:
"Balder came this way," to his demanding
Cried aloud that ancient portress, standing—
"Balder came, but Balder did depart;

'Here he could not dwell. He is down yonder—
Northward, further, in the death-realm he."
Rode Hermoder on in silent wonder—
Mane of Gold fled fast and rushed down yonder!
Brave and good must young Hermoder be.

For he leaps sheer over Hela's portal,
Drops into the huge abyss below.
There he saw the beautiful immortal—
Saw him, Balder, under Hela's portal—
Saw him, and forgot his pain and woe.

"O, my Balder! have I, have I found thee—
Balder, beautiful as summer morn?
O, my sun-god! hearts of heroes crowned thee
For their king; they lost, but now have found thee;
Gods and men shall not be left forlorn.

"Balder! brother! the Divine has vanished—
The eternal splendors all have fled;
Truth and love and nobleness are banished
The heroic and divine have vanished;
Nature has no god, and earth lies dead.

"Come thou back, my Balder—king and brother!
Teach the hearts of men to love the gods!
Come thou back, and comfort our great mother—
Come with truth and bravery, Balder, brother—
Bring the godlike back to men's abodes!"

But the Nornas let him pray unheeded—
Balder never was to come again.
Vainly, vainly young Hermoder pleaded—
Balder never was to come. Unheeded,
Young Hermoder wept and prayed in vain.

Oh, the trueness of this ancient story!
Even now it is, as it was then.
Earth hath lost a portion of her glory;
And like Balder, in the ancient story,
Never comes the beautiful again.

Still the young Hermoder journeys bravely,
Through lead-colored glens and cross-blue ways;
Still he calls his brother, pleading gravely—
Still to the death-kingdom ventures bravely—
Calmly to the eternal terror prays.

But the fates relent not; strong endeavor,
Courage, noble feeling, are in vain;
For beautiful has gone for ever.
Vain are courage, genius, strong endeavor—
Never comes the beautiful again.

Do you think I counsel weak despairing?
No! like young Hermoder I would ride;
With an humble, yet a gallant daring,
I would leap unquailing, undespairing,
Over the huge precipice's side.

Dead and gone is the old world's ideal,
The old arts and old religion fled;
But I gladly live amid the real,
And I seek a worthier ideal.
Courage, brothers, God is overhead!

ANONYMOUS.

—•—

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop—if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered—
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended—
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread—
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man—who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

THE TWO OCEANS.

Two seas, amid the night,
In the moonshine roll and sparkle—
Now spread in the silver light,
Now sadden, and wail, and darkle;
The one has a billowy motion,
And from land to land it gleams;
The other is sleep's wide ocean,
And its glimmering waves are dreams:
The one, with murmur and roar,
Bears fleets around coast and islet;
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

JOHN STERLING.

THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house
The lamps shone out on high;
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck—
Of sailors, and how they live;
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair;
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there:

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
Which are launched in the twilight hour;
And the dark and silent Brahmins,
Who worship the lotus flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland—
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed and small—
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

HENRY HEINE (German).
Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey—
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man!
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth—
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! What treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!—
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford;
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There 's mercy in every place,
And mercy—encouraging thought!—
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered—"The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

THE STEAMBOAT.

See how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells;
And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders, foaming, by!
When seas are silent and serene
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath hath stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see yon quivering mast—
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!
An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep!
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire;
Sleep on—and when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
Oh, think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands:
The smith—a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow—
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks, that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;

He hears the parson pray and preach—
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought—
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

CLANG, clang! the massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing—
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply—
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang!—we forge the coulter now—
The coulter of the kindly plough.
Sweet Mary mother, bless our toil!
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang!—our coulter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide—
Amidst the song of morning birds,
Amidst the low of sauntering herds—
Amidst soft breezes, which do stray
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,
Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land—
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
A ruddy sea of living gold—
We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink, clank!—we forge the giant chain,
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests—though far away,
In boisterous climes, his vessel lay—
Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?
By Afric's pestilential shore;
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar;
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in spring's perpetual smile;
By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply;
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory?

Hurrah!—cling, clang!—once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang!—a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant of bright sparks, is poured

Around, and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the sowrd.

The sword!—a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound—
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound—
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight—
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston, or a Bannockburn;
Or amidst crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide—
Still, still, whene'er the battle word
Is liberty, when men do stand
For justice and their native land—
Then heaven bless the sword!

ANONYMOUS.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged! 't is
at a white heat now—
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased;
though, on the forge's brow,
The little flames still fitfully play through the
sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths
ranking round;
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad
hands only bare,
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work
the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains—the
black mould heaves below;
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out
at every throe.
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan,
what a glow!
'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright—the
high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery
fearful show!
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the
ruddy lurid row
Of smiths—that stand, an ardent band, like
men before the foe!
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the
sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery
grow:
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out!"
bang, bang! the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high
and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every
squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rat-
tling cinders strew
The ground around; at every bound the
sweltering fountains flow;
And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd at
every stroke pant "ho!"
Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and
lay on load!
Let 's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick
and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow,
I bode;
And I see the good ship riding, all in a peril-
ous road—
The low reef roaring on her lea; the roll of
ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the main-
mast by the board;
The bulwarks down; the rudder gone; the
boats stove at the chains;
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower
yet remains!
And not an inch to flinch he deigns—save
when ye pitch sky high;
Then moves his head, as though he said,
"Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order! let foot and
hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than
any steeple's chime.
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and
let the burthen be.

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din—our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here
For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave-away, and the sighing seamen's cheer—
When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?—
The hoary monster's palaces!—Methinks what joy 't were now
To go plumb-plunging down, amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles—
Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply, in a cove
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep! whose sports can equal thine?
The dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave:
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side—or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride—thou 'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of father-land—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave!
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'T was autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Thomas Campbell.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

I.

It was a summer evening—
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

II.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh—
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

IV.

"I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

V.

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

VI.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

VII.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

VIII.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother there,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

IX.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won—
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

X.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

XI.

"And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are:
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined—
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill:
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild and dreary—
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus—
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer;
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song;
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din;
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade—
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace!—and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails—else how distinct they say
"Grieve not, my child—chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey—not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived—
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more—
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way—
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap—
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced:
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home—
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall—
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may—
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere—
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers—
The violet, the pink, the jessamine—
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while—

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou—as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay—
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again—
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and time their evening fire!
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair!
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;

Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My future leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear:
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small:
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, planting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the goods they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent,—
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to our loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;
Here, for a while, my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;

Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue!
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourished through the state.
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The canvas glowed, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teamed with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While naught remained, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcadé;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them! turn me to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by a cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten to the blaze,
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot lesson on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined;
Yet let them only share the praises due,—
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redressed.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Nor quenched by want, nor fanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,—
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals,—such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,—
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew;

And haply, though my harsh touch flattering still,
But mocked all tune and marred the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here:
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdy art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is bartered here;
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentler music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by:
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right above control,—
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear!
Too blest indeed were such without alloy;
But, fostered e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown:
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst: as nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come when, stripped of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

But think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun,—
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure.
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;

And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, oft-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure?
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course which no loud storms annoy
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease—
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade—
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed:
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasures tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out, to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man:
For him light labor spread her wholesome store—
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;

And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread—
But all the bloomy blush of life is fled.
All but one widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given—
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view—
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind—or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame; the very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;

The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined;
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay!
'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied—
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds—
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendor, feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If, to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square—
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled—
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn—thine the loveliest train—
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there, from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene—
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain,
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;

And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale—
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade—
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame!
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe—
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so!
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel!
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!
Farewell!—and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side—
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow—
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango;
Funera plango;
Solemnia clango.
INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican—
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk oh
In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
 Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there 's an anthem
 More dear to me—
'T is the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT. (Francis Mahony.)

THE BELLS.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells— [tells!
What a world of merriment their melody fore-
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the
 bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony
 foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
 gloats
 On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the
 bells.

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency
 tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.—AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'T was at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty Love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then, round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound—
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung—
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes:
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath—he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldiers' pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise—
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse,
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen—
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble—
Never ending, still beginning—
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee—
Take the goods the gods provide thee.
The many rend the sky with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again—
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head!
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious, on the plain!
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago—
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute—
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies—
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies—
She drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung—as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart—
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die!

SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC.

OH, lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM STRODE.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell—
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting—
Possest beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled—
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair—
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mein,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted love—now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung—
The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'T is said—and I believe the tale—
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age—
E'en all at once together found—
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh bid our vain endeavors cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece!
Return in all thy simple state—
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

TO A LADY WITH A GUITAR.

Ariel to Miranda:—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain.

For by permission and command
Of thine own prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel;
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will.

Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
In a body like a grave—
From you he only dares to crave
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this viol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep.
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree—
Oh, that such our death may be!—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again;
From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved guitar;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamored tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells.
For it had learned all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voiced fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day
Our world enkindles on its way.

All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For one beloved friend alone.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO CONSTANTIA—SINGING.

Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die,
Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia, turn!
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odor it is yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet—
Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

A breathless awe like the swift change,
Unseen but felt, in youthful slumbers,
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.
The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the enchantment of thy strain;
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers,
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings;
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick—
The blood is listening in my frame;
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee;
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.
Now is thy voice a tempest, swift and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.
Now 't is the breath of summer night,
Which, when the starry waters sleep,
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

ON A LADY SINGING.

Oft as my lady sang for me
That song of the lost one that sleeps by the sea,
Of the grave on the rock, and the cypress tree,
Strange was the pleasure that over me stole,
For 't was made of old sadness that lives in my soul.

So still grew my heart at each tender word
That the pulse in my bosom scarcely stirred,
And I hardly breathed, but only heard.
Where was I?—not in the world of men,
Until she awoke me with silence again.

Like the smell of the vine, when its early bloom
Sprinkles the green lane with sunny perfume,
Such a delicate fragrance filled the room.
Whether it came from the vine without,
Or arose from her presence, I dwell in doubt.

Light shadows played on the pictured wall
From the maples that fluttered outside the hall,
And hindered the daylight—yet ah! not all;
Too little for that all the forest would be—
Such a sunbeam she was, and is, to me!

When my sense returned, as the song was o'er,
I fain would have said to her, "Sing it once more;"
But soon as she smiled my wish I forbore:
Music enough in her look I found,
And the hush of her lip seemed sweet as the sound.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Et remigem cantus hortatur.

QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?—
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past!

THOMAS MOORE.

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

SING again the song you sung
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

"Her voice was ever low,
Gentle and soft—an excellent thing in woman."

KING LEAR.

NOT in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may move awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger, and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent
To truth and love, and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrowed—
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes,
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever blent with one low gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving,
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares,
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
With strangest thoughts, and with unwonted fears;

Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how
to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's
tone,
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—
How their two hearts are one, and she his
own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed
maiden tells!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

SONG.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed—
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction—
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly—
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat—
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

HEBE.

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on—by sweet degrees,
Joy's simple honey cells unbinding.

Those graces were that seemed grim fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long sought secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover,
I sprang the proffered life to clasp—
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up;
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can summer fill the icy cup
Whose treacherous crystal is but winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the gods;
Their nectar crowns the lips of patience.
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SONNET.

'T IS much immortal beauty to admire,
But more immortal beauty to withstand;
The perfect soul can overcome desire,
If beauty with divine delight be scanned.
For what is beauty, but the blooming child
Of fair Olympus, that in night must end,
And be for ever from that bliss exiled,
If admiration stand too much its friend?

The wind may be enamored of a flower,
The ocean of the green and laughing shore,
The silver lightning of a lofty tower—
But must not with too near a love adore;
Or flower, and margin, and cloud-capped tower,
Love and delight shall with delight devour!

LORD THURLOW.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

MERRY Margaret,
As midsummer flower—
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly
Her demeaning—
In everything
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought;
Far may be sought
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SKELTON.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

WHO is Sylvia? what is she,
That all the swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise, is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might adored be.

Is she kind, or is she fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love does to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness—
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

SHAKESPEARE.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face—
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

HERMIONE.

Thou hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouched by care:
What then do we ask from thee?
Hermione, Hermione?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What then can we still desire?
Hermione, Hermione?

Something thou dost want, O queen!
(As the gold doth ask alloy),
Tears—amid thy laughter seen,
Pity mingling with thy joy.
This is all we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione!

BARRY CORNWALL.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost withered!
New strength and newer purple get,
Each here declining violet!
O primroses! let this day be
A resurrection unto ye,
And to all flowers allied in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood.
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream commingled;
And those her lips do now appear
As beams of coral but more clear.

ROBERT HERRICK.

SONG.

O Lady, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestry—
There 's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree.
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'T is like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There 's crimson buds, and white and blue—
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

There 's fairy tulips in the east—
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossom as they run;
While morn opes like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers:
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flowers!

THOMAS HOOD.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

Sweet Highland girl! a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower;
Thrice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head.
And these gray rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake:
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth, together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream—
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep.
But, O fair creature! in the light
Of common day so heavenly bright—
I bless thee, vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and homebred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness;

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred;
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech—
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life;
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee, who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell—
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality.
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee!

Now thanks to heaven, that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place!
Joy have I had; and, going hence,
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes.
Then why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her,
To give new pleasure like the past—
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall—
And thee, the spirit of them all!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring time from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, or may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work
And o'er her sickle bending;—
I listened motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"PROUD MAISIE IS IN THE WOOD."

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
—"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
—"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE TWO BRIDES.

I saw two maids at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet—
One in her wedding robe,
And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn—
The sacred rites were read;
And one for life to life,
And one to death, was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,
In loveliness and bloom—
One in a merry castle,
The other a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never awoke again!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament:
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too:
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature, not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food—
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill:
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO MY SISTER.

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM OF NEW ENGLAND."

Dear sister! while the wise and sage
Turn coldly from my playful page,
And count it strange that ripened age
Should stoop to boyhood's folly—
I know that thou wilt judge aright
Of all that makes the heart more light,
Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly-masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set
On still green wood paths, twilight wet,
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret

The roots of spectral beeches;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's white-washed wall and painted floor,
And young eyes widening to the lore
Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again;
And, calling back from care and pain,
And death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife, with strong-willed men,
Thou wilt not chide my turning
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen, at life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of morning!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude? Her heart
Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue;
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart– its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back;
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the future—but the link
That binds her to the past is memory.

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all.
Not that her heart is cold—emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings knit;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.
Yet life is not to her what it hath been—
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss;
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath ofttimes drained its bitter cup;
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill
Soft sighs—for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

AMELIA B. WELBY.

MOTHER MARGERY.

On a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges
Sloped the rough land to the grisly north;
And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges,
Like a thinned banditti staggered forth—
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet
Mother Margery shivered in the cold,
With a tattered robe of faded camlet
On her shoulders—crooked, weak, and old.

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure;
For her face was very dry and thin,
And the records of his growing measure
Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.
Scanty goods to her had been allotted,
Yet her thanks rose oftener than desire;
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,
Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and weary were the northern winters;
Winds howled piteously around her cot,
Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters
Moan the misery she bemoaned not.
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,
And hung snow-wreaths around her naked bed;
While the wind-flaws muttered on the cinders,
Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,
But their dying wrung out no complaints;
Chill, and penury, and neglect, and hunger—
These to Margery were guardian saints.
When she sat, her head was, prayer-like, bending;
When she rose, it rose not any more;
Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending
Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

She was mother of the dead and scattered—
Had been mother of the brave and fair;
But her branches, bough by bough, were shattered,
Till her torn breast was left dry and bare.
Yet she knew, though sadly desolated,
When the children of the poor depart
Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,
So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage that had never fitted
Words to speak it to the soul it blessed,
She endured, in silence and unpitied,
Woes enough to mar a stouter breast.
Thus was born such holy trust within her,
That the graves of all who had been dear,
To a region clearer and serener,
Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder;
Angels to her were the loves and hopes
Which had left her purified, but sadder;
And they lured her to the emerald slopes
Of that heaven where anguish never flashes
Her red fire-whips,—happy land, where flowers
Blossom over the volcanic ashes
Of this blighting, blighted world of ours!

All her power was a love of goodness;
All her wisdom was a mystic faith
That the rough world's jargoning and rudeness
Turns to music at the gate of death.
So she walked while feeble limbs allowed her,
Knowing well that any stubborn grief
She might meet with could no more than crowd her
To that wall whose opening was relief

So she lived, an anchoress of sorrow,
Lone and peaceful, on the rocky slope;
And, when burning trials came, would borrow
New fire of them for the lamp of hope.
When at last her palsied hand, in groping,
Rattled tremulous at the grated tomb,
Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,
And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

—•—

THE NYMPH'S SONG.

GENTLE swain, good speed befall thee;
And in love still prosper thou!
Future times shall happy call thee,
Though thou lie neglected now.
Virtue's lovers shall commend thee,
And perpetual fame attend thee.

Happy are these woody mountains,
In whose shadows thou dost hide;
And as happy are those fountains
By whose murmurs thou dost bide:
For contents are here excelling,
More than in a prince's dwelling.

These thy flocks do clothing bring thee,
And thy food out of the fields;
Pretty songs the birds do sing thee;
Sweet perfumes the meadow yields;
And what more is worth the seeing,
Heaven and earth thy prospect being?

None comes hither who denies thee
Thy contentments for despite;
Neither any that envies thee
That wherein thou dost delight:
But all happy things are meant thee,
And whatever may content thee.

Thy affection reason measures,
And distempers none it feeds;
Still so harmless are thy pleasures
That no other's grief it breeds;
And if night beget thee sorrow,
Seldom stays it till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly
Seek contentment in their store,
Since they may perceive so plainly
Thou art rich in being poor—
And that they are vexed about it,
Whilst thou merry art without it?

Why are idle brains devising
How high titles may be gained,
Since by those poor toys despising
Thou hast higher things obtained?
For the man who scorns to crave them
Greater is than they that have them.

If all men could taste that sweetness
Thou dost in thy meanness know,
Kings would be to seek where greatness
And their honors to bestow;
For it such content would breed them
As they would not think they need them.

And if those who so aspiring
To the court preferments be,
Knew how worthy the desiring
Those things are enjoyed by thee,
Wealth and titles would hereafter
Subjects be for scorn and laughter.

He that courtly styles affected
Should a May-lord's honor have—
He that heaps of wealth collected
Should be counted as a slave;
And the man with few'st things cumbered
With the noblest should be numbered.

Thou their folly hast discerned
That neglect thy mind and thee;
And to slight them thou hast learned,
Of what title e'er they be;
That no more with thee obtaineth
Than with them thy meanness gaineth.

All their riches, honors, pleasures,
Poor unworthy trifles seem,
If compared with thy treasures—
And do merit no esteem;
For they true contents provide thee,
And from them can none divide thee.

Whether thralled or exiled,
 Whether poor or rich thou be—
Whether praised or reviled,
 Not a rush it is to thee;
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,
But the mind which is within thee.

Then, oh why so madly dote we
 On those things that us o'erload?
Why no more their vainness note we,
 But still make of them a god?
For, alas! they still deceive us,
And in greatest need they leave us.

Therefore have the fates provided
 Well, thou happy swain, for thee,
That may'st here so far divided
 From the world's distractions be.
Thee distemper let them never,
But in peace continue ever.

In these lonely groves enjoy thou
 That contentment here begun;
And thy hours so pleased employ thou,
 Till the latest glass be run.
From a fortune so assured
By no temptings be allured.

Much good do 't them, with their glories,
 Who in courts of princes dwell;
We have read in antique stories
 How some rose and how they fell—
And 't is worthy well the heeding,
There 's like end where 's like proceeding.

Be thou still in thy affection
 To thy noble mistress true;
Let her never-matched perfection
 Be the same unto thy view;
And let never other beauty
Make thee fail in love or duty.

For if thou shalt not estranged
 From thy course professed be,
But remain for aye unchanged,
 Nothing shall have power on thee.
Those that slight thee now shall love thee,
And in spite of spite approve thee.

So those virtues now neglected
 To be more esteemed will come;
Yea, those toys so much affected
 Many shall be wooed from;
And the golden age deplored
Shall by some be thought restored.

GEORGE WITHER.

—♦—

ON ANACREON.

AROUND the tomb, O bard divine,
 Where soft thy hallowed brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
 And summer pour her waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
 And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
 And every fount yield milky showers.

Thus—shade of him whom nature taught
 To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure—
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
 Who gave to love his fondest measure—

Thus, after death if spirits feel
 Thou may' st from odors round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
 And live again in blissful dreaming.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON, (Greek.)
Paraphrase of THOMAS MOORE.

—♦—

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones—
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

SHAKESPEARE.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that move a great man's breast!
Though nought of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
With meaning won from him for ever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
His whispered words from many a mother's voice
Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice;
And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,—
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load, the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye;
And tones from him, by other bosoms caught,
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought;
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers;
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews!
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
For each dim oracle of mantled time!
Transcendant form of man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of impulse, thought and deed!
Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

JOHN STERLING.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,—
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack,
The Mermaid in the zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid tavern?

JOHN KEATS.

AN ODE—TO HIMSELF.

Where dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge that sleeps, doth die:
And this security,
It is the common moth
That eats on wits and arts, and so destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgraced
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,
As 't is too just a cause—
Let this thought quicken thee;
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause;
'T is crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain;
With Japhet's line aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire
To give the world again;
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet, the stage;
But sing high and aloof
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

Ben Jonson.

THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING.

AN ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philarete on Willy calls,
To sing out his pastorals;
Warrants fame shall grace his rhymes,
'Spite of envy and the times;
And shews how in care he uses
To take comfort from his muses.

Philarete; Willy.

PHILARETE.

Prythee, Willy! tell me this—
What new accident there is
That thou, once the blithest lad,
Art become so wondrous sad,
And so careless of thy quill,
As if thou hadst lost thy skill?
Thou wert wont to charm thy flocks,
And among the massy rocks
Hast so cheered me with thy song
That I have forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee surely crost,
That thy old wont thou hast lost.
Tell me—have I ought mis-said,
That hath made thee ill-apaid?
Hath some churl done thee a spite?
Dost thou miss a lamb to-night?
Frowns thy fairest shepherd's lass?
Or how comes this ill to pass?
Is there any discontent
Worse than this my banishment?

Willy.

Why, doth that so evil seem
That thou nothing worse dost deem?
Shepherds there full many be
That will change contents with thee;
Those that choose their walks at will,
On the valley or the hill—
Or those pleasures boast of can
Groves or fields may yield to man—
Never come to know the rest,
Wherewithal thy mind is blest.
Many a one that oft resorts
To make up the troop at sports,

And in company some while
Happens to strain forth a smile,
Feels more want and outward smart,
And more inward grief of heart,
Than this place can bring to thee,
While thy mind remaineth free.
Thou bewail'st my want of mirth—
But what find'st thou in this earth
Wherein aught may be believed
Worth to make me joyed or grieved?
And yet feel I, naitheless,
Part of both I must confess.
Sometime I of mirth do borrow–
Otherwhile as much of sorrow;
But my present state is such
As nor joy nor grieve I much.

PHILARETE.

Why hath Willy then so long
Thus forborne his wonted song?
Wherefore doth he now let fall
His well-tuned pastoral,
And my ears that music bar
Which I more long after far
Than the liberty I want?

WILLY.

That were very much to grant.
But doth this hold alway, lad—
Those that sing not must be sad?
Didst thou ever that bird hear
Sing well that sings all the year?
Tom the piper doth not play
Till he wears his pipe away—
There's a time to slack the string,
And a time to leave to sing.

PHILARETE.

Yea! but no man now is still
That can sing or tune a quill.
Now to chaunt it were but reason—
Song and music are in season.
Now, in this sweet jolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride;
The fair lady of the May,
Trimmed up in her best array,
Hath invited all the swains,
With the lasses of the plains,
To attend upon her sport
At the places of resort.

Coridon, with his bold rout,
Hath already been about
For the elder shepherd's dole,
And fetched in the summer-pole;
Whilst the rest have built a bower
To defend them from a shower—
Coiled so close, with boughs all green,
Titan cannot pry between.
Now the dairy wenches dream
Of their strawberries and cream;
And each doth herself advance
To be taken in to dance;
Every one that knows to sing
Fits him for his carolling;
So do those that hope for meed
Either by the pipe or reed;
And, though I am kept away,
I do hear, this very day,
Many learned grooms do wend
For the garlands to contend;
Which a nymph, that hight Desert,
Long a stranger in this part,
With her own fair hand hath wrought—
A rare work, they say, past thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For she calls them wreaths of fame.
She hath set in their due place
Every flower that may grace;
And among a thousand moe,
Whereof some but serve for show,
She hath wove in Daphne's tree,
That they may not blasted be;
Which with time she edged about,
Lest the work should ravel out;
And that it might wither never,
Intermixed it with live-ever.
These are to be shared among
Those that do excel for song,
Or their passions can rehearse
In the smooth'st and sweetest verse.
Then for those among the rest
That can play and pipe the best,
There's a kidling with the dam,
A fat wether and a lamb.
And for those that leapen far,
Wrestle, run, and throw the bar,
There's appointed guerdons too:
He that best the first can do
Shall for his reward be paid
With a sheep-hook, fair inlaid

With fine bone of a strange beast
That men bring out of the west;
For the next a scrip of red,
Tasselled with fine colored thread;
There's prepared for their meed
That in running make most speed,
Or the cunning measures foot,
Cups of turned maple-root,
Whereupon the skilful man
Hath engraved the loves of Pan;
And the last hath for his due
A fine napkin wrought with blue.
Then, my Willy, why art thou
Careless of thy merit now?
What dost thou here, with a wight
That is shut up from delight
In a solitary den,
As not fit to live with men?
Go, my Willy! get thee gone—
Leave me in exile alone;
Hie thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy song!
Thou art young, yet such a lay
Never graced the month of May,
As, if they provoke thy skill,
Thou canst fit unto thy quill.
I with wonder heard thee sing
At our last year's revelling.
Then I with the rest was free,
When, unknown, I noted thee,
And perceived the ruder swains
Envy thy far sweeter strains.
Yea, I saw the lasses cling
Round about thee in a ring,
As if each one jealous were
Any but herself should hear;
And I know they yet do long
For the residue of thy song.
Haste thee then to sing it forth;
Take the benefit of worth;
And Desert will sure bequeath
Fame's fair garland for thy wreath
Hie thee, Willy! hie away.

WILLY.

Phila! rather let me stay,
And be desolate with thee,
Than at those their revels be.
Naught such is my skill, I wis,
As indeed thou deem'st it is;
But whate'er it be, I must
Be content, and shall, I trust.
For a song I do not pass
'Mongst my friends; but what, alas!
Should I have to do with them
That my music do contemn?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the same yet favor not;
Yet I cannot well avow
They my carols disallow;
But such malice I have spied,
'T is as much as if they did.

PHILARETE.

Willy! what may those men be
Are so ill to malice thee?

WILLY.

Some are worthy-well esteemed;
Some without worth, are so deemed;
Others of so base a spirit
They have nor esteem nor merit

PHILARETE.

What's the wrong?

WILLY.

. A slight offence,
Wherewithal I can dispense;
But hereafter, for their sake,
To myself I 'll music make.

PHILARETE.

What, because some clown offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

WILLY.

Do not, Phil! misunderstand me—
Those that love me may command me;
But thou know'st I am but young,
And the pastoral I sung
Is by some supposed to be,
By a strain, too high for me;
So they kindly let me gain
Not my labor for my pain.
Trust me, I do wonder why
They should me my own deny.
Though I 'm young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit;
I 'll make my own feathers rear me,
Whither others cannot bear me.

Yet I 'll keep my skill in store,
Till I 've seen some winters more.

PHILARETE.

But in earnest mean'st thou so?—
Then thou art not wise, I trow:
Better shall advise thee Pan,
For thou dost not rightly then;
That 's the ready way to blot
All the credit thou hast got.
Rather in thy age's prime
Get another start of time;
And make those that so fond be,
Spite of their own dulness, see
That the sacred muses can
Make a child in years a man.
It is known what thou canst do;
For it is not long ago,
When that Cuddy, thou and I,
Each the other's skill to try,
At Saint Dunstan's charmed well,
As some present there can tell,
Sang upon a sudden theme,
Sitting by the crimson stream;
Where if thou didst well or no
Yet remains the song to show.
Much experience more I 've had
Of thy skill, thou happy lad;
And would make the world to know it,
But that time will further show it.
Envy makes their tongues now run,
More than doubt of what is done;
For that needs must be thine own,
Or to be some other's known;
But how then will 't suit unto
What thou shalt hereafter do?
Or I wonder where is he
Would with that song part with thee!
Nay, were there so mad a swain
Could such glory sell for gain,
Phoebus would not have combined
That gift with so base a mind.
Never did the nine impart
The sweet secrets of their art
Unto any that did scorn
We should see their favors worn.
Therefore, unto those that say
Were they pleased to sing a lay
They could do 't, and will not tho'
This I speak, for this I know—
None e'er drank the Thespian spring,
And knew how, but he did sing;
For, that once infused in man,
Makes him shew 't, do what he can;
Nay, those that do only sip,
Or but e'en their fingers dip
In that sacred fount, poor elves!
Of that brood will show themselves.
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will speak, though to their shame,
Let those, then, at thee repine
That by their wits measure thine;
Needs those songs must be thine own,
And that one day will be known.
That poor imputation, too,
I myself do undergo;
But it will appear, ere long,
That 't was envy sought our wrong,
Who, at twice ten, have sung more
Than some will do at four score.
Cheer thee, honest Willy! then,
And begin thy song again.

WILLY.

Fain I would; but I do fear,
When again my lines they hear,
If they yield they are my rhymes,
They will feign some other crimes;
And 't is no safe venturing by
Where we see detraction lie;
For, do what I can, I doubt
She will pick some quarrel out;
And I oft have heard defended
Little said is soon amended.

PHILARETE.

See'st thou not, in clearest days
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays?
And that vapors, which do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem unto us with black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams—
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it, unblemished, fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With detraction's breath on thee—
It shall never rise so high
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapors from each rotten vale,

Poesy so sometimes drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains—
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
But so much her power may do
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soar
She 's affronted still the more,
Till she to the high'st hath past;
Then she rests with fame at last.
Let naught, therefore, thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight.
For, if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I 'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reached eternity.
But, alas! my muse is slow—
For thy place she flags too low;
Yea—the more 's her hapless fate—
Her short wings were clipt of late;
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
And myself put up a-mewing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I 'll fly where I never did;
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double,
I should love and keep her too,
'Spite of all the world could do.
For, though banished from my flocks,
And confined within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flow'ry fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields—
Though I may not see these groves
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel—
Though of all those pleasures past
Nothing now remains at last
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief—
She 's my mind's companion still,
Maugre envy's evil will;
Whence she should be driven too,
Were 't in mortal's power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this—
That from every thing I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rusteling—
By a daisy, whose leaves, spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed—
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness:
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging-vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight;
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect;—
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me, by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss!
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent!
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee—
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to naught but earth are born—
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee;

Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy madd'st fits
More than all their greatest wits;
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.
O high power! that oft doth carry
Men above

WILLY.

. Good Philarete, tarry!
I do fear thou wilt be gone
Quite above my reach anon.
The kind flames of poesy
Have now borne thy thoughts so high
That they up in heaven be,
And have quite forgotten me.
Call thyself to mind again—
Are these raptures for a swain
That attends on lowly sheep,
And with simple herds doth keep?

PHILARETE.

Thanks, my Willy! I had run
Till that time had lodged the sun,
If thou hadst not made me stay;
But thy pardon here I pray;
Loved Apollo's sacred sire
Had raised up my spirits higher,
Through the love of poesy,
Than indeed they use to fly.
But as I said I say still—
If that I had Willy's skill
Envy nor detraction's tongue
Should e'er make me leave my song;
But I 'd sing it every day,
Till they pined themselves away.
Be thou then advised in this,
Which both just and fitting is—
Finish what thou hast begun,
Or at least still forward run.
Hail and thunder ill he 'll bear
That a blast of wind doth fear;
And if words will thus affray thee,
Prythee how will deeds dismay thee?
Do not think so rathe a song
Can pass through the vulgar throng,
And escape without a touch—
Or that they can hurt it much.
Frosts we see do nip that thing
Which is forward'st in the spring;
Yet at last, for all such lets,
Somewhat of the rest it gets;
And I 'm sure that so mayst thou.
Therefore, my kind Willy, now,
Since thy folding-time draws on,
And I see thou must be gone,
Thee I earnestly beseech
To remember this my speech,
And some little counsel take,
For Philarete his sake;
And I more of this will say,
If thou come next holiday.

GEORGE WITHER.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

I will invite thee, from thy envious hearse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beams to spread,
That we may see there 's brightness in the dead.
HARRINGTON.

It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence, languish—
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man, in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory—
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted—

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken—
Named softly, as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Toward his love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain
Such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass,
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became,
Beside him, true and loving!—
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in blindness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy,
When only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses,
And droppeth on his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses
That turns his fevered eyes around—
"My mother! where's my mother?"—
As if such tender words and looks
Could come from any other—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart
He sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love,
Th' unweary love she bore him!
Thus woke the poet from the dream
His life's long fever gave him,
Beneath these deep pathetic eyes
Which closed in death to save him!

Thus! oh, not thus! no type of earth
Could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs, round him breaking—
Or felt the new immortal throb
Of soul from body parted;
But felt those eyes alone, and knew
"My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when
The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the victim's hidden face
No love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
The atoning drops averted—
What tears have washed them from the soul—
That one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate
From His own essence rather;
And Adam's sins have swept between
The righteous Son and Father—
Yea! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry
His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the holy lips
Amid His lost creation,
That of the lost no son should use
Those words of desolation;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
His rapture, in a vision!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.

The sun had closed the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hungered maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whar she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the day had closed his ee,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence right pensivelie
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
That filled, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time—
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae thing
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clarkit
My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering, "blockhead! coof!"
And heaved on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme proof
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the snick did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt I held my whist—
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht,
I glowered as eerie 's I 'd been dush't
In some wild glen,
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish muse
By that same token,
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brained sentimental trace"
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildy-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turned on empty space,
Beamed keen with honor.

Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg!—my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand,
And seemed, to my astonished view,
A well-known land.

Here rivers in the sea were lost;
There mountains to the skies were tost;
Here tumbling billows marked the coast
With surging foam;
There distant shone art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here Doon poured down his far-fetched floods;
There well-fed Irwine stately thuds;
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough reared her head;

Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polished grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seemed to muse—some seemed to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seemed to reel
Their Suthron foes.

His country's saviour, mark him well!
Bold Richardton's heroic swell;
The chief on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptered Pictish shade
Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
I marked a martial race, portrayed
In colors strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed,
They strode along.

Through many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love),
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned sire and son I saw:
To nature's God and nature's law
They gave their lore;
This, all its source and end to draw—
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward I well could spy
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye,
Who called on fame, low standing by
To hand him on
Where many a patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonished stare,
I viewed the heavenly-seeming fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When, with an elder sister's air,
She did me greet:—

All hail! my own inspired bard
In me thy native muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

Know the great genius of this land
Has many a light aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labors ply.

They Scotia's race among them share:
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart;
Some teach the bard—a darling care—
The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore
They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or 'mid the venal senate's roar
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
And grace the land.

And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His minstrel lays;
Or tore, with noble ardor stung,
The sceptic's bays.

To lower orders are assigned
The humbler ranks of human kind:
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artisan—
All choose, as various they 're inclined,
The various man.

When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage skill;
And some instruct the shepherd train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some sooth the lab'rer's weary toil
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace,
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each op'ning grace—
A guide and guard.

Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r;
I marked thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple artless lays
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripened fields and azure skies
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To sooth thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains—
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends,
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

Yet all beneath th' unrivalled rose
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust the universal plan
Will all protect.

And wear thou this!—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play—
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

ROBERT BURNS.

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread—
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But, ah! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breathed the soothing strain?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along,
As bright thy summer suns may glow,
As gayly charm thy feathery throng;
But now unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around—
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
And cold the hand that waked its sound.

What though thy vigorous offspring rise—
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Though beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature dwell;
Yet who shall now their praises tell
In strains impassioned, fond, and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To love, and liberty, and thee!

With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless youth why didst thou view?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due;
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In opening youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy favoring ear he drew
To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That waked him to sublimer thought;
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild flowers poured their rathe perfume,
And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah! no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoyed—
His limbs inured to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried!
And more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depressed,
With sinewy arm he turned the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Waked by his rustic pipe meanwhile,
The powers of fancy came along,
And soothed his lengthened hours of toil
With native wit and sprightly song.

Ah! days of bliss too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health from labor springs,
And bland contentment soothes the bed,
And sleep his ready opiate brings;
And hovering round on airy wings
Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare—
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;
Let flattery spread her viewless snare,
And fame attract his vagrant glance;
Let sprightly pleasure too advance,
Unveiled her eyes, unclasped her zone—
Till, lost in love's delirious trance,
He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,
 Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And mirth concentre all her rays,
 And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
 In social pleasures unconfined,
And confidence that spurns control,
 Unlock the inmost springs of mind!

And lead his steps those bowers among,
 Where elegance with splendor vies,
Or science bids her favored throng
 To more refined sensations rise;
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
 And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
 That waits the sons of polished life.

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
 With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
 And shroud the scene in shades of night;
And let despair with wizard light
 Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight
 Her spectred ills and shapes of woe;

And show beneath a cheerless shed,
 With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head
 The partner of his early joys;
And let his infants' tender cries
 His fond parental succor claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
 A husband's and a father's name.

'T is done—the powerful charm succeeds;
 His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
 Nor longer with his fate contends.
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
 As genius thus degraded lies;
Till pitying heaven the veil extends
 That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes.

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
 Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But never more shall poet tread
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign—
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead
 That ever breathed the soothing strain.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapors breathed from dungeons cold
 Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mould
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that 's here,
 I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
 Alike are vain.

Off weight,—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay;
With chastened feelings would I pay
 The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay
 From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth—
Rose like a star that, touching earth,
 (For so it seems)
Doth glorify its humble birth
 With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?—
Full soon the aspirant of the plough,
 The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
 And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands—but as one
More deeply grieved; for he was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
 And showed my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
 On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends
Regret pursues and with it blends!
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen;
Neighbors we were, and loving friends
We might have been—

True friends, though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined
Through nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou "poor inhabitant below,"
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sat and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed
Within my reach, of knowledge graced
By fancy, what a rich repast!
But why go on?—
Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a son, his joy and pride,
(Not three weeks past the stripling died),
Lies gathered to his father's side—
Soul-moving sight!
Yet one to which is not denied
Some sad delight.

For he is safe, a quiet bed
Hath early found among the dead—
Harbored where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distrest;
And surely here it may be said
That such are blest.

And oh! for thee, by pitying grace
Checked ofttimes in a devious race—
May He who halloweth the place
Where man is laid,
Receive thy spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!

Sighing, I turned away; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music that sorrow comes not near—
A ritual hymn,
Chanted, in love that casts out fear,
By seraphim.

THOUGHTS,

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE BANKS OF NITH, NEAR THE POET'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us how—
With holly spray,
He faltered, drifted to and fro,
And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear sister, throng
Our minds when, lingering all too long,
Over the grave of Burns we hung
In social grief,—
Indulged as if it were a wrong
To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair,
Let us beside this limpid stream
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight!
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true—
When wisdom prospered in his sight,
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When, side by side, his book in hand,
We wont to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet lay.

How oft, inspired, must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
There lurks his home; in that abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly pensive mood,
The rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that image overawes;
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of nature from what cause,
And by what rules,
She trained her Burns to win applause
That shames the schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen;
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
Where heroes, sages, bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old time
Folds up his wings?

Sweet mercy! to the gates of heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven—
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven
Effaced for ever.

But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?—
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BURNS.

No more these simple flowers belong
To Scottish maid and lover—
Sown in the common soil of song,
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather—
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of—live together.

Wild heather bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning—

The dews that washed the dust and soil
From off the wings of pleasure—
The sky that flecked the ground of toil
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day—
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and cloud at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
I heard the squirrels leaping—
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood
I read "The Twa Dogs'" story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs!—The golden hours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook and bird and meadow flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen nature beamed,
New glory over woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my youth
A still repining debtor—

That nature gives her handmaid, art,
The themes of sweet discoursing,
The tender idyls of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already?

I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying—

The joys and griefs that plume the wings
 Of fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
 The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,
 And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
 The sweet-brier and the clover—
With Ayr and Doon my native rills,
 Their wood hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
 I saw the man uprising—
No longer common or unclean,
 The child of God's baptizing.

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
 Of life among the lowly;
The bible at his cotter's hearth
 Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,
 To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
 Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,
 No inward answer gaining;
No heart had I to see or hear
 The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
 His worth, in vain bewailings;
Sweet soul of song!—I own my debt
 Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line
 Which tells his lapse from duty—
How kissed the maddening lips of wine,
 Or wanton ones of beauty—

But think, while falls that shade between
 The erring one and heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
 Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime
 Eternal echoes render—
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
 And Milton's starry splendor;

But who his human heart has laid
 To nature's bosom nearer?

Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
 To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art how strong
 The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
 Is warm with smiles and blushes.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,
 So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
 But spare his Highland Mary!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

UHLAND.

IT is the poet Uhland, from whose wreathings
 Of rarest harmony I here have drawn,
To lower tones and less melodious breathings,
 Some simple strains, of youth and passion born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression—
 Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong—
Where gentlest thoughts and words, in soft procession,
 Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,
He sees much beauty where most men see naught—
Looking at nature with familiar glances,
And weaving garlands in the groves of thought.

He sings of youth, and hope, and high endeavor;
He sings of love—oh crown of poesy!—
Of fate, and sorrow, and the grave—forever
The end of strife, the goal of destiny.

He sings of fatherland, the minstrel's glory—
High theme of memory and hope divine—
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,
In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In ballads breathing many a dim tradition,
Nourished in long belief or minstrel rhymes,
Fruit of the old romance, whose gentle mission
Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name among the mountains,
And plains and valleys, of his native land;
Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains
Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies spanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother, cheerful,
Beside the cradle in the dim twilight;
His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden, tearful,
With tender murmurs in the ear of night.

The hillside swain, the reaper in the meadows,
Carol his ditties through the toilsome day;
And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows
Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

Oh precious gift! oh wondrous inspiration!
Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,
To be the oracle, while a whole nation
Catches the echo from the sounding strings!

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion
Rises the orb of song, serenely bright—
As who beholds, across the tracts of ocean,
The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic world—divided neither
By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone:
Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,
In fancied fortunes to forget his own?

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.

LET her be laid within a silent dell,
Where hanging trees throw round a twilight gleam—
Just within hearing of some village-bell,
And by the margin of a low-voiced stream;
For these were sights and sounds she once loved well.

Then o'er her grave the star-paved sky will beam;
While all around the fragrant wild-flowers blow,
And sweet birds sing her requiem to the water's flow.

THOMAS MILLER.

SONNET.

THE nightingale is mute—and so art thou,
Whose voice is sweeter than the nightingale;
While every idle scholar makes a vow
Above thy worth and glory to prevail.

Yet shall not envy to that level bring
The true precedence which is born in thee;
Thou art no less the prophet of the spring,
Though in the woods thy voice now silent be.

For silence may impair but cannot kill
The music that is native to thy soul;
Nor thy sweet mind, in this thy froward will,
Upon thy purest honor have control;
But, since thou wilt not to our wishes sing,
This truth I speak—thou art of poets king.

LORD THURLOW.

CHARADE..

Come from my first, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum.
Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy father fought;
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought;
So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light:
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,
So,—take him to his rest!

Call ye my whole, ay, call
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day;

Go, call him by his name!
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

TO MACAULAY.

The dreamy rhymer's measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of womankind,
Who wage their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have trussed and skewered a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead:
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns;
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

Walter Savage Landor.

ODE.

Bards of passion and of mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine, melodious truth—
Philosophic numbers smooth—
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us here the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

John Keats

THE MINSTREL.

"What voice, what harp, are those we hear
 Beyond the gate in chorus?
Go, page!—the lay delights our ear;
 We'll have it sung before us!"
So speaks the king: the stripling flies—
He soon returns; his master cries—
 "Bring in the hoary minstrel!"

"Hail, princes mine! Hail, noble knights!
 All hail, enchanting dames!
What starry heaven! What blinding lights!
 Whose tongue may tell their names?
In this bright hall, amid this blaze,
Close, close, mine eyes! Ye may not gaze
 On such stupendous glories!"

The minnesinger closed his eyes;
 He struck his mighty lyre:
Then beauteous bosoms heaved with sighs,
 And warriors felt on fire;
The king, enraptured by the strain,
Commanded that a golden chain
 Be given the bard in guerdon.

"Not so! Reserve thy chain, thy gold,
 For those brave knights whose glances,
Fierce flashing through the battle bold,
 Might shiver sharpest lances!
Bestow it on thy treasurer there—
The golden burden let him bear
 With other glittering burdens.

"I sing as in the greenwood bush
 The cageless wild-bird carols—
The tones that from the full heart gush
 Themselves are gold and laurels!
Yet might I ask, then thus I ask—
Let one bright cup of wine, in flask
 Of glowing gold, be brought me!"

They set it down; he quaffs it all—
 "Oh! draught of richest flavor!
Oh! thrice divinely happy hall
 Where that is scarce a favor!
If heaven shall bless ye, think on me;
And thank your God as I thank ye
 For this delicious wine-cup!"

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (German).
Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

SONNET.

Who best can paint th' enamelled robe of spring,
 With flow'rets and fair blossoms well bedight;
Who best can her melodious accents sing,
 With which she greets the soft return of light;
Who best can bid the quaking tempest rage,
 And make th' imperial arch of heav'n to groan—
Breed warfare with the winds, and finely wage
 Great strife with Neptune on his rocky throne—
Or lose us in those sad and mournful days
 With which pale autumn crowns the misty year,
Shall bear the prize, and in his true essays
 A poet in our awful eyes appear;
For whom let wine his mortal woes beguile,
Gold, praise, and woman's thrice-endearing smile.

LORD THURLOW.

A POET'S THOUGHT.

Tell me, what is a poet's thought?
 Is it on the sudden born?
Is it from the starlight caught?
Is it by the tempest taught?
 Or by whispering morn?

Was it cradled in the brain?
 Chained awhile, or nursed in night?
Was it wrought with toil and pain?
Did it bloom and fade again,
 Ere it burst to light?

No more question of its birth:
 Rather love its better part!
'T is a thing of sky and earth,
Gathering all its golden worth
 From the poet's heart.

BARRY CORNWALL.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

I.

There was a roaring in the wind all night—
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright—
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

II.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

III.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar—
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy.
The pleasant season did my heart employ;
My old remembrances went from me wholly—
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

IV.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low—
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came—
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

V.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care.
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

VI.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood—
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

VII.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain side.
By our own spirits we are deified;
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

VIII.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a man before me unawares—
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

IX.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy
By what means it could hither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense—
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself—

X.

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage,
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness, felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

XI.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood;
And still, as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XII.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon that muddy water, which he conned
As if he had been reading in a book.
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

XIII.

A gentle answer did the old man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew;
And him with further words I thus bespake:
"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

XIV.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest;
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest,—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men, a stately speech,
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use—
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

XV.

He told that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor—
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure;
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor—
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

XVI.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard, nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream—
Or like a man from some far region sent
To give me human strength by apt admonishment.

XVII.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills,
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
— Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew—
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

XVIII.

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled, stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

XIX.

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man's shape and speech—all troubled me;
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace

About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

XX.

And soon with this he other matter blended—
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended
I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AN EXHORTATION.

CHAMELEONS feed on light and air—
Poets' food is love and fame;
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a-day?

Poets are on this cold earth
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea:
Where light is, chameleons change—
Where love is not, poets do.
Fame is love disguised; if few
Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind;
If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are:
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
Oh, refuse the boon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time!
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme!
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on—
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal; yet do not grieve—
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves nor ever bid the spring adieu:
And happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed!
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought,
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find—
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

LORD SURREY.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born!
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n y-cleped Euphrosyne,
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth!
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing—
As he met her once a-Maying—
There, on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity—
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek—
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come! and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free—
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night

From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray—
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest—
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neigboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale
With stories told of many a feat:
How fairy Mab the junkets eat—
She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold—
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry—
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream:
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,

In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony—
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams—
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue—
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore—
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn!
Come! but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden, downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm peace, and quiet—
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne—
The cherub contemplation;
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly—
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom—

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, oh, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold—
Of Camball, and of Algarsife—
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass—
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride!
And, if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung—
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear—
Not tricked and flounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

JOHN MILTON.

SONG.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Robert Greene.

THE REPLY.

I.

Since you desire of me to know
Who's the wise man, I'll tell you who:
Not he whose rich and fertile mind
Is by the culture of the arts refined;
Who has the chaos of disordered thought
By reason's light to form and method brought;
Who with a clear and piercing sight
Can see through niceties as dark as night—
You err if you think this is he,
Though seated on the top of the Porphyrian tree.

II.

Nor is it he to whom kind heaven
A secret cabala has given
T' unriddle the mysterious text
Of nature, with dark comments more perplext—
Or to decipher her clean-writ and fair,
But most confounding, puzzling character—
That can through all her windings trace
This slippery wanderer, and unveil her face,
Her inmost mechanism view,
Anatomize each part, and see her through and through.

III.

Nor he that does the science know
Our only certainty below—
That can from problems dark and nice
Deduce truths worthy of a sacrifice.
Nor he that can confess the stars, and see
What 's writ in the black leaves of destiny—
That knows their laws, and how the sun
His daily and his annual stage does run,
As if he did to them dispense
Their motions and their fate—supreme intelligence!

IV.

Nor is it he (although he boast
Of wisdom, and seem wise to most,)
Yet 't is not he whose busy pate
Can dive into the deep intrigues of state—
That can the great leviathan control,
Manage and rule it, as if he were its soul;
The wisest king thus gifted was,
And yet did not in these true wisdom place.
Who then is by the wise man meant?
He that can want all this, and yet can be content.

John Norris.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I reck not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys:
I rest so pleased with what I have
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;
I tremble not at noise of war;
I swound not at the news of wrack;
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;
I see some Tantals starved in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
I see even Midas gape for more:

I neither want, nor yet abound—
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;
I fawn not on the great (in show);
I prize, I praise a mean estate—
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

SONG.

WHAT pleasure have great princes,
More dainty to their choice
Than herdsmen wild, who, careless,
In quiet life rejoice,
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in summer morning.

Their dealings, plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful
It is to feel and wait
On favorite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth;
All night they take their rest—
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the east,
Where gold and pearls are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They esteem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law;
Where conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

Oh happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold,
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold;
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

WILLIAM BYRD.

THE LYE.

GOE, soule, the bodie's guest,
Upon a thanklesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best—
The truth shall be thy warrant!
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it showes
What's good, and doth no good;
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions—
Not loved unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how she falters;

And as they then reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisedome she entangles
Herselfe in over wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldnesse;
Tell law it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith it 's fled the citie;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth;
And if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing—
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing—
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

ANONYMOUS.

TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and weilds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood, where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding Mars
The fairest and the best faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails;
Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right to appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appall not him, that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes; he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepared
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings;
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment that hath carried you
Beyond the feebler limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inured to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain,
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women used to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better checked by being contemned,
Than being pursued; leaving to him to avenge
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and even deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death: that when ability expires,
Desire lives still—so much delight they have
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory? And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come;
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind,
Hath been so set by that all-working hand

Of heaven, that though the world hath done
his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord, but still agree,
Equal in fortunes in equality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored
name
Than all the gold that leaden minds can
frame.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My minde to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or nature hath assignde;
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toile, and keepe with feare;
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe nor welthie store,
No force to win the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye—
To none of these I yeeld as thrall;
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poore, though much they have
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse;
I brooke that is another's bane.
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cresus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatal law;
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleepe to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate.
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath—
Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall;
This is my choyce; for why, I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence;
I never seeke by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD.

THE WINTER BEING OVER.

The winter being over,
In order comes the spring,
Which doth green herbs discover,
And cause the birds to sing.
The night also expired,
Then comes the morning bright,
Which is so much desired
By all that love the light.
This may learn
Them that mourn,
To put their grief to flight:
The spring succeedeth winter,
And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth
Affliction or distress
Which every member paineth,
And findeth no release—
Let such therefore despair not,
But on firm hope depend,
Whose griefs immortal are not,
And therefore must have end.
They that faint
With complaint
Therefore are to blame;
They add to their afflictions,
And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience
Awhile possess the mind,
By inward consolations
They might refreshing find,
To sweeten all their crosses
That little time they 'dure;
So might they gain by losses,
And sharp would sweet procure.
But if the mind
Be inclined
To unquietness,
That only may be called
The worst of all distress.

He that is melancholy,
Detesting all delight,
His wits by sottish folly
Are ruinated quite.
Sad discontent and murmurs
To him are incident;
Were he possessed of honors,
He could not be content.
Sparks of joy
Fly away;
Floods of care arise;
And all delightful motion
In the conception dies.

But those that are contented
However things do fall,
Much anguish is prevented,
And they soon freed from all.
They finish all their labors
With much felicity;
Their joy in trouble savors
Of perfect piety.
Cheerfulness
Doth express
A settled pious mind,
Which is not prone to grudging,
From murmuring refined.

ANN COLLINS.

SONNETS.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth;
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world set forth;
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange;
Gigantic frames held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
Nothing is constant but in constant change,
What 's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other fashion doth it range;
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon;
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April showers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name:
Are the strange ends we toil for here below
Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

William Drummond.

A SWEET PASTORAL.

Good muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony!
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone awhile!
Thou know'st my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty color lease,
And not a leaf is seen.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost;
Each herb hath lost her savor;
And Phillida, the fair, hath lost
The comfort of her favor.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That how to hope upon delights
Is but a mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet muse,
Thou know'st what help is best;
Do now thy heavenly cunning use
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend—
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

Nicholas Breton.

ODE TO BEAUTY.

Who gave thee, O beauty,
The keys of this breast,
Too credulous lover
Of blest and unblest?
Say, when in lapsed ages
Thee knew I of old?
Or what was the service
For which I was sold?
When first my eyes saw thee
I found me thy thrall,
By magical drawings,
Sweet tyrant of all!
I drank at thy fountain
False waters of thirst;
Thou intimate stranger,
Thou latest and first!
Thy dangerous glances
Make women of men;
New-born, we are melting
Into nature again.

Lavish, lavish promiser,
Nigh persuading gods to err!
Guest of million painted forms,
Which in turn thy glory warms!
The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
The acorn's cup, the rain drop's arc,
The swinging spider's silver line,
The ruby of the drop of wine,
The shining pebble of the pond,
Thou inscribest with a bond,

In thy momentary play,
Would bankrupt nature to repay.
Ah, what avails it
To hide or to shun
Whom the Infinite One
Hath granted His throne!
The heaven high over
Is the deep's lover;
The sun and sea,
Informed by thee,
Before me run,
And draw me on,
Yet fly me still,
As fate refuses
To me the heart fate for me chooses.
Is it that my opulent soul
Was mingled from the generous whole;
Sea-valleys and the deep of skies
Furnished several supplies;
And the sands whereof I 'm made
Draw me to them, self-betrayed?
I turn the proud portfolios
Which hold the grand designs
Of Salvator, of Guercino,
And Piranesi's lines.
I hear the lofty pæans
Of the masters of the shell,
Who heard the starry music
And recount the numbers well;
Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.
Oft, in streets or humblest places,
I detect far-wandered graces,
Which, from Eden wide astray,
In lowly homes have lost their way.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,
Like the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfect form could ever bind.
Thou eternal fugitive,
Hovering over all that live,
Quick and skilful to inspire
Sweet, extravagant desire,
Starry space and lily-bell
Filling with thy roseate smell,
Wilt not give the lips to taste
Of the nectar which thou hast.

All that 's good and great with thee
Works in close conspiracy;
Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely
To report thy features only,
And the cold and purple morning,
Itself with thoughts of thee adorning;
The leafy dell, the city mart,
Equal trophies of thine art;
E'en the flowing azure air
Thou hast touched for my despair;
And, if I languish into dreams,
Again I meet the ardent beams.
Queen of things! I dare not die
In being's deeps past ear and eye;
Lest there I find the same deceiver,
And be the sport of fate forever.
Dread power, but dear! if God thou be,
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

SONG.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'T is since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who heed thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the signs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure:
Thou wilt never come for pity
Thou wilt come for pleasure.

Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves and winds and streams,
Everything almost
Which is nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love love, though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But, above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee:
Thou art love and life! oh come,
Make once more my heart thy home!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

THE awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams, that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance,
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim, vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear, and dream, and death, and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope.

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavor—
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever
From all we hear and all we see
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lover's eyes!
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came!
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;
I was not heard; I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me—
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine; have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave. They have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night;
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery—
That thou, O awful loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee—
Whom, spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SWEET IS THE PLEASURE.

SWEET is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it—
Else 't is no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'T is the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'T is loving and serving
The highest and best;
'T is onwards! unswerving—
And that is true rest.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

STANZAS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE TABLES TURNED.

UP! up, my friend! and quit your books,
Or surely you 'll grow double;
Up! up, my friend! and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 't is a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet—
How sweet his music! on my life,
There 's more of wisdom in it!

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things—
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless,—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true—
A pair of friends, though I was young
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song or catch,
That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church clock and the chimes
Sing here, beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
'T will murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

"With nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

"But we are prest by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone;
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved!"

"Now both himself and me he wrongs.
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead,
I 'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide,
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To halls in which the feast is spread—
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I 'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I 'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I 've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I 'm going home.

Good-bye to flattery's fawning face;
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come—
Good-bye, proud world! I 'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulger feet have never trod—
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

HARK! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime!
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave—
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their old melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-builded,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams—
There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the spirit's luminous land!

WILHELM MUELLER. (German.)
Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

GUY.

Mortal mixed of middle clay,
Attempered to the night and day,
Interchangeable with things,
Needs no amulets or rings.
Guy possessed the talisman
That all things from him began;
And as, of old, Polycrates
Chained the sunshine and the breeze,
So did Guy betimes discover
Fortune was his guard and lover—
In strange junctures felt, with awe,
His own symmetry with law;
So that no mixture could withstand
The virtue of his lucky hand.
He gold or jewel could not lose,
Nor not receive his ample dues.
In the street, if he turned round,
His eye the eye 't was seeking found.
It seemed his genius discreet
Worked on the maker's own receipt,
And made each tide and element
Stewards of stipend and of rent;
So that the common waters fell
As costly wine into his well.

He had so sped his wise affairs
That he caught nature in his snares;
Early or late, the falling rain
Arrived in time to swell his grain;
Stream could not so perversely wind
But corn of Guy's was there to grind;
The siroc found it on its way
To speed his sails, to dry his hay;
And the world's sun seemed to rise
To drudge all day for Guy the wise.
In his rich nurseries timely skill
Strong crab with nobler blood did fill;
The zephyr in his garden rolled
From plum trees vegetable gold;
And all the hours of the year
With their own harvests honored were.
There was no frost but welcome came,
Nor freshet, nor midsummer flame.
Belonged to wind and world the toil
And venture, and to Guy the oil.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TEMPERANCE, OR THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN.

Go now! and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease; and, whilst they tug,
Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
Go! take physic—dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The oraculous doctor's mystic bills—
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at last shalt gain by these?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that 's physic indeed.
Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see
Nature her old physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health—
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments that upon her sit
As garments should do, close and fit—
A well-clothed soul that 's not oppressed
Nor choked with what she should be dressed—
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine:
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride—
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy streams—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?—
A man whose tuned humors be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age? Wouldst see December's smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring?—
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;

And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

BACCHUS.

BRING me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vines whose tap-roots, reaching through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffered no savor of the earth to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus;
And turns the woe of night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread,
We buy diluted wine;
Give me of the true,—
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled
Among the silver hills of heaven,
Draw everlasting dew;
Wine of wine,
Blood of the world,
Form of forms and mould of statures,
That I intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated,
May float at pleasure through all natures;
The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed
Like the torrents of the sun
Up the horizon walls,
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,
Food which needs no transmuting,
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruiting
Wine which is already man,
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which music is,—
Music and wine are one,—
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far chaos talk with me;
Kings unborn shall walk with me;
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man.
Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice
For all I know:—
Winds of remembering
Of the ancient being blow,
And seeming-solid walls of use
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;—
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!
Vine for the vine be antidote,
And the grapes requite the lote!
Haste to cure the old despair,—
Reason in nature's lotus drenched,
The memory of ages quenched,
Give them again to shine;
Let wine repair what this undid;
And where the infection slid,
A dazzling memory revive;
Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the aged prints,
And write my old adventures with the pen
Which on the first day drew,
Upon the tablets blue,
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

PART I.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay—
All flesh is hay:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;
Thou art e'en such—
Gone with a touch:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff—
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say
That to the dust
Return thou must:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the plant of great renown,
Which mercy sends
For nobler ends:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what 's the power
Of Jesse's flower?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's rose:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow—
Your pains in outward means are so,
'Till heavenly fire
Your heart inspire:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke like burning incense towers;
So should a praying heart of yours
With ardent cries
Surmount the skies:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

ANONYMOUS.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind below the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower;

Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush the upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy:
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
One shows the plunder and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
The insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth;
See motley life in modern trappings dressed,
And feed with varied fools the eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh, where want enchained caprice,
Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died,
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of favorites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judged a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
Renewed at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the mourning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard the favorite's zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-flown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;

Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize;
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate;
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord;
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak, thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease the torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail.
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, yet again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
The glittering eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
The plundered palace or sequestered rent,
Marked out by dangerous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block;
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphant show,
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
For such the steady Roman shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;

This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgaged states their grandsire's wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky!"
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
New powers he claims, new powers are still bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
The insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
The encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honor's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy.
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch the impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feebler powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and lingering jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense;
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguished avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favorite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise:
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveler and a show!

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines:

With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend;
The guardians yield, by force superior plied:
To interest, prudence; and to flattery, pride.
Here beauty falls betrayed, despised, distressed,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of secret presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain;
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HENCE ALL YOU VAIN DELIGHTS.

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy;
Oh sweetest melancholy!
Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves;
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan—
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley.
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SONG.

DOWN lay in a nook my lady's brach
And said, my feet are sore;
I cannot follow with the pack
A-hunting of the boar.

And though the horn sounds never so clear,
With the hounds in loud uproar,
Yet I must stop and lie down here,
Because my feet are sore.

The huntsman, when he heard the same,
What answer did he give?
The dog that 's lame is much to blame,
He is not fit to live.

HENRY TAYLOR.

DEJECTION: AN ODE,

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon,
With the old moon in her arm;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

I.

WELL! if the bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of the Eolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the new-moon, winter-bright,
And overspread with phantom light—
With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread!
I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds, which oft have raised me whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give—
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live.

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear—
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green;
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars—
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen—
Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue:
I see them all so excellently fair—
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavor,
Though I should gaze forever
On that green light that lingers in the west;
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

IV.

O lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd—
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth;
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be—
What, and wherein it doth exist—
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous lady! Joy that ne'er was given
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour—
Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower

Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power
Which, wedding nature to us, gives in dower
A new earth and new heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight—
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress;
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness.
For hope grew round me like the twining vine;
And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth,
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan;
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind—
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony, by torture lengthened out,
That lute sent forth! Thou wind, that ravest without!
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad lutanist! who, in this month of showers,
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among!
Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'T is of the rushing of a host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold.
But hark! there is a pause or deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud;
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay:
'T is of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild—
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way;
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear—
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII.

'T is midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep;
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle sleep, with wings of healing!
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth;
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes—

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice!
To her may all things live, from pole to pole—
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above!
Dear lady! friend devoutest of my choice!
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight—
Good man! old man!
He 's painted standing bolt upright,
With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig 's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk;
And he looks like the head
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide—
Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside;
And in other parts, d' ye see,
Cross-bows, tobacco pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
And he looked like the head
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate—
Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor, and fight for his king?
And so may every head
Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN, "the younger."

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

I AM a friar of orders gray,
And down in the valleys I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip—
Good store of venison fills my scrip;
My long bead-roll I merrily chant;
Where'er I walk no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell—
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is a pullet and clouted cream;
Myself, by denial, I mortify—
With a dainty bit of a warden pie;
I 'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin—
With old sack wine I 'm lined within;
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

JOHN O'KEEFE.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer—
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass—
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray—
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed—
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian 's dead! God rest her bier—
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian 's married; but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

TO PERILLA.

AH, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?
Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal home;
'T will not be long, Perilla, after this
That I must give thee the supremest kiss.
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapped thy smooth limbs when thou didst implore
The gods' protection, but the night before;
Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear.
Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me;
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king—
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said—
"O, Landor! I am quite
Bewildered with affright;
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round.—
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead

Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here.
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MEMORY.

THE mother of the muses, we are taught,
Is memory; she has left me; they remain,
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
About the summer days, my loves of old.
"Alas! alas!" is all I can reply.
Memory has left with me that name alone,
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,
But her bright image in my darkest hour
Comes back, in vain comes back, called or uncalled.
Forgotten are the names of visitors
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;
To these, when I have written, and besought
Remembrance of me, the word "Dear" alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,
If thy stream carried only weeds away,
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look down and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flash of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies, we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me; the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride,
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of him, the sinless teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that 's any thing but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends—
Let 's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time;
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good-night!—with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good-night!—I 'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age;
I 'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men—
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I 'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys—
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I 'd say how fate may change and shift—
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift;
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?

We bow to heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
 That 's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit—
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we 'll kneel,
 Confessing heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed—
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize—
 Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
 The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

TIME'S CURE.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
 The hours are flying;
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
 And leaves it dying;
The chill, dark night draws near—
The sun will soon depart,
 And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!
 The hour s are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart!
 The hours fly fast—
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies;
 Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
 And pain is past;
Rejoice then grieving heart!
 The hours fly fast!

ANONYMOUS.

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, time!
 Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, time!
 We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
 Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle time!

BARRY CORNWALL.

SONG.

Time is a feathered thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they are told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles here,
Where flowers and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost;
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

Anonymous.

THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR LOSSES.

There are gains for all our losses—
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

SONNET.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

Aubrey de Vere.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on!—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye.

I said to penury's meagre train,
Come on! your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold neglect and scorn,
Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;

Yet still the spirit which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

I said to friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure! oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away.

LAVINIA STODDARD.

MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts, and then flies;
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou! and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

STANZAS.

MY life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

NO MORE.

MY wind has turned to bitter north,
That was so soft a south before;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;
My gay green leaves are yellow-black
Upon the dank autumnal floor;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to pour;
One frosty night befell—and lo!
I find my summer days are o'er.
The heart bereaved, of why and how
Unknowing, knows that yet before
It had what e'en to memory now
Returns no more, no more.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SONG.

Oh say not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it—
That nature's form, so dear of old,
No more has power to charm it;
Or that the ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
In rapt and dreamy sadness—
Oft look on those who loved them too,
With fancy's idle gladness;
Again I longed to view the light
In nature's features glowing,
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and, frowning, flung
His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He muttered as he bound me:
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with nature?"

CHARLES WOLFE.

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove—
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not;
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought;
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires,
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHY THUS LONGING.

Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they art not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

Harriet Winslow.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the west
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead—
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

Frances Brown.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'T is here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

William Cowper.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great good man? Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his maker, and the angel death.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

SONNETS.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of heaven:
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-master's eye.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,

When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not! in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide—
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

ROBIN HOOD.

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years;
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen north, and chilling east
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No! the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill,
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight amazed to hear,
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars, to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold—
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone the merry morris din;
Gone the song of Gamelyn;
Gone the tough-belted outlaw,
Idling in the "greené shawe"—
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze;
He would swear—for all his oaks,
Fallen beneath the dock-yard strokes,

Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is! yet let us sing
Honor to the old bow-string!
Honor to the bugle horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

JOHN KEATS.

OH! THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD!

Oh! the pleasant days of old, which so often
people praise!
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace
our modern days:
Bare floors were strewed with rushes—the
walls let in the cold;
Oh! how they must have shivered in those
pleasant days of old!

Oh! those ancient lords of old, how magnifi-
cent they were!
They threw down and imprisoned kings—to
thwart them who might dare?
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they
took from Jews their gold—
Above both law and equity were those great
lords of old!

Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their
valor so renowned!
With sword and lance, and armor strong,
they scoured the country round;
And whenever aught to tempt them they
met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they seized the prize—
those gallant knights of old!

Oh! the gentle dames of old! who, quite
free from fear or pain,
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see
their champions slain;
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which
made them strong and bold—
Oh! more like men than women were those
gentle dames of old!

Oh! those mighty towers of old! with their
turrets, moat and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dun-
geons dark and deep.
Full many a baron held his court within the
castle hold;
And many a captive languished there, in
those strong towers of old.

Oh! the troubadours of old! with their gen-
tle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er
their lot might be—
For years they served their ladye-love ere
they their passions told—
Oh! wondrous patience must have had those
troubadours of old!

Oh! those blessed times of old! with their
chivalry and state;
I love to read their chronicles, which such
brave deeds relate;
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear
their legends told—
But, heaven be thanked! I live not in those
blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWN.

THE WHITE ISLAND;

OR, PLACE OF THE BLEST.

In this world, the isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting;
But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternitie,
Uniting

In that whiter island, where
Things are evermore sincere—
Candor here and lustre there
Delighting.
There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
Affrighting;
There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending
Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you—
And fresh joys, as never to
Have ending.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

I.

It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds;
A languid music haunted everywhere—
Like that with which a summer eve abounds,
From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear
Down sloping uplands, which some wood surrounds,
With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;
And low of cattle on the distant plain,
And peal of far-off bells—now caught, then lost again.

II.

It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;
Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale
The very air seemed sleepily to blow;
And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,
Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow:
It was a valley drowsy with delight—
Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed the sight.

III.

The golden-belted bees hummed it the air;
The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
The trees slept in the steeping sunbeam's glare;
The dreamy river chimed its undersong,
And took its own free course without a care;
Amid the boughs did lute-tonged songsters throng,
And the green valley throbbed beneath their lays,
Which echo echo chased through many a leafy maze.

IV.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,
Sent down to see the summer beauties dress,
And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;
Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,
And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers;
The very flowers seemed eager to caress
Such living sisters; and the boughs, long-leaved,
Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed bosoms heaved.

V.

One through her long loose hair was backward peeping,
Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;
Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,
Or looking love-askance, and, when descried,
Her coy glance on the bedded greensward keeping;
She pulled the flowers to pieces, as she sighed—
Then blushed, like timid daybreak, when the dawn
Looks crimson on the night, and then again 's withdrawn.

VI.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,
On tip-toe tripped along a sun-lit glade—
Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
And half shook down her silken circling braid.
She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;
Her back-blown scarf an arched rainbow made;
She skimmed the wavy flowers, as she passed by,
With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

VII.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling;
Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
Trying to frown—then at the effort smiling;
Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
'T was as if Love stood at himself reviling,
She threw in flowers, and watched them float away;
Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

VIII.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,
The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,
And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,
As if they on the self-same stem had grown—
So close were rose and lip together twined,
A double flower that from one bud had blown;
Till none could tell, so sweetly were they blended,
Where swelled the curving lip, or where the rose-bloom ended.

IX.

One, half asleep, crushing the twined flowers,
Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay—
Still as a lark that 'mid the daisies cowers;
Her looped-up tunic, tossed in disarray,
Showed rounded limbs too fair for earthly bowers;
They looked like roses on a cloudy day,
The warm white dulled amid the colder green—
The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to screen.

X.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,
With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
And singing to the waves for evermore—
Sinking, like flowers at eve, beside the rocks,
If but a sound above the muffled roar
Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks
Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,
Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny valleys.

XI.

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,
Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep blue,
When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
Too beautiful to meet the naked view—
Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.
Women they were! such as the angels knew—
Such as the mammoth looked on ere he fled,
Scared by the lovers' wings that streamed in sunset red.

THOMAS MILLER.

ARRANMORE.

O ARRANMORE, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee!
And of those days when by thy shore
I wandered young and free.
Full many a path I 've tried since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon the breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along the flood!
Or when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing—

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene—
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen;
Ah dream, too full of saddening truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth—
As sunny and as vain!

THOMAS MOORE.

HONEST POVERTY.

Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

"CONTEMPLATE ALL THIS WORK."

CONTEMPLATE all this work of time,
The giant laboring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth
As dying nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man—

Who throve and branched from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he types this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
And crowned with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not an idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling faun, the sensual feast!
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IS IT COME?

Is it come? they said, on the banks of the Nile,
Who looked for the world's long-promised day,
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil,
With the desert's sand and the granite gray.
From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell us of the tyrant's dread—
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came, with his starry lore,
And built up Babylon's crown and creed;
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Ninus' temple, and Nimrod's tower,
The rule of the old east's empire spread
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—
But still, Is it come? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipped flame,
The ancient bondage its splendor threw;
And once, on the west a sunrise came,
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true;
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
With human gods, and with god-like men,
No marvel the far-off day seemed near,
To eyes that looked through her laurels then.

The Romans conquered, and revelled too,
Till honor, and faith, and power, were gone;
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew,
As, wave after wave, the Goth came on.
The gown was learning, the sword was law;
The people served in the oxen's stead;
But ever some gleam the watcher saw,
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and seer that question caught,
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It marched with letters, it toiled with thought,
Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets.
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away—
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold;
And high hopes wither, and memories wane;
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain—
And this is all that our watcher said.

FRANCES BROWN.

IF THAT WERE TRUE!

'T is long ago,—we have toiled and traded,
Have lost and fretted, have gained and grieved,
Since last the light of that fond faith faded;
But, friends—in its day—what we believed!
The poets' dreams and the peasants' stories—
Oh, never will time that trust renew!
Yet they were old on the earth before us,
And lovely tales,—had they been true!

Some spake of homes in the greenwood hidden,
Where age was fearless and youth was free—
Where none at life's board seemed guests unbidden,
But men had years like the forest tree:
Goodly and fair and full of summer,
As lives went by when the world was new,
Ere ever the angel steps passed from her,—
Oh, dreamers and bards, if that were true!

Some told us of a stainless standard—
Of hearts that only in death grew cold,
Whose march was ever in freedom's van guard,
And not to be stayed by steel or gold.
The world to their very graves was debtor—
The tears of her love fell there like dew;
But there had been neither slave nor fetter
This day in her realms, had that been true!

Our hope grew strong as the giant-slayer.
They told that life was an honest game,
Where fortune favored the fairest player,
And only the false found loss and blame—
That men were honored for gifts and graces,
And not for the prizes folly drew;
But there would be many a change of places,
In hovel and hall, if that were true!

Some said to our silent souls, What fear ye?
And talked of a love not based on clay—
Of faith that would neither wane nor weary,
With all the dust of the pilgrim's day;
They said that fortune and time were changers,
But not by their tides such friendship grew;
Oh, we had never been trustless strangers
Among our people, if that were true!

And yet since the fairy time hath perished,
With all its freshness, from hills and hearts,
The last of its love, so vainly cherished,
Is not for these days of schools and marts.
Up, up! for the heavens still circle o'er us;
There 's wealth to win and there 's work to do,
There 's a sky above, and a grave before us—
And, brothers, beyond them all is true!

FRANCES BROWN.

THE WORLD.

'T is all a great show,
The world that we 're in—
None can tell when 't was finished,
None saw it begin;
Men wander and gaze through
Its courts and its halls,
Like children whose love is
The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,
There are clouds in the sky—
Songs pour from the woodland,
The waters glide by;
Too many, too many
For eye or for ear,
The sights that we see,
And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
Comes down on the mind;
So swift is life's train
To its objects we 're blind;
I myself am but one
In the fleet-gliding show—
Like others I walk,
But know not where I go.

One saint to another
I heard say "How long?"
I listened, but naught more
I heard of his song;
The shadows are walking
Through city and plain—
How long shall the night
And its shadow remain?

How long ere shall shine,
In this glimmer of things,
The light of which prophet
In prophecy sings?
And the gates of that city
Be open, whose sun
No more to the west
Its circuit shall run!

JONES VERY.

BE PATIENT.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear
against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the
seed has birth—
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its
little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and
the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of
mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must
underground be wrought;
But as sure as there 's a power that makes
the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the
blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and watch
the wheat ears grow—
So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change
nor throe—
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is
fully grown,
And then again day after day, till the ripened
field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—though yet our
hopes are green,
The harvest fields of freedom shall be crowned
with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening!—mature your silent
way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with
fire on freedom's harvest day!

ANONYMOUS.

THERE BE THOSE.

THERE be those who sow beside
The waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
Whose footsteps ever wandered there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,
The stream flows on as yesterday;
Nor can it for a time be seen
A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread;
It lives, it lives—the spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify.

That silent stream, that desert ground,
No more unlovely shall be found;
But scattered flowers of simplest grace
Shall spread their beauty round the place.

And soon or late a time will come
When witnesses, that now are dumb,
With grateful eloquence shall tell
From whom the seed, there scattered, fell.

BERNARD BARTON.

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even.
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky:
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE LOST CHURCH.

In yonder dim and pathless wood
 Strange sounds are heard at twilight hour,
And peals of solemn music swell
 As from some minster's lofty tower.
From age to age those sounds are heard,
 Borne on the breeze at twilight hour—
From age to age no foot hath found
 A pathway to the minster's tower!

Late, wandering in that ancient wood,
 As onward through the gloom I trod,
From all the woes and wrongs of earth
 My soul ascended to its God.
When lo! in the hushed wilderness
 I heard, far off, that solemn bell:
Still, heavenward as my spirit soared,
 Wilder and sweeter rang the knell.

While thus in holy musings wrapt,
 My mind from outward sense withdrawn,
Some power had caught me from the earth,
 And far into the heavens upborne.
Methought a hundred years had passed
 In mystic visions as I lay—
When suddenly the parting clouds
 Seemed opening wide, and far away.

No midday sun its glory shed,
 The stars were shrouded from my sight;
And lo! majestic o'er my head,
 A minster shone in solemn light.
High through the lurid heavens it seemed
 Aloft on cloudy wings to rise,
Till all its pointed turrets gleamed,
 Far flaming, through the vaulted skies!

The bell with full resounding peal
 Rang booming through the rocking tower;
No hand had stirred its iron tongue,
 Slow swaying to the storm-wind's power.
My bosom beating like a bark
 Dashed by the surging ocean's foam,
I trod with faltering, fearful joy
 The mazes of the mighty dome.

A soft light through the oriel streamed
 Like summer moonlight's golden gloom,
Far through the dusky arches gleamed,
 And filled with glory all the room.
Pale sculptures of the sainted dead
 Seemed waking from their icy thrall;
And many a glory-circled head
 Smiled sadly from the storied wall.

Low at the altar's foot I knelt,
 Transfixed with awe, and dumb with dread;
For, blazoned on the vaulted roof,
 Were heaven's fiercest glories spread.
Yet when I raised my eyes once more,
 The vaulted roof itself was gone—
Wide open was heaven's lofty door,
 And every cloudy veil withdrawn!

What visions burst upon my soul,
 What joys unutterable there
In waves on waves for ever roll
 Like music through the pulseless air—
These never mortal tongue may tell:
 Let him who fain would prove their power
Pause when he hears that solemn knell
 Float on the breeze at twilight hour.

LUDWIG UHLAND. (German).
Paraphrase of SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I WENT to the garden of love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gate of this chapel was shut,
And "thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turned to the garden of love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl—
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowled churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye:
For out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass—
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise—
The book itself before me lies—
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger golden lips or mines—
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;
His words are music in my ear—
I see his cowled portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

MY loved, my honored, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways—
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend;
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, todlin, stacher thro'
To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in—
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years—
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due:

Their masters' and their mistresses' command
The younkers a' are warned to obey,
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play
An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it 's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben—
A strappan youth, he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave—
Weel pleased to think her bairn 's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I 've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there, in human form that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child—
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board:
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soup their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud;
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,
An' aft he 's pressed, and aft he ca's it good;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame—
The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays;
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise—
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page:
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How he, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped—
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal king,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear—
Together hymning their creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,

May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request
That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide—
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings—
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart—
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part—
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art—
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God
Erect and free,
Unscourged by superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That 's hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed:—
But where 's their memory's mansion? Is 't
Yon churchyard 's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed, down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap!—
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—

And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace
Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though death 's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To heaven!—But heaven rebukes my zeal.
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love.

Peace! love!—the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine!
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not;
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured nature's ceiling,
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Made music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time:
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason, on his mortal clime,
Immortal dawn.

What 's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives
birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! independence! truth! go forth,
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will—
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death—
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from humors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall—
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

MAN.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man, to whose creation
All things are in decay?

For man is every thing,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more—
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute—
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie—
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed—
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws.
Musick and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being—to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation—
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink—above, our meat;
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beautie?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on man
Than he 'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
O mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, oh dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

GEORGE HERBERT.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

Oh happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice;

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

JOHN LOGAN.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields, which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow:

Thus, freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done!

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense—
The hope, the trust, the purpose staid,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

Our life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light—
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessed creatures! I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal—
The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there 's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon—
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
He sees it in his joy.
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art—
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral—
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part—
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind!—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave!
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

Oh joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never—
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower—
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind:
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars:
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm!

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NIGHT.

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name;

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small character,
Removed far from our human sight

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour—

That from the farthest north
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway!

Some nation, yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

There those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

THE STURDY ROCK, FOR ALL HIS STRENGTH.

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke;
The steel obey'th the hammer stroke;

The stately stag, that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set;
The swiftest bird that flies about
Is caught at length in fowler's net;
The greatest fish in deepest brook
Is soon deceived with subtle hook;

Yea! man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill
Doth fade at length, and fall away:
There is no thing but time doth waste—
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But virtue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

ANONYMOUS.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye!
Thy root is ever in its grave—
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie!
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate—
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield—
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,
'T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:

"Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay—
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn!
Oh soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away!
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays;
But lately I marked when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again!
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more.
I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn—
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
Oh when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

"'T was thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'Oh pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

James Beattie.

THE STRIFE.

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave—
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and nature then at strife,
That nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I, considering every where
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear—

I falter where I firmly trod;
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a negro and enslaved—
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear—

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen;
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot's vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep,
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth his beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close—
Would, childlike, on His love repose.
Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends!—dear freinds!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall"—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AN OLD POET TO SLEEP.

No god to mortals oftener descends
Than thou, O sleep! yet thee the sad alone
Invoke, and gratefully thy gift receive.
Some thou invitest to explore the sands
Left by Pactolus; some to climb up higher.
Where points ambition to the pomps of war;
Others thou watchest while they tighten obes
Which law throws round them loose, and they meanwhile
Wink at a judge, and he the wink returns.
Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more
And leadest where unruffled rivers flow,
Or azure lakes 'neath azure skies expand.
These have no wider wishes, and no fears,
Unless a fear, in turning to molest
The silent, solitary, stately swan,
Disdaining the garrulity of groves
Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.

Me also hast thou led among such scenes,
Gentlest of gods! and age appeared far off
While thou wast standing close above the couch,
And whispered'st, in whisper not unheard,
"I now depart from thee, but leave behind
My own twin-brother, friendly as myself,
Who soon shall take my place; men call him Death.
Thou hearest me, nor tremblest, as most do;
In sooth, why shouldst thou? What man hast thou wronged
By deed or word? Few dare ask this within."
There was a pause; then suddenly said Sleep,
"He whom I named approacheth, so farewell."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

SLEEP.

WEEP ye no more, sad fountains!
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling—
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes—
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

JOHN DOWLAND.

LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE and Death are sisters fair;
Yes, they are a lovely pair.
Life is sung in joyous song;
While men do her sister wrong,
Calling her severe and stern,
While her heart for them doth burn;
Weave, then, weave a grateful wreath,
For the sisters Life and Death.

If fair Life her sister lost,
On a boundless ocean tost,
She would rove in great unrest,
Missing that warm loving breast.
Now, when scared by wild alarms,
She can seek her sister's arms—
To that tender bosom flee,
Sink to sleep in ecstasy.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

Outstretched beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor forest's deepest glade,
A dying woman lay;
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,
"O mother, mother! do not die,
And leave us all alone."
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say—
But the faint accents died away
In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggling hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
And up she raised her head;
And, peering through the deep wood maze
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
"Will she not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen,
All breathless with her speed;
And, following close, a man came on
(A portly man to look upon),
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
And kissed her clay-cold cheek—
"I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there—
I think they mocked me everywhere;
And when I found his home,
And begged him on my bended knee
To bring his book and come with me,
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
And could not go in peace away
Without the minister;
I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,
But oh! my heart was fit to break—
Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
To come again to you;
And here—close by—this squire I met,
Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;
And when I told him true,—

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,
'God sends me to this dying bed'—
Mother, he 's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,
With quivering flank and trembling knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man—a statelier steed—
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms, and in his look
Something that, like a sermon-book,
Preached—"All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying—"I am a minister,
My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole
(God's words were printed on his soul!)
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 't were an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate—
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
"Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while

In patience, faith, and love—
Sure, in God's own good time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then—as the spirit ebbed away—
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then—the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood—
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band;
And, central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed king.

ROBERT and CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

KING DEATH.

KING Death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows, with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning;
The poet his fancied woes;
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

BARRY CORNWALL.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD."

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity:
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That 's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same;
We love—for ever;
We laugh, yet few we shame—
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever!

BARRY CORNWALL.

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

BARRY CORNWALL.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.

Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" the clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps that glimmered, few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 't is I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st
thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their
swords;
The angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester; thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped
cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape:
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and
prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the
stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange
alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the
king!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first
beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their
stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched
ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned
again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning
breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are
shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to
scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the
king!"

Almost three years were ended; when there
came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and
the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind.

King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud:
"I am the king! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, king of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of an angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on his throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"
The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door—
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LIFE.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot!

HENRY KING.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man;—whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that 's new begun,
Or like the bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
E'en such is man;—who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.—
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew 's ascended,
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan 's near death—man's life is done!

SIMON WASTELL.

SONNET.

OF mortal glory, O soon darkened ray!
O winged joys of man, more swift than wind!
O fond desires, which in our fancies stray!
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!
Lo, in a flash that light is gone away
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And, with that sun from whence it came combined,

Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.
Let beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears;
Let widowed music only roar and groan;
Poor virtue, get thee wings and mount the spheres,
For dwelling-place on earth for thee is none!
Death hath thy temple razed, love's empire foiled,
The world of honor, worth, and sweetness spoiled.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

BEHOLD this ruin!—'T was a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full!
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat;
What beauteous pictures filled this spot—
What dreams of pleasures long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And, where it could not praise, was chained—
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To soothe affliction's humble bed—
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's lap returned,
Those feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

HYMN OF THE CHURCH-YARD.

AH me! this is a sad and silent city:
Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!
Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,—
Their playthings are thrown by, and they asleep.

This is pale beauty's bower; but where the beautiful,
Whom I have seen come forth at evening's hours,
Leading their aged friends, with feelings dutiful,
Amid the wreaths of spring to gather flowers?
Alas! no flowers are here but flowers of death,
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

This is a populous place; but where the bustling—
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—
The lookers-on,—the snowy garments rustling,—
The money-changers, and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the home of grandeur: where are they,—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay,—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?

Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.

This is a place of refuge and repose.
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep
Beside their scorners, and forget to weep.

This is a place of gloom: where are the gloomy?
The gloomy are not citizens of death—
Approach and look, where the long grass is plumy;
See them above! they are not found beneath!
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.

This is a place of sorrow: friends have met
And mingled tears o'er those who answered not;
And where are they whose eyelids then were wet?
Alas! their griefs, their tears, are all forgot;
They, too, are landed in this silent city,
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

This is a place of fear: the firmest eye
Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
And long to end his painful journey here.

JOHN BETHUNE.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the vail apart

That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;—
Where is, O grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious death! thy sting?

Farewell conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears;—
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!"

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn.
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire—
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood—
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove—
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere—
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

PART X.

POEMS OF RELIGION.

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear—
That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer?

Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire!
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath raised man, since God a man became;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the same.

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend:
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

POEMS OF RELIGION.

DARKNESS IS THINNING.

Darkness is thinning; shadows are retreating:
Morning and light are coming in their beauty.
Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,
God the Almighty!

So that our Master, having mercy on us,
May repel languor, may bestow salvation,
Granting us, Father, of Thy loving kindness
Glory hereafter!

This of His mercy, ever blessed Godhead,
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us—
Whom through the wide world celebrate for ever
Blessing and glory!

St. Gregory the Great. (Latin.)
Translation of John Mason Neale.

RULES AND LESSONS.

When first thy eies unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer shou'd
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not good
After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowres.
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whispers amongst them. There 's not a spring
Or leafe but hath his morning hymn. Each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go,
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
The whole unto Him; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy sin;
Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries: the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth
Is stil'd their starre, the stone, and hidden food.
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
Should move: they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world 's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each clay;

Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and discourse,
Let mildness and religion guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force?
But what 's not good and just ne'er go about.
Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick;
That gain is dreadful which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true;
If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground.
Who sels religion is a Judas Jew;
And, oathes once broke, the soul cannot be sound.
The perjurer 's a devil let loose: what can
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd; stick thou
To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind
Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too;
Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.
A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Out-runs the earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open heart;
Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap;
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,
For honesty is safe, come what can hap;
It is the good man's feast, the prince of flowres,
Which thrives in storms, and smels best after showres.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor; but give
Proportion to their merits, and thy purse:
Thou may'st in rags a mighty prince relieve,
Who, when thy sins call for 't, can fence a curse.
Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though waters stray,
The bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own; if thou giv'st words,
Dash not with them thy friend, nor heav'n; O smother
A viperous thought; some syllables are swords.
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double;
They shame their owners, and their hearers trouble.

Injure not modest blond, while spirits rise
In judgement against lewdness; that 's base wit,
That voyds but filth and stench. Hast thou no prize
But sickness or infection? stifle it.
Who makes his jest of sins, must be at least,
If not a very devill, worse than beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed;
But meet to quench his longings and thy thirst;
Allow your joyes religion; that done, speed,
And bring the same man back thou wert at first.
Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
But shuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low
All mutinous thoughts, what business e'r thou hast,
Observe God in His works; here fountains flow,
Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th' earth stands fast;
Above are restles motions, running lights,
Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days, nights.

When seasons change, then lay before thine eys
His wondrous method; mark the various scenes
In heav'n; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow, and ice,
Calmes, tempests, light, and darknes by His means.
Thou canst not misse His praise: each tree, herb, flowre,
Are shadows of His wisedome and His pow'r.

To meales when thou doest come, give Him the praise
Whose arm supply'd thee; take what may suffice,

And then be thankful; O admire His ways
Who fils the world's unempty'd granaries!
A thankless feeder is a theif, his feast
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays; provide
Thee other thoughts; away with friends and mirth;
The sun now stoops, and hastes his beams to hide
Under the dark and melancholy earth.
All but preludes thy end. Thou art the man
Whose rise, height, and descent is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy beams home with thee; trim thy lamp, buy oyl,
And then set forth: who is thus drest, the fall
Furthers his glory, and gives death the foyl.
Man is a summer's day; whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way
'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays;
But perfect all before thou sleep'st: then say,
"Ther's one sun more strung on my bead of days."
What 's good score up for joy; the bad well scann'd
Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the grave one houre
Before thy time; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; life's poor flow'r
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This conversation; but the good man lyes
Intombed many days before he dyes.

Being laid, and drest for sleep, close not thy eies
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts; so when the day shall rise,
And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring
New flames; besides where these lodge, vain heats mourn
And die; that bush, where God is, shall not burn.

When thy nap 's over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that dead age; one beam i' th' dark outvies
Two in the day; then from the damps and ake
Of night shut up thy leaves; be chaste; God prys
Through thickest nights; though then the sun be far,
Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, doe as thou would'st be done unto,
Love God, and love thy neighbour; watch, and pray.
These are the words and works of life; this do,
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost heav'n's way.
O lose it not! look up, wilt change those lights
For chains of darknes and eternal nights?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

SING aloud! His praise rehearse,
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned;
He that on Olympus high
Tends His flock with watchful eye;
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus, as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretched ray.
Nimbly they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Never slack they; none respires,
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Through heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all comers press—
Music, that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy and sportful love,
Fills the listening sailor's ears,
Riding on the wandering spheres.
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong—
Witness all the creature-throng—
Is confessed by every tongue.
All things back from whence they sprung,

As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.

Now, myself, I do resign;
Take me whole, I all am Thine.
Save me, God! from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire;
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, Thy praise I 'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions!
Lo! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute—
India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run;
Or, wherever else you won,
Breathing in one vital air—
One we are though distant far.

Rise at once—let 's sacrifice!
Odors sweet perfume the skies.
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires;
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls!
Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice—what need we else?
Or a hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre.
Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

HENRY MORE.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed;
In finding Thee are all things round us found;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;
And to our eyes the vision is denied;
We wander in the country far remote,
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living sell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

JONES VERY.

THE ELDER SCRIPTURE.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need—
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Father's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like His grace:
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the earth and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee every where.

JOHN KEBLE.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

ETERNAL source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring at Thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours.
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make Thy mercies known,
Around Thy board, and round our own.

Oh may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore
Where days and years revolve no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

"MARK THE SOFT-FALLING SNOW."

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain:
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast is fed
By Providence divine;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend—
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

"Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise;
The vocal groves
Shall sing the God,
And every tree
Consenting nod."

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine
"The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

EVENING.

Father! by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
 On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father! guard our couch from ill,
 Lull Thy children to repose.
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour! to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray:
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
 Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
Secret faults, and undescried,
 Meet Thy spirit-piercing view,
Blessed Saviour! yet through Thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit! breath of balm!
Fall on us in evening's calm:
Yet awhile before we sleep
We with Thee will vigils keep;
Lead us on our sins to muse,
 Give us truest penitence,
Then the love of God infuse,
 Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still!

Blessed Trinity! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Let your angels' guardian host,
 Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning's rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

ANONYMOUS.

IN A CLEAR STARRY NIGHT.

A HYMN AND PRAYER FOR THE USE OF BELIEVERS.

Lord! when those glorious lights I see
With which Thou hast adorned the skies,
Observing how they moved be,
And how their splendor fills mine eyes,
 Methinks it is too large a grace,
But that Thy love ordained it so—
That creatures in so high a place
Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there
In size and lustre doth exceed
The noblest of Thy creatures here,
And of our friendship hath no need.
 Yet these upon mankind attend,
For secret aid, or public light;
And from the world's extremest end
Repair unto us every night.

Oh! had that stamp been undefaced
Which first on us Thy hand had set,
How highly should we have been graced,
Since we are so much honored yet.
 Good God, for what but for the sake
Of Thy beloved and only Son,
Who did on Him our nature take,
Were these exceeding favors done!

As we by Him have honored been,
Let us to Him due honors give;
Let His uprightness hide our sin,
And let us worth from Him receive.
 Yea, so let us by grace improve
What Thou by nature doth bestow,
That to Thy dwelling-place above
We may be raised from below.

GEORGE WITHER.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring—
For so the holy sages once did sing—
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heavenly muse! shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode—
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!
Oh! run prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies—
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw—
Confounded that her maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

Nor war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around—
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born heir—

XII.

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;

And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, truth and justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest fate says No—
This must not yet be so;
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both Himself and us to glorify.
Yet first to those ye chained in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-brake;
The aged earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake—
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is—
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The lars and lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;

And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn—
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
Thammuz mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain, with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast—
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis—haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest—
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand—
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide—
Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine;
Our babe, to show His God-head true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail—
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII.

But see the virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest—
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

JOHN MILTON.

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine—
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean—
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

REGINALD HEBER.

MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song—
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies!
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid—
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light! auspicious babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply—
The rocks proclaim the approaching deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold—
Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;
'T is He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear—
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs He raises in His arms—
Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage—
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field;
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed;
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake—
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

TWELFTH DAY, OR THE EPIPHANY.

THAT so Thy blessed birth, O Christ,
Might through the world be spread about,
Thy star appeared in the east,
Whereby the Gentiles found Thee out;
And offering Thee myrrh, incense, gold,
Thy three-fold office did unfold.

Sweet Jesus, let that star of Thine—
Thy grace, which guides to find out Thee—
Within our hearts for ever shine,
That Thou of us found out mayst be;
And Thou shalt be our king therefore,
Our priest and prophet evermore.

Tears that from true repentance drop,
Instead of myrrh, present will we;
For incense we will offer up
Our prayers and praises unto Thee;
And bring for gold each pious deed
Which doth from saving grace proceed.

And as those wise men never went
To visit Herod any more;
So, finding Thee, we will repent
Our courses followed heretofore;
And that we homeward may retire,
The way by Thee we will inquire.

GEORGE WITHER.

LINES

ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

WHILE young John runs to greet
The greater infant's feet,
The mother standing by, with trembling passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty adoration;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of those so low beginnings
From whence we date our winnings,
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-worship meant.
But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy—
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should ensue,

Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sovereign schemes
and divine riddles there.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed—
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be feared
While sun and moon endure—
Beloved, obeyed, revered;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend—
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"JESUS SHALL REIGN."

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,—
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS.

PASSION SUNDAY.

The royal banners forward go;
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid—

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled water flowed and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old:
Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
Hath reigned and triumphed from the tree.

O tree of beauty, tree of light!
O tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung—
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, eternal three in one,
Let homage meet by all be done,
Whom by the cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. (Latin.)
Anonymous Translation.

GETHSEMANE.

JESUS, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go—
Near to Kedron's brook it lay,
In this place He loved to be,
And 't was named Gethsemane.

'T was a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet—
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat;
When from noise he would be free,
Then He sought Gethsemane.

Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths He taught
Often set their hearts on flame;
Therefore they, as well as He,
Visited Gethsemane.

Oft conversing here they sat,
Or might join with Christ in prayer;
Oh! what blest devotion that,
When the Lord Himself is there!
All things thus did there agree
To endear Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,
On the conflict much He thought;
This He knew the destined place,
And He loved the sacred spot;
Therefore Jesus chose to be
Often in Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God;
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

View Him in that olive press,
Wrung with anguish, whelmed with blood—
Hear Him pray in His distress,
With strong cries and tears, to God:
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Washed by Kedron's water pool,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds!
Think on these, my soul, my soul!
Wouldst thou sin's dominion see—
Call to mind Gethsemane.

Eden, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe:
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death;
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

Hither, Lord, Thou didst resort
Ofttimes with Thy little train;
Here wouldst keep Thy private court—
Oh! confer that grace again;
Lord, resort with worthless me,
Ofttimes to Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share
In a favor so divine;
But since sin first fixed Thee there,
None have greater sins than mine;
And to this my woeful plea
Witness thou, Gethsemane!

Sins against a holy God,
Sins against His righteous laws,
Sins against His love, His blood,
Sins against His name and cause,
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart!
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with Thy mercy's dart!
Wound the heart that wounded Thee!
Break it, in Gethsemane!

JOSEPH HART.

GETHSEMANE.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away—
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

Follow to the judgment-hall—
View the Lord of life arraigned!
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss—
Learn of Him to bear the cross!

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God 's own sacrifice complete!
"It is finished!"—hear the cry—
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay—
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen!—he meets our eyes!
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WEEPING MARY.

MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume—
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood—
For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Comes his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved.
Though at first she knew him not—
When He called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found He was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Just before she thought Him dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed.
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

JOHN NEWTON.

AN EASTER HYMN.

Awake, thou wintry earth—
 Fling off thy sadness!
Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth
 Your ancient gladness!
 Christ is risen!

Wave, woods, your blossoms all—
 Grim death is dead!
Ye weeping funeral trees,
 Lift up your head!
 Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green;
 It is light; let 's go
Where our loved ones rest
 In hope below!
 Christ is risen!

All is fresh and new,
 Full of spring and light;
Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue
 Of sleep and night?
 Christ is risen!

Leave thy cares beneath,
 Leave thy worldly love!
Begin the better life
 With God above!
 Christ is risen!

Thomas Blackburn.

EASTER.

Rise, heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
 Without delays
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With Him mayst rise—
That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art!
The cross taught all wood to resound His name
 Who bore the same;
His stretched sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both harp and lute, and twist a song
 Pleasant and long!
Or since all music is but three parts vied
 And multiplied,
Oh let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art.

I got me flowers to strew thy way—
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And broughtst thy sweets along with thee.

The sun arising in the east,
Though he give light, and th' east perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavor?
We count three hundred, but we miss—
There is but one, and that one ever.

George Herbert.

HYMN.

From my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere—
O my Jesus, take my prayer!

Spurn me not, for all it says,—
Not for words, and not for ways,—
Not for shamelessness endured!
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would!
Or teach me, which I rather seek,
What to do and what to speak.

I have sinned more than she
Who, learning where to meet with Thee,
And bringing myrrh the highest priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee,
Thy blessed feet accordingly—
My God, my Lord, my Christ!
As thou saidest not "Depart,"
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art

The gentlest one of all words said!
But give Thy feet to me instead,
That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close, and never miss,
With over-dropping tears, as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
T' anoint them bravely from my knee!

Wash me with Thy tears! draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me!
Thou remit my sins who knowest
All the sinning, to the lowest—
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes Thyself decreest;
Yea, but knowest all my faith—
Seest all my force to death,—
Hearest all my wailings low
That mine evil should be so!
Nothing hidden but appears
In Thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Saviour mine!—
Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat—which is gone!

St. Joannes Damascenus. (Greek.)
Translation of E. B. Browning.

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

My God, I love Thee! not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because those who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace!
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself—and all for one
That was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell!

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing—
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal king.

St. Francis Xavier. (Latin.)
Translation of Edward Caswell.

"I JOURNEY THROUGH A DESERT DREAR AND WILD."

I journey through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace,
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering, and patient grace,
I love again and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
Oh! what a sunrise will that advent be!

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Anonymous.

WRESTLING JACOB.

FIRST PART.

Come, O Thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

SECOND PART.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name be Love.

'Tis love! 'tis love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy bowels move,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The sun of righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength; from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

THE CALL.

Come, my way, my truth, my life,—
Such a way as gives us breath;
Such a truth as ends all strife;
Such a life as killeth death.

Come my light, my feast, my strength!—
Such a light as shows a feast;
Such a feast as mends in length:
Such a strength as makes His guest.

Come my joy, my love, my heart!
Such a joy as none can move;
Such a love as none can part;
Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer "Nay."
I had not power to ask His name,
Whither He went, or whence He came;
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered. Not a word He spake.
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all; He blessed it, brake,
And ate;—but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; His strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked His thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;—
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night; the floods were out,—it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard His voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest—
Laid Him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side;
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,
Revived His spirit and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; He was healed.
I had, myself, a wound concealed—
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I KNEW—
My Saviour stood before mine eyes.
He spake; and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not! thou didst them unto me."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE ODOR.

How sweetly doth My Master sound!—My Master!
As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content
An oriental fragrancy—My Master!

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind even thrust into them both—
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master shall I speak? Oh that to Thee
My servant were a little so
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness to Thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more;
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet
My servant, as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweet-
'ning me,
(As sweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to Thee;
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE FEAST.

Oh come away!
Make no delay—
Come while my heart is clean and steady!
While faith and grace
Adorn the place,
Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent
Is permanent—
Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit;
Short sips and sights
Endear delights;
Who seeks for more he would inherit.

Come then, true bread,
Quick'ning the dead,
Whose eater shall not, cannot die!
Come, antedate
On me that state
Which brings poor dust the victory!—

Aye, victory!
Which from thine eye,
Breaks as the day doth from the east,
When the spilt dew,
Like tears, doth shew
The sad world wept to be releast.

Spring up, O wine!
And springing shine
With some glad message from His heart,
Who did, when slain,
These means ordain
For me to have in Him a part!—

Such a sure part
In His blest heart,
The well where living waters spring,
That, with it fed,
Poor dust, though dead,
Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,
Which strikes death dead,
The food of man's immortal being!
Under veils here
Thou art my cheer,
Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost Thou fly,
And search and pry
Through all my parts, and, like a quick
And knowing lamp,
Hunt out each damp
Whose shadow makes me sad or sick.

Oh what high joys!
The turtle's voice
And songs I hear! O quick'ning showers
Of my Lord's blood,
You make rocks bud,
And crown dry hills with wells and flowers!

For this true ease,
This healing peace,
For this brief taste of living glory,
My soul and all,
Kneel down and fall,
And sing His sad victorious story!

O thorny crown,
More soft than down!
O painful cross, my bed of rest!
O spear, the key
Opening the way!
O Thy worst state my only best!

Oh, all Thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
As all my sins Thy sorrows were!
And what can I
To this reply?
What, O God! but a silent tear!

Some toil and sow
That wealth may flow,
And dress this earth for next year's meat;
But let me heed
Why Thou didst bleed,
And what in the next world to eat.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,
Because Thou art
My power and wisdom! Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that sweeps, Thy dust that calls!

Thou art the Lord of glory—
The deed and story
Are both Thy due; but I a silly fly,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not Thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not Thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life; or let Thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SONNETS.

How orient is Thy beauty! How divine!
How dark 's the glory of the earth to Thine!
Thy veiled eyes outshine heaven's greater light,
Unconquered by the shady cloud of night;
Thy curious tresses dangle, all unbound,
With unaffected order to the ground:
How orient is Thy beauty! How divine!
How dark 's the glory of the earth to Thine!

Nor myrrh, nor cassia, nor the choice perfumes
Of unctious nard, or aromatic fumes
Of hot Arabia do enrich the air
With more delicious sweetness than the fair
Reports that crown the merits of Thy name
With heavenly laurels of eternal fame,
Which makes the virgins fix their eyes upon Thee,
And all that view Thee are enamored on Thee.

Who ever smelt the breath of morning flowers
New sweetened with the dash of twilight showers,
Of pounded amber, or the flowing thyme,
Or purple violets in their proudest prime,
Or swelling clusters from the cypress-tree?
So sweet 's my love; aye, far more sweet is He—
So fair, so sweet, that heaven's bright eye is dim,
And flowers have no scent, compared with Him.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O, Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring—
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root when they have blown,
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power:
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour,
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is—
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were—
Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline;
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again—
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing; O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love—
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A PRAYER LIVING AND DYING.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its gilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring—
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked come to Thee for dress—
Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

JESUS.

None upon earth I desire beside Thee.
Psalm lxxiii. 25.

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December 's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of His love
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song—
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

JOHN NEWTON.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

My dear Redeemer, and my God,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew—
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice—
Come and make my paths your choice!
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain—
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise—

Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care—
A wounded spirit who can bear!

Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound—
Peace, that ever shall endure—
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD

THE WATCHMAN'S REPORT.

Watchman, tell us of the night—
What its signs of promise are!
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night—
Higher yet that star ascends!
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own—
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight—
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the prince of peace—
Lo! the Son of God is come.

JOHN BOWRING.

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into Thy haven guide—
Oh receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
Lo! on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
While I of Thy strength receive!
Hoping against hope I stand—
Dying, and behold I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want—
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name—
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am:—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound—
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art—
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

"JESUS, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE."

Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care—
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill—
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss—
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly—
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care—
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,—
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard—
A single, steady aim
(Unmoved by threatening or reward),
To Thee and Thy great name—
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise—
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word,—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;

But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LIVING BY CHRIST.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am—
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

Oh grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
Oh may Thy love possess me whole—
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove—
My every act, word, thought, be love.

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

Unwearied may I this pursue—
Dauntless, to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And, day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast showed;
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth Thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flowed Thy cleansing blood in vain;
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

Oh that I, as a little child,
May follow Thee, and never rest
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be
Till I become one spirit with Thee.

Still let Thy love point out my way!
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray—
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
As if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

PAUL GERHARD. (German.)
Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

"ETERNAL BEAM OF LIGHT DIVINE."

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath, and heaven above!

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill—
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions,—Peace!
Say to my trembling heart,—Be still!
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

CHARLES WESLEY.

"FRIEND OF ALL."

FRIEND of all who seek Thy favor,
Us defend
To the end—
Be our utmost Saviour!

Us, who join on earth to adore Thee,
Guard and love,
Till above
Both appear before Thee!

Fix on Thee our whole affection—
Love divine,
Keep us Thine,
Safe in Thy protection!

Christ, of all our conversation
Be the scope—
Lift us up
To Thy full salvation!

Bring us every moment nearer;
Fairer rise
In our eyes—
Dearer still, and dearer!

Infinitely dear and precious,
With Thy love
From above
Evermore refresh us!

Strengthened by the cordial blessing,
Let us haste
To the feast,
Feast of joys unceasing!

Perfect let us walk before Thee—
Walk in white
To the sight
Of Thy heavenly glory!

Both with calm impatience press on
To the prize—
Scale the skies,
Take entire possession—

Drink of life's exhaustless river—
Take of Thee
Life's fair tree—
Eat, and live for ever!

CHARLES WESLEY

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes—
O, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy helpless infant years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power—
Turn, O turn, a favoring eye—
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within the fold—
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;

By the cross, the wail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice—
Listen to our humble cry:
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God!
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord—
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

HYMN.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

HYMN

FOR SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls—
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

TAKE the dead Christ to my chamber—
The Christ I brought from Rome;
Over all the tossing ocean,
He has reached His western home:
Bear Him as in procession,
And lay Him solemnly
Where, through weary night and morning,
He shall bear me company.

The name I bear is other
Than that I bore by birth;
And I 've given life to children
Who 'll grow and dwell on earth;
But the time comes swiftly towards me—
Nor do I bid it stay—
When the dead Christ will be more to me
Than all I hold to-day.

Lay the dead Christ beside me—
Oh, press Him on my heart;
I would hold Him long and painfully,
Till the weary tears should start—
Till the divine contagion
Heal me of self and sin,
And the cold weight press wholly down
The pulse that chokes within.

Reproof and frost, they fret me;
Towards the free, the sunny lands,
From the chaos of existence,
I stretch these feeble hands—
And, penitential, kneeling,
Pray God would not be wroth,
Who gave not the strength of feeling
And strength of labor both.

Thou 'rt but a wooden carving,
Defaced of worms, and old;
Yet more to me Thou couldst not be
Wert Thou all wrapt in gold,
Like the gem-bedizened baby
Which, at the Twelfth-day noon,
They show from the Ara Cœli's steps
To a merry dancing tune.

I ask of Thee no wonders—
No changing white or red;
I dream not Thou art living,
I love and prize Thee dead.
That salutary deadness
I seek through want and pain,
From which God's own high power can bid
Our virtue rise again.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

SONNET.

IN the desert of the Holy Land I strayed,
Where Christ once lived, but seems to live
no more;
In Lebanon my lonely home I made;
I heard the wind among the cedars roar,
And saw far off the Dead Sea's solemn shore—
But 't is a dreary wilderness, I said,
Since the prophetic spirit hence has sped.
Then from the convent in the vale I heard,
Slow chanted forth, the everlasting Word—
Saying "I am He that liveth, and was dead;
And lo I am alive for evermore."
Then forth upon my pilgrimage I fare,
Resolved to find and praise Him every where.

ANONYMOUS.

A HYMN.

DROP, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from heaven
The news and prince of peace!
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease;
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!
 The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
 Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
 The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
 Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why
 The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMMETT.

CHRISTMAS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times:
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ST. PETER'S DAY.

Thou thrice denied, yet thrice beloved,
 Watch by Thine own forgiven friend!
In sharpest perils faithful proved,
 Let his soul love Thee to the end.

The prayer is heard—else why so deep
 His slumber on the eve of death?
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep,
 As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is beloved again—
 Can his soul choose but be at rest?
Sorrow hath fled away, and pain
 Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone;
 For his winged thoughts are soaring high,
Where never yet frail heart was known
 To breathe in vain affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps; but more than tears
 Have sealed Thy welcome and his love—
One look lives in him, and endears
 Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove—

That gracious chiding look, Thy call
 To win him to himself and Thee,
Sweetening the sorrow of his fall
 Which else were rued too bitterly;

Even through the veil of sleep it shines,
 The memory of that kindly glance;—
The angel, watching by, divines,
 And spares awhile his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake
 His vision wafts him back, to talk
With Jesus, ere his flight he take,
 As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of his friend,
 The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,
Did His dear lambs and sheep commend,
 Both bought and nourished with His blood;

Then laid on him th' inverted tree,
 Which, firm embraced with heart and arm,
Might cast o'er hope and memory,
 O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,
 His passport through th' eternal gates,
To his sweet home—so nearly won,
 He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear
 Of angel song and angel motion,
Rising and falling on the ear
 Like waves in joy's unbounded ocean.—

His dream is changed—the tyrant's voice
 Calls to that last of glorious deeds—
But as he rises to rejoice,
 Not Herod, but an angel leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,
 Glancing around his prison room;
But 't is a gleam of heavenly light
 That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame, that in a few short years
 Deep through the chambers of the dead
Shall pierce, and dry the fount of tears,
 Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touched, he upstarts—his chains unbind—
 Through darksome vault, up massy stair,
His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind
 To freedom and cool, moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,
 Though for awhile his hand forego,
Just as it touched, the martyr's palm,
 He turns him to his task below:

The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,
 To wield awhile in gray-haired might—
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,
 And follow Jesus out of sight.

John Keble

THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom, unespied—
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The list'ning winds received this song:

What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples—plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
Which, then, perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze—
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams—
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goats,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize—
A contrite heart, and humble thoughts,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LABORER'S NOONDAY HYMN.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim;

Nor will He turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot—
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray—
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour—
Or ragged to go—
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 't is a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin—
And that 's to keep thy lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

FASTING.

Is fasting then the thing that God requires?
Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires
That sin hath blown to such a mighty flame?
Can sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a shame?
Can ashes cleanse thy blot, or purge thy offence?
Or do thy hands make heaven a recompense,
By strewing dust upon thy briny face?
Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly grace?—
No! though thou pine thyself with willing want,
Or face look thin, or carcass ne'er so gaunt;
Although thou worser weeds than sackcloth wear,
Or naked go, or sleep in shirts of hair;
Or though thou choose an ash-tub for thy bed,
Or make a daily dunghill on thy head;—
Thy labor is not poised with equal gains,
For thou hast naught but labor for thy pains.
Such holy madness God rejects and loathes,
That sinks no deeper than the skin or clothes.
'T is not thine eyes, which, taught to weep by art,
Look red with tears (not guilty of thy heart);
'T is not the holding of thy hands so high,
Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye;

'T is not your mimic mouths, your antic faces,
Your Scripture phrases, or affected graces,
Nor prodigal up-banding of thine eyes,
Whose gashful balls do seem to pelt the skies;
'T is not the strict reforming of your hair,
So close that all the neighbor skull is bare;
'T is not the drooping of thy head so low,
Nor yet the lowering of thy sullen brow;
Nor wolvish howling that disturbs the air,
Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer:
No, no! 't is none of this, that God regards—
Such sort of fools their own applause rewards;
Such puppet-plays to heaven are strange and quaint;
Their service is unsweet, and foully taint;
Their words fall fruitless from their idle brain—
But true repentance runs in other strain:
Where sad contrition harbors, there the heart
Is truly acquainted with the secret smart
Of past offences—hates the bosom sin
The most, which the soul took pleasure in.
No crime unsifted, no sin unpresented,
Can lurk unseen; and seen, none unlamented.
The troubled soul 's amazed with dire aspects
Of lesser sins committed, and detects
The wounded conscience; it cries amain
For mercy, mercy—cries, and cries again;
It sadly grieves, and soberly laments;
It yearns for grace, reforms, returns, repents.
Aye, this is incense whose accepted favor
Mounts up the heavenly Throne, and findeth favor;
Aye, this is it whose valor never fails—
With God it stoutly wrestles, and prevails;
Aye, this is it that pierces heaven above,
Never returning home, like Noah's dove,
But brings an olive leaf, or some increase
That works salvation, and eternal peace.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

CHARITY AND HUMILITY.

FAR have I clambered in my mind,
But naught so great as love I find;
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are naught compared to that good spright.
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!
Higher than heaven, lower than hell!
What is thy tent? where mayst thou dwell?
My mansion hight humility,
Heaven's vastest capability—
The further it doth downward tend
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost naught
It shall return with that it sought.
Lord, stretch Thy tent in my strait breast—
Enlarge it downward, that sure rest
May there be pight; for that pure fire
Wherewith thou wontest to inspire
All self-dead souls. My life is gone—
Sad solitude 's my irksome wonne.
Cut off from men and all this world,
In Lethe's lonesome ditch I 'm hurled.
Nor might nor sight doth aught me move,
Nor do I care to be above.
O feeble rays of mental light,
That best be seen in this dark night!
What are you? what is any strength
If it be not laid in one length
With pride or love? I naught desire
But a new life, or quite t' expire.
Could I demolish with mine eye
Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in sky,
Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright noon—
Though all things were put in my hand—
As parched, as dry, as the Libyan sand
Would be my life, if charity
Were wanting. But humility
Is more than my poor soul durst crave,
That lies intombed in lowly grave.
But if 't were lawful up to send
My voice to heaven, this should it rend:
Lord, thrust me deeper into dust
That Thou mayest raise me with the just!

HENRY MORE.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade, where all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends:
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"IS THIS A TIME TO PLANT AND BUILD?"

Is this a time to plant and build,
Add house to house, and field to field,
When round our walls the battle lowers—
When mines are hid beneath our towers,
And watchful foes are stealing round
To search and spoil the holy ground?

Is this a time for moonlight dreams
Of love and home, by mazy streams—
For fancy with her shadowy toys,
Aerial hopes and pensive joys,
While souls are wandering far and wide,
And curses swarm on every side?

No—rather steel thy melting heart
To act the martyr's sternest part—
To watch, with firm unshrinking eye,
Thy darling visions as they die,
Till all bright hopes, and hues of day,
Have faded into twilight gray.
Yes—let them pass without a sigh;
And if the world seem dull and dry—
If long and sad thy lonely hours,
And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers—
Bethink thee what thou art, and where,
A sinner in a life of care.

The fire of God is soon to fall—
Thou know'st it—on this earthly ball;
Full many a soul, the price of blood
Marked by the Almighty's hand for good,
To utter death that hour shall sweep—
And will the saints in heaven dare weep?

Then in His wrath shall God uproot
The trees He set, for lack of fruit;
And drown in rude tempestuous blaze
The towers His hand had deigned to raise.
In silence, ere that storm begin,
Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart—
From visions vain content to part,
Strong for love's sake its woe to hide—
May cheerful wait the cross beside:
Too happy if, that dreadful day,
Thy life be given thee for a prey.

Snatched sudden from the avenging rod,
Safe in the bosom of thy God,
How wilt thou then look back, and smile
On thoughts that bitterest seemed erewhile,
And bless the pangs that made thee see
This was no world of rest for thee!

JOHN KEBLE.

HYMN

FOR ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE DAYS.

Lord, living here are we—
As fast united yet
As when our hands and hearts by Thee
Together first were knit.
And in a thankful song
Now sing we will Thy praise,
For that Thou dost as well prolong
Our loving as our days.

Together we have now
Begun another year;
But how much time Thou wilt allow
Thou mak'st it not appear.
We, therefore, do implore
That live and love we may,
Still so as if but one day more
Together we should stay.

Let each of other's wealth
Preserve a faithful care,
And of each other's joy and health
As if one soul we were.
Such conscience let us make,
Each other not to grieve,
As if we daily were to take
Our everlasting leave.

The frowardness that springs
From our corrupted kind,
Or from those troublous outward things
Which may distract the mind,
Permit Thou not, O Lord,
Our constant love to shake—
Or to disturb our true accord,
Or make our hearts to ache.

But let these frailties prove
Affection's exercise;
And that discretion teach our love
Which wins the noblest prize.
So time, which wears away,
And ruins all things else,
Shall fix our love on Thee for aye,
In whom perfection dwells.

GEORGE WITHER.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is named;
In heaven her glorious turrets shine—
Her walls of living stones are framed;
While angels guard her on each side—
Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding chamber now descends,
Prepared in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls, wherewith she is inclosed,
And streets, are of pure gold composed.

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show;
And thither, by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits, go
All those who are on earth distressed
Because they have Christ's name professed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat
Before they throughly polished are;
Then each is in his proper seat
Established by the builder's care—
In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So joined that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be!
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity—
Whose boundless power we still adore,
And sing Their praise for evermore!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE PRIEST.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine
That had the bible at my fingers' ends;
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine,
How God doth make His enemies His friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be—
But a religious servant of my God;
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod—
Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,
For all estates within the state of grace,
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life;
Persuade the troubled soul to patience;
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience;
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all: that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

ON A PRAYER BOOK SENT TO MRS. M. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book,
(Fear it not, sweet—
It is no hypocrite!)
Much larger in itself than in its look!

It is—in one rich handful—heaven, and all
Heaven's royal hosts encamped—thus small
To prove, that true schools use to tell,
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.
It is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie
Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the armory of light—
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You 'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.
Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles—chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise.
Here is a friend shall fight for you;
Hold but this book before your heart—
Let prayer alone to play his part.

But oh! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure house-keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong—
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings—
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the virgin's son.

But if the noble bridegroom, when he comes,
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode
To gad abroad—
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies
To take her pleasures, and to play,
And keep the devil's holiday—
To dance in the sun-shine of some smiling,
But beguiling

Spear of sweet and sugared lies—
Some slippery pair
Of false, perhaps as fair,
Flattering but forswearing eyes—

Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start,
And, stepping in before,
Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden sweets and holy joys—
Words which are not heard with ears,
(These tumultuous shops of noise)
Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears—

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes—
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,
And melts it down in sweet desire;
Yet doth not stay
To ask the windows leave to pass that way-

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations—
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarified delights—
An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring,
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.
Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more,
If, when He come,
He find the heart from home,
Doubtless He will unload
Himself some otherwhere,
And pour abroad
His precious sweets
On the fair soul whom first He meets.

Oh fair! oh fortunate! oh rich! oh dear!
Oh happy and thrice happy she—
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Whoe'er she be—
Whose early love
With winged vows
Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,
And close with His immortal kisses—
Happy soul! who never misses
To improve that precious hour,
And every day
Seize her sweet prey—
All fresh and fragrant as He rises,
Dropping with a balmy shower,
A delicious dew of spices!

Oh! let that happy soul hold fast
Her heavenly armful; she shall taste
At once ten thousand paradises—
She shall have power
To rifle and deflower
The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets
Which, with a swelling bosom, there she meets—
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures:
Happy soul! she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once, it is
To have a God become her lover.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE TRUE USE OF MUSIC.

LISTED into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Pressed to obey the devil—
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flowed to the soul's undoing—
Widened, and strewed with flowers, way
Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent sound recover—
Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover—
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure—
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure?

Come let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us;
This is the theme of those above—
This upon earth shall fire us.
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring;
Jesus' name is sweeter.

Jesus the soul of music is—
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus's name is joy and peace,
Happiness and salvation;
Jesus's name the dead can raise—
Show us our sins forgiven—
Fill us with all the life of grace—
Carry us up to heaven.

Who hath a right like us to sing—
Us whom His mercy raises?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King;
Cheerful are all our faces;
Who of His love doth once partake
He evermore rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make—
Melody with our voices.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath—
He that in God is merry—
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary;

Offer the sacrifice of praise,
 Hearty and never ceasing—
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
 Honor, and thanks, and blessing.

Then let us in His praises join—
 Triumph in His salvation;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
 Worship and adoration;
Heaven already is begun—
 Opened in each believer;
Only believe, and still sing on:
 Heaven is ours for ever.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BREAK forth in song, ye trees,
As, through your tops, the breeze
 Sweeps from the sea!
For, on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs,
That breeze a people brings,
 Exiled though free.

Ye sister hills, lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
 In homage due;
These are the great of earth—
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth—
 Firm hearts and true.

These are the living lights,
That from your bold, green heights
 Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of freedom, toward the flame
Come, as the magi came
 Toward Bethlehem's star.

Gone are those great and good
Who here in peril stood
 And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!—
The light, that on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
 Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers' trod,
 Guard well your trust:
The faith that dared the sea;
The truth that made them free;
Their cherished purity,
 Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
 All nature fills—
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
Oh, let Thy light repose
 On these our hills!

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thine hand—
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock—
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
 Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found:
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive—
 The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
 When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain—
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end! Amen.

MICHAEL ALTENBURG. (German.)
Anonymous Translation.

THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land,
The one availing name.

MARTIN LUTHER.
Translation of WILLIAM JOHN FOX.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near,

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try—
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—
The Christian's native air—
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads—
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"OH, YET WE TRUST."

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not any thing;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all—
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And thou art sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weepest?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;
For He that slumbereth not is there—
His ear is open to thy cry.

Oh, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest—
Those souls of countless number;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven—
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

HYMN.

WHEN the angels all are singing
All of glory ever-springing,
In the ground of heaven's high graces,
Where all virtues have their places,
Oh that my poor soul were near them,
With an humble faith to hear them!

Then should faith, in love's submission,
Joying but in mercy's blessing,
Where that sins are in remission
Sing the joyful soul's confessing—
Of her comforts high commending,
All in glory never-ending.

But, ah wretched sinful creature!
How should the corrupted nature
Of this wicked heart of mine
Think upon that love divine,
That doth tune the angels' voices
While the host of heaven rejoices?

No! the song of deadly sorrow
In the night that hath no morrow—
And their pains are never ended
That have heavenly powers offended—
Is more fitting to the merit
Of my foul infected spirit.

Yet while mercy is removing
All the sorrows of the loving,
How can faith be full of blindness
To despair of mercy's kindness—
While the hand of heaven is giving
Comfort from the ever-living?

No, my soul, be no more sorry—
Look unto that life of glory
Which the grace of faith regardeth,
And the tears of love rewardeth—
Where the soul the comfort getteth
That the angels' music setteth.

There—when thou art well conducted,
And by heavenly grace instructed
How the faithful thoughts to fashion
Of a ravished lover's passion—
Sing with saints, to angels nighest,
Hallelujah in the highest!
Gloria in excelsis Domino!

NICHOLAS BRETON.

MARY.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer;
Nor other thought her mind admits
But—he was dead, and there he sits
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!

It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

The vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

CHARITY.

Could I command, with voice or pen,
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
My speech and preaching would surpass;
Vain were such eloquence to me,
Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor—
Had I the faith from Alpine steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep—
What were such zeal, such power, to me
Without the grace of charity?

Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future, as the things gone by—
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span—
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind—
Charity bears a humble mind—
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all;
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
Prophets discern not things to come,
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought;
But charity shall never fail—
Her anchor is within the veil.

James Montgomery

FOR BELIEVERS.

Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine!
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art—
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war my peace; in loss my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame my glory and my crown;

In want my plentiful supply;
In weakness my almighty power;
In bonds my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

Charles Wesley.

DESIRING TO LOVE.

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see—
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God—
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this—
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

Oh that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove!
Thou knowest, for all to Thee is known—
Thou knowest, O Lord, and Thou alone—
Thou knowest that Thee I love.

Oh that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest!

Thy only love do I require—
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven and all things go—
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

DIVINE LOVE.

THOU hidden love of God! whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows—
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way—
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'T is mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee!
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Theeward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share!
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone—
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee

O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry!

Ah, no! ne'er will I backward turn—
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am;
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for Thee his constant flame.
Oh help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of Thy love!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. (German.)
Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said
Because my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed—
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK.

OH! FEAR NOT THOU TO DIE.

Oh fear not thou to die—
Far rather fear to live!—for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of death;
But life—the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

Oh fear not thou to die—
No more to suffer or to sin—
No snare without, thy faith to try—
No traitor heart within;
But fear, oh rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From heaven thy heart to wean.

Oh fear not thou to die—
To die and be that blessed one
Who in the bright and beauteous sky
May feel his conflict done—
May feel that never more
The tear of grief, of shame, shall come,
For thousand wanderings from the power
Who loved and called thee home.

ANONYMOUS

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE VALEDICTION.

VAIN world, what is in thee?
What do poor mortals see
Which should esteemed be
Worthy their pleasure?
Is it the mother's womb,
Or sorrows which soon come,
Or a dark grave and tomb;
Which is their treasure?
How dost thou man deceive
By thy vain glory?
Why do they still believe
Thy false history?

Is it children's book and rod,
The laborer's heavy load,
Poverty undertrod,
The world desireth?
Is it distracting cares,
Or heart-tormenting fears,
Or pining grief and tears,
Which man requireth?
Or is it youthful rage,
Or childish toying?
Or is decrepit age
Worth man's enjoying?

Is it deceitful wealth,
Got by care, fraud, or stealth,
Or short, uncertain health,
Which thus befool men?
Or do the serpent's lies,
By the world's flatteries
And tempting vanities,
Still overrule them?
Or do they in a dream
Sleep out their season?
Or borne down by lust's stream,
Which conquers reason?

The silly lambs to-day
Pleasantly skip and play,
Whom butchers mean to slay,
Perhaps to-morrow;
In a more brutish sort
Do careless sinners sport,
Or in dead sleep still snort,
As near to sorrow;
Till life, not well begun,
Be sadly ended,
And the web they have spun
Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that 's gone,
And what is that to come?
Is it not now as none?
The present stays not.
Time posteth, oh how fast!
Unwelcome death makes haste;
None can call back what 's past—
Judgment delays not;
Though God bring in the light,
Sinners awake not—
Because hell 's out of sight,
They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show;
They know, yet will not know;
Sit still when they should go—
But run for shadows,
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow,
In Christ's sweet meadows.

Life 's better slept away
Than as they use it;
In sin and drunken play
Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu!
Where no foul vice is new—
Only to Satan true,
God still offended;
Though taught and warned by God,
And His chastising rod,
Keeps still the way that 's broad,
Never amended.
Baptismal vows some make,
But ne'er perform them;
If angels from heaven spake,
'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labor hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
To overtake it.
Hell is not had for naught,
Damnation 's dearly bought,
And with great labor sought—
They 'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee—
He 'll not abate it.
Grace is refused that 's free—
Mad sinners hate it.

Vile man is so perverse,
It 's too rough work for verse
His badness to rehearse,
And show his folly;
He 'll die at any rates—
He God and conscience hates,
Yet sin he consecrates,
And calls it holy.
The grace he 'll not endure
Which would renew him—
Constant to all, and sure,
Which will undo him.

His head comes first at birth,
And takes root in the earth—
As nature shooteth forth,
His feet grow highest,
To kick at all above,
And spurn at saving love;
His God is in his grove,
Because it 's nighest;

He loves this world of strife,
Hates that would mend it;
Loves death that 's called life,
Fears what would end it.

All that is good he 'd crush,
Blindly on sin doth rush—
A pricking thorny bush,
Such Christ was crowned with;
Their worship 's like to this—
The reed, the Judas kiss:
Such the religion is
That these abound with;
They mock Christ with the knee
Whene'er they bow it—
As if God did not see
The heart, and know it.

Of good they choose the least,
Despise that which is best—
The joyful, heavenly feast
Which Christ would give them;
Heaven hath scarce one cold wish;
They live unto the flesh;
Like swine they feed on wash—
Satan doth drive them.
Like weeds, they grow in mire
Which vices nourish—
Where, warmed by Satan's fire,
All sins do flourish.

Is this the world men choose,
For which they heaven refuse,
And Christ and grace abuse,
And not receive it?
Shall I not guilty be
Of this in some degree,
If hence God would me free,
And I 'd not leave it?
My soul, from Sodom fly,
Lest wrath there find thee;
Thy refuge-rest is nigh—
Look not behind thee!

There 's none of this ado,
None of the hellish crew;
God's promise is most true—
Boldly believe it.
My friends are gone before,
And I am near the shore;
My soul stands at the door—
O Lord, receive it!

It trusts Christ and His merits—
The dead He raises;
Join it with blessed spirits
Who sing Thy praises.

RICHARD BAXTER.

HYMN.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought—

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear?

But Thou hast told the troubled mind
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure.
Who knows Thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

HYMN.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown—
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travelled o'er,
And hast borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy wandering feet
To reach His blest abode.
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
On his Father's faithful breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail;
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovest best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Thus the solemn priest hath said—
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou now hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious, happy guest
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave—we no longer deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

REGINALD HEBER.

DEATH.

Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare;
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled—
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
Whose relics with envy I see—
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again;
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

This languishing head is at rest—
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more;
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble, and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep—
Sealed up in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep;
The fountains can yield no supplies—
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death;
What now with my tears I bedew
Oh might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consigned to the tomb!

CHARLES WESLEY

A DIRGE.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, they that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep;
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast—
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, ruined thrones;
Then, ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the king shall shine,
Flashing from heaven's golden gate—
Thousands, thousands, round His state—
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on thy sight,
Earth be turned to living light—
Kingdom of the ransomed just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem!
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod—
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears,
Through a thousand glorious years!
Now in hope of Him we trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

GEORGE CROLY.

FOR A WIDOWER OR WIDOW

DEPRIVED OF A LOVING YOKEFELLOW.

How near me came the hand of death,
When at my side he struck my dear,
And took away the precious breath
Which quickened my beloved peer!
 How helpless am I thereby made—
 By day how grieved, by night how sad
And now my life's delight is gone,
Alas, how am I left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day—
 Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus—
So little hold of them have we
That we from them or they from us
May in a moment ravished be;
 Yet we are neither just nor wise
 If present mercies we despise,
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

I therefore do not so bemoan,
Though these beseeming tears I drop,
The loss of my beloved one
As they that are deprived of hope;
 But in expressing of my grief
 My heart receiveth some relief,
And joyeth in the good I had,
Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord, keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me!
To him now dead preserve me just
In all that should performed be;
 For though our being man and wife
 Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithful friend.

Those helps which I through him enjoyed,
Let Thy continual aid supply—
That, though some hopes in him are void,
I always may on Thee rely;
And whether I shall wed again,
Or in a single state remain,
Unto Thine honor let it be,
And for a blessing unto me.

GEORGE WITHER.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove—
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility—
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death—the jewel of the just—
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

EACH SORROWFUL MOURNER.

EACH sorrowful mourner, be silent!
Fond mothers, give over your weeping!
Nor grieve for those pledges as perished—
This dying is life's reparation.

Now take him, O earth, to thy keeping,
And give him soft rest in thy bosom;
I lend thee the frame of a Christian—
I entrust thee the generous fragments.

Thou holily guard the deposit—
He will well, He will surely, require it,
Who, forming it, made its creation
The type of His image and likeness.

But until the resolvable body
Thou recallest, O God, and reformest,
What regions, unknown to the mortal,
Dost Thou will the pure soul to inhabit?

It shall rest upon Abraham's bosom,
As the spirit of blest Eleazar,
Whom, afar in that Paradise, Dives
Beholds from the flames of his torments.

We follow Thy saying, Redeemer,
Whereby, as on death Thou wast trampling,
The thief, Thy companion, Thou willedst
To tread in Thy footsteps and triumph.

To the faithful the bright way is open,
Henceforward, to Paradise leading,
And to that blessed grove we have access
Whereof man was bereaved by the serpent.

Thou leader and guide of Thy people,
Give command that the soul of Thy servant
May have holy repose in the country
Whence, exile and erring, he wandered.

We will honor the place of his resting
With violets and garlands of flowers,
And will sprinkle inscription and marble
With odors of costliest fragrance.

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS. (Latin.)
Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

GOD THE EVERLASTING LIGHT OF THE SAINTS ABOVE.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,
Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly night,
But life for evermore.
No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun—
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasures every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woeful night is there;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—
No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
Of God our king alone;
The lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound
Which here cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine—
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—
There angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates nothing can come
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,
No filth may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
And end my griefs and plaints—
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face,
They triumph still, and aye rejoice—
Most happy is their case.
But we that are in banishment,
Continually do moan;
We sign, we mourn, we sob, we weep—
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
Our pleasures are but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on—
Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see—
The king sitting upon His throne,
And thy felicity?
Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,
So wonderfully rare,
Are furnished with all kinds of fruit,
Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks,
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—
There music 's ever sweet;
There many a fair and dainty thing
Are trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon the banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit—
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
To thee their honors bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place
Full sore I long to see;
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the choir;
A thousand times that man were blest
That might his music hear.
There Mary sings "Magnificat,"
With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet.

"Te Deum" doth St. Ambrose sing,
St. Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With all blest saints whose harmony
Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to Thee;
Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—
Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen, and wife
Of Christ eternally!

O comely queen with glory clad,
With honor and degree,
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—
No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful—
None ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear—
No night, no shade, no winter foul—
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering star to light;
For Christ, the king of righteousness,
For ever shineth bright.
A lamb unspotted, white and pure,
To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
Thine heavenly king to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
In midst His servants' sight;
And they, His happy household all,
Do serve Him day and night.
There, there the choir of angels sing—
There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
And matrons all consist—
Young men and maids that here on earth
Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell;
And though the glory of each one
Doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
In joy celestial.
They love, they praise—they praise, they love;
They "Holy, holy," cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,
If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
Those heavenly songs of praise,
Which to the eternal king are sung
By happy wights above—
By saved souls and angels sweet,
Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and king,
His praises there to sound;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favor and His grace,
According to His promise made,
Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth he, "let them
Which Thou hast put of old
To me, be there where lo! I am—
Thy glory to behold;
Which I with Thee, before the world
Was made in perfect wise,
Have had—from whence the fountain great
Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve
Thee, let him follow me;
For where I am, he there, right sure,
Then shall my servant be."
And still: "If any man loves me,
Him loves my father dear,
Whom I do love—to him myself
In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,
That then I may be bold
With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,
Thy glory to behold;
And so in Zion see my king,
My love, my Lord, my all—
Where now as in a glass I see,
There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart—
Their sovereign they shall see;
O ye most happy, heavenly wights,
Which of God's household be!
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,
These gins and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!
Fetch me Thy fold unto,
That all Thy angels may rejoice,
While all Thy will I do.
O mother dear! Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to Thy hill I may attain,
And dwell there all my life—
With cherubims and seraphims
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!
Forever and amen!

ANONYMOUS.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry,
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace—
The rose that cannot wither—
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes—
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

OF HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where Thou preparest a glorious place,
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or eyes
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great king's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase—
And above all, Thy holy face—
Makes an eternal charity.
When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind, that day
Remember us, we pray—
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There Thou mayest appoint us place
Within the brightness of Thy face—
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise Thee to eternity. Allelujah!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons, no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE WILDERNESS TRANSFORMED.

AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The work is Thine—
Be Thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands;
The river's winding way
Shines through the thirsty lands;
New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, for ever new,
The painted fields adorn—
The blushing rose
And lily there,
In union fair
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess the God.

The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er—
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

Oh when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify Thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes!
That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

ALL WELL.

No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene;
No deep, sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs, upward towering,
Shall bound our eager sight;
No tempest, darkly lowering,
Shall wrap us in its night.

Love, and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.

No death, our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our king.

HORATIUS BONAR.

PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days—
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse—

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear—
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit—

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store—
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall—

Should Thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD

VENI, CREATOR!

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee!

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control—
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name!
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

ST. AMBROSE. (Latin.)
Paraphrase of JOHN DRYDEN.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face!
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo! God is here! Him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toils of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give—
Oh take! oh seal them for Thine own!
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord—
Be Thou by all Thy works adored!

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise—
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

In Thee we move; all things of Thee
Are full, Thou source and life of all;
Thou vast unfathomable sea!
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men! For God is man!)
All may we lose, so Thee we gain!
As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire—
Thou beam of the eternal beam!
Thou purging fire, Thou quickening flame!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. (German.)
Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

THE LORD THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE Lord is my shepherd, nor want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
Oh! what shall I ask of Thy Providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SONNET.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed.

Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where thou say'st it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it; Father! thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian.)
Translation of SAMUEL WORDSWORTH.

PRAISE.

COME, oh come! with sacred lays
Let us sound the Almighty's praise!
Hither bring, in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Let the orpharion sweet
With the harp and viol meet;
Let your voices tune the lute;
Let not tongue nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound!

Let such things as do not live,
In still music praises give!
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth, or in the deep;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts, and monsters of the main;
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And you, stars, augment the choir!

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place!
And amid this mortal throng
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours!
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb
Music's deepest bass shall come;
Sea and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall the counter-tenor roar;
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descant bring,
Which may bear the sound above
Where the orb of fire doth move,
And so climb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song the Almighty hear!

So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth His blessings shower;
All this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be;
There our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it every where,
And enforce the fiends, that dwell
In the air, to sink to hell.
Then, oh come! with sacred lays
Let us sound the Almighty's praise.

GEORGE WITHER.

THE POET'S HYMN FOR HIMSELF.

GREAT Almighty, king of heaven,
And one God in persons three—
Honor, praise, and thanks be given
Now and evermore to Thee,
Who hast more for Thine prepared
Than by words can be declared!

By Thy mercies I was taken
From the pits of miry clay,
Wherein, wretched and forsaken,
Helpless, hopeless too, I lay;
And those comforts Thou didst give me
Whereof no man can deprive me.

By Thy grace the passions, troubles,
And what most my heart oppressed,
Have appeared as airy bubbles,
Dreams, or sufferings but in jest;
And with profit that hath ended
Which my foes for harm intended.

Those afflictions and those terrors,
Which did plagues at first appear,
Did but show me what mine errors
And mine imperfections were;

But they wretched could not make me,
Nor from Thy affection shake me.

Therefore as Thy blessed Psalmist,
When his warfares had an end,
And his days were at the calmest,
Psalms and hymns of praises penned—
So my rest, by Thee enjoyed,
To Thy praise I have employed.

Lord! accept my poor endeavor,
And assist Thy servant so,
In well doing to persever,
That more perfect I may grow—
Every day more prudent, meeker,
And of Thee a faithful seeker.

Let no passed sin or folly,
Nor a future fault in me,
Make unfruitful or unholy
What I offer now to Thee;
But with favor and compassion
Cure and cover each transgression.

And with Israel's royal singer
Teach me so faith's hymns to sing—
So Thy ten-stringed law to finger,
And such music thence to bring—
That by grace I may aspire
To Thy blessed angel choir!

GEORGE WITHER.

PSALM XIII.

I.

LORD, how long, how long wilt Thou
Quite forget, and quite neglect me?
How long, with a frowning brow,
Wilt Thou from Thy sight reject me?

II.

How long shall I seek a way
Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,
Where my grieved mind, night and day,
Is with thinking tired and vexed?
How long shall my scornful foe,
On my fall his greatness placing,
Build upon my overthrow,
And be graced by my disgracing?

III.

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries!
Mark my foes' unjust abusing;
And illuminate mine eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing—
Lest my woes, too great to bear,
And too infinite to number,
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,
Into death's eternal slumber—

IV.

Lest my foes their boasting make:
Spite of right, on him we trample;
And a pride in mischief take,
Hastened by my sad example.

V.

As for me, I'll ride secure
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor;
And, undaunted, will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

VI.

These black clouds will overblow—
Sunshine shall have his returning;
And my grief-dulled heart, I know,
Into mirth shall change his mourning.
Therefore I'll rejoice, and sing
Hymns to God, in sacred measure,
Who to happy pass will bring
My just hopes, at His good pleasure.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

PSALM XVIII.

PART FIRST.

O GOD, my strength and fortitude, of force I must love Thee!
Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity—
My God, my rock in whom I trust, the worker of my wealth
My refuge, buckler, and my shield, the horn of all my health.

When I sing laud unto the Lord most worthy to be served,
Then from my foes I am right sure that I shall be preserved.

The pangs of death did compass me, and
bound me everywhere;
The flowing waves of wickedness did put me
in great fear.

The sly and subtle snares of hell were round
about me set;
And for my death there was prepared a deadly
trapping net.
I, thus beset with pain and grief, did pray to
God for grace;
And he forthwith did hear my plaint out of
His holy place.

Such is His power that in His wrath He made
the earth to quake—
Yea, the foundation of the mount of Basan
for to shake.
And from His nostrils came a smoke, when
kindled was His ire;
And from His mouth came kindled coals of
hot consuming fire.

The Lord descended from above, and bowed
the heavens high;
And underneath His feet He cast the darkness
of the sky.
On cherubs and on cherubims full royally He
rode;
And on the wings of all the winds came fly-
ing all abroad.

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

PSALM XIX.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth begun its race
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

Great sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise—
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven!

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM XXIII.

I.

GOD, who the universe doth hold
In His fold,
Is my shepherd, kind and heedful—
Is my shepherd, and doth keep
Me, His sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

II.

He feeds me in His fields, which been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with spring's flowery painting—
Thro' which creep, with murmuring crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirit's fainting.

III.

When my soul from heaven's way
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For His name's sake, kindly, He
Wandering me
To His holy fold reduced.

IV.

Yea, though I stray through death's vale,
Where His pale
Shades did on each side enfold me,
Dreadless, having Thee for guide,
Should I bide;
For Thy rod and staff uphold me.

v.

Thou my board with messes large
Dost surcharge;
My bowls full of wine Thou pourest;
And before mine enemies'
Envious eyes
Balm upon my head Thou showerest.

VI.

Neither dures Thy bounteous grace
For a space;
But it knows no bound nor measure;
So my days, to my life's end,
I shall spend
In Thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

PSALM XXIII.

Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed His happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
He my soul anew shall frame;
And, His mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread;
There I walk from terror free,
While my every wish I see
By Thy rod and staff supplied—
This my guard, and that my guide.
While my foes are gazing on,
Thou Thy favoring care hast shown;
Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refreshed my head;
Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows;
For Thy love no limit knows.
Constant, to my latest end,
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

JAMES MERRICK.

PSALM XXX.

I.

LORD, to Thee, while I am living,
Will I sing hymns of thanksgiving;
For Thou hast drawn me from a gulf of woes,
So that my foes
Do not deride me.

II.

When Thine aid, Lord, I implored,
Then by Thee was I restored;
My mournful heart with joy thou straight didst fill,
So that none ill
Doth now betide me.

III.

My soul, grievously distressed,
And with death well-nigh oppressed,
From death's devouring jaws, Lord, Thou didst save,
And from the grave
My soul deliver.

IV.

Oh, all ye that e'er had savor
Of God's everlasting favor,
Come! come and help me grateful praises sing
To the world's king,
And my life's giver.

V.

For His anger never lasteth,
And His favor never wasteth.
Though sadness be thy guest in sullen night,
The cheerful light
Will cheerful make thee.

VI.

Lulled asleep with charming pleasures,
And base, earthly, fading treasures,
Rest, peaceful soul, said I, in happy state—
No storms of fate
Shall ever shake thee!

VII.

For Jehovah's grace unbounded
Hath my greatness surely founded;
And hath my state as strongly fortified,
On every side,
As rocky mountains.

VIII.

But away His face God turned—
I was troubled then, and mourned;
Then thus I poured forth prayers and doleful cries.
With weeping eyes
Like watery fountains:

IX.

In my blood there is no profit;
If I die what good comes of it?
Shall rotten bones or senseless dust express
Thy thankfulness,
And works of wonder?

X.

Oh then hear me, prayers forthpouring,
Drowned in tears, from moist eyes showering;
Have mercy, Lord, on me; my burden ease,
If Thee it please,
Which I groan under!

XI.

Thus prayed I, and God, soon after,
Changed my mourning into laughter;
Mine ashy sackcloth, mark of mine annoy,
To robes of joy
Eftsoons He turned.

XII.

Therefore, harp and voice, cease never,
But sing sacred lays for ever
To great Jehovah mounted on the skies,
Who dried mine eyes
When as I mourned.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there—
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God—
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode;

That sacred stream Thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM XLVI.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He 'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can—
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Zebaoth's son—
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? His doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, spite of hell, shall have its course—
'T is written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all—
The city of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER. (German.)
Translation of THOMAS CARLYLE.

PSALM LXV.

SECOND PART.

'T IS by Thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at Thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad—
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are Thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still—
Thy goodness crowns the year.

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM LXVI.

HAPPY sons of Israel,
Who in pleasant Canaan dwell,
Fill the air with shouts of joy—
Shouts redoubled from the sky.
Sing the great Jehovah's praise,
Trophies to His glory raise;
Say: How wonderful Thy deeds!
Lord, Thy power all power exceeds!
Conquest on Thy sword doth sit—
Trembling foes through fear submit.
Let the many-peopled earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Worship our eternal king—
Hymns unto His honor sing.
Come, and see what God hath wrought—
Terrible to human thought!
He the billows did divide,
Walled with waves on either side,
While we passed safe and dry;
Then our souls were rapt with joy.
Endless His dominion—
All beholding from His throne.
Let not those who hate us most,
Let not the rebellious, boast.
Bless the Lord! His praise be sung
While an ear can hear a tongue!
He our feet establisheth;
He our souls redeems from death.
Lord, as silver purified,
Thou hast with affliction tried;
Thou hast driven into the net,
Burdens on our shoulders set.
Trod on by their horse's hooves—
Theirs whom pity never moves—
We through fire, with flames embraced,
We through raging floods have passed;
Yet by Thy conducting hand
Brought into a wealthy land.
I will to Thy house repair,
Worship, and Thy power declare—
Offerings on Thy altar lay,
All my vows devoutly pay,
Uttered with my heart and tongue,
When oppressed with powerful wrong.
Fatlings I will sacrifice;
Incense in perfume shall rise—
Bullocks, shaggy goats, and rams,
Offered up in sacred flames.
You who great Jehovah fear,
Come, oh come, you blest! and hear
What for me the Lord hath wrought,
Then when near to ruin brought.
Fervently to Him I cried;
I His goodness magnified.
If I vices should affect,
Would not He my prayers reject?

But the Lord my prayers hath heard
Which my tongue with tears preferred.
Source of mercy be Thou blest,
That hast granted my request!

GEORGE SANDYS.

PSALM LXXII.

FIRST PART.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son—
Extend His power, exalt His throne!

Thy sceptre well becomes His hands—
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and His fear shall last
Till hours and years, and time, be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send His influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM XCII.

THOU who art enthroned above—
Thou by whom we live and move!
Oh how sweet, how excellent,
Is 't, with tongue and heart's consent,
Thankful hearts, and joyful tongues,
To renown Thy name in songs—
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
Thy high favors to rehearse,
Thy firm faith in grateful verse!
 Take the lute and violin;
Let the solemn harp begin—
Instruments strung with ten strings—
While the silver cymbal rings.
 From Thy works my joy proceeds;
How I triumph in Thy deeds!
Who Thy wonders can express?
All Thy thoughts are fathomless—
Hid from men, in knowledge blind—
Hid from fools to vice inclined.
Who that tyrant sin obey,
Though they spring like flowers in May,
Parched with heat, and nipped with frost,
Soon shall fade, forever lost.
 Lord, Thou art most great, most high—
Such from all eternity.
Perish shall Thy enemies—
Rebels that against Thee rise.
All who in their sins delight
Shall be scattered by Thy might;
But Thou shalt exalt my horn,
Like a youthful unicorn;
Fresh and fragrant odors shed
On Thy crowned prophet's head.
 I shall see my foe's defeat,
Shortly hear of their retreat;
But the just, like palms, shall flourish
Which the plains of Judah nourish—
Like tall cedars mounted on
Cloud-ascending Lebanon.
Plants set in Thy court, below
Spread their roots and upwards grow;
Fruit in their old age shall bring—
Ever fat and flourishing.
This God's justice celebrates—
He, my rock, injustice hates.

GEORGE SANDYS.

PSALM C.

WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise—
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before Him songs of praise—

Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed—
We whom He chooses for His own,
The flock which He vouchsafes to feed.

Oh enter then His temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

For He 's the Lord supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which all times firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY.

PSALM CXVII.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord—
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM CXXX.

From the deeps of grief and fear,
O Lord! to Thee my soul repairs;
From Thy heaven bow down Thine ear—
Let Thy mercy meet my prayers:
Oh! if Thou mark'st
What 's done amiss,
What soul so pure
Can see Thy bliss?

But with Thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear;
Wait, my soul, wait on His hands—
Wait, mine eye; oh! wait, mine ear!
If He His eye
Or tongue affords,
Watch all His looks,
Catch all His words!
As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again,
When the night grows old and gray,
To be relieved he calls amain;
So look, so wait,
So long mine eyes,
To see my Lord,
My sun, arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord—
For from His tongue sweet mercy flows.
Wait on His cross, wait on His word—
Upon that true redemption grows;
He will redeem
His Israel
From sin and wrath,
From death and hell.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

HYMN, FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your maker's wondrous power proclaim—
Tell how He formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise Him in the shade.

Thou heaven of heavens, His vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God!
Who called yon worlds from night;
"Ye shades, dispel!"—the Eternal said,
At once the involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye dragons, sound His awful name
To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below!

Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul!

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye towering mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own!
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at His look,
And trembled at His frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies!

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing—
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise!

Let man—by nobler passions swayed—
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at His throne;
Ye princes, rulers, all, adore—
Praise Him, ye kings, who make your power
An image of His own!

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,
Oh praise the eternal source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire;
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh His blessed name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre!

JOHN OGILVIE.

PSALM CXLVIII.

You who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries—
You whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers!
Angels, your clear voices raise—
Him your heavenly armies praise;
Sun and moon, with borrowed light;
All you sparkling eyes of night;
Waters hanging in the air;
Heaven of heavens—His praise declare,
His deserved praise record,
He who made you by His word—
Made you evermore to last,
Set you bounds not to be passed!
Let the earth His praise resound;
Monstrous whales, and seas profound;
Vapors, lightnings, hail, and snow;
Storms which, when He bids them, blow;
Flowery hills and mountains high;
Cedars, neighbors to the sky;
Trees that fruit in season yield;
All the cattle of the field;
Savage beasts, all creeping things;
All that cut the air with wings;
You who awful sceptres sway,
You inured to obey—
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth;
Youths and virgins flourishing
In the beauty of your spring;
You who bow with age's weight,
You who were but born of late;

Praise His name with one consent.
Oh, how great! how excellent!
Than the earth profounder far,
Higher than the highest star,
He will us to honor raise;
You, His saints, resound His praise—
You who are of Jacob's race,
And united to His grace!

GEORGE SANDYS.

HYMN.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?—
But Thou canst read it there!

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I 'll raise;
For oh! eternity 's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

HYMN.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave;
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I 'll adore—
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

GOD is a name my soul adores—
The almighty Three, the eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

From Thy great self Thy being springs—
Thou art Thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things;
And self-sufficience bears them all.

Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of Thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows—
From change to change the creatures run,
Thy being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.

A glance of Thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad sheets of light compose Thy robes;
Thy guards are formed of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms:
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing Thy glory or Thy grace—
Beneath Thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of Thy face!

Who can behold the blazing light—
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but Thy wisdom knows Thy might—
None but Thy word can speak Thy name.

ISAAC WATTS.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I SOUGHT Thee round about, O Thou my God!
In thine abode.
I said unto the earth: "Speak! art thou he?"
She answered me:
"I am not."—I enquired of creatures all,
In general,
Contained therein—they with one voice proclaim
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
My God to know;
I asked the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abyss—
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Enquiry ran;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air, if that were he; but
It told me no.
I from the towering eagle to the wren
Demanded then
If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such;
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full choir
Answered: "To find thy God thou must look higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars—but they
Said: "We obey
The God thou seekest." I asked, what eye or ear
Could see or hear—
What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below;
—With an unanimous voice, all these things said:
"We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass,
If that God was;
Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
As stupefied:
"I am not He, O man! for know that I
By Him on high
Was fashioned first of nothing; thus instated
And swayed by Him, by whom I was created."

I sought the court; but smooth-tongued flattery there
Deceived each ear;
In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
Swearing and lying;
I' the country, craft in simpleness arrayed—
And then I said:
"Vain is my search, although my pains be great—
Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I, then,
Even thus, began:
"O man, what art thou?"—What more could I say
Than dust and clay—
Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
That cannot last—
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
Formed from that earth to which I must return?

I asked myself, what this great God might be
That fashioned me;
I answered: The all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense—

Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,
Lord over all;
The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
To all that live
Both breath and being. He is the creator
Both of the water,
Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list—
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by Thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face
(So far forth as it may discovered be)
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite,
To human sight
Thou, in Thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest—
In which to our weak sense Thou comest nearest.

Oh make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God, most kind!
Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
Thou God, most just!
Remit all our offences, we entreat—
Most good, most great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

WALKING WITH GOD.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed—
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No! no! never can it be—
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be—
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy maker is not nigh;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy.
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

"HOW GRACIOUS AND HOW WISE."

How gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And oh! how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from His rod!

He lifts it up on high
With pity in His heart,
That every stroke His children feel
May grace and peace impart.

Instructed thus, they bow,
And own His sovereign sway—
They turn their erring footsteps back
To His forsaken way.

His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honor His commands.

Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely Thine.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

GOD IS LOVE.

All I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of Thee.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers;
Air, with all its beams and showers;
Ocean's infinite expanse;
Heaven's resplendent countenance—
All around, and all above,
Hath this record: God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred—
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden: God is love.

All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies,
All our human sympathies—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering: God is love.

ANONYMOUS.

THE RESIGNATION.

O GOD! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,—
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial night,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me, in the trying hour—
When anguish swells the dewy tear—
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain—
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain;
 For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
 I'll thank the inflictor of the blow—
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

CHORUS.

KING of kings! and Lord of lords!
 Thus we move, our sad steps timing
 To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,
Where Thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to Thee—
To the shadow of Thy wings,
Lord of lords! and king of kings!

Behold, O Lord! the heathen tread
 The branches of Thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
 O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us—the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of Thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of Thine hand,
Thou wilt save Thy chosen land!
By all Thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;
By the Egyptian's car-borne host,
Scattered on the Red Sea coast—
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us, in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress—
On the sand and sea-weed lying—
Israel poured her doleful sighing;
While before the deep sea flowed,
And behind fierce Egypt rode—
To their fathers' God they prayed,
To the Lord of hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the prophet stood;
And the summoned east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words:
King of kings! and Lord of lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,
 On exulting Egypt came;
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
 And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring,
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud,
The Lord looked down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows rolled.
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank—they sank like lead—
Down sank without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun, that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored—
By saint, by savage, and by sage—
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this: that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away—
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see—
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot—
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies—
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

DIVINE EJACULATION.

I.

GREAT God! whose sceptre rules the earth,
Distil Thy fear into my heart,
That, being rapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good Thou art;
Open my lips, that I may sing
Full praises to my God, my king.

II.

Great God! Thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there, Thy flowers decay;
Oh call to mind Thy promise past—
Restore Thou them, cut these away;
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

III.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee;
Oh make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by Thee;
Lord, let Thy gracious trials show
That I am just—or make me so.

IV.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of Thine,
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone, this heart of mine?
No, Lord, till Thou new-bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

V.

Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

VI.

Lord God of gods! before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, oh what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee?
We have no offerings to impart,
But praises, and a wounded heart.

VII.

O Thou that sitt'st in heaven and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my prince, be Thou my priest—
Command my soul, and cure my sin;
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

VIII.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in Thee:
What I enjoy, oh make it mine,
In making me—that have it—Thine.

IX.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends—when eyes grow strange—
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When earth and all things in it change—
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never;
Where once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.

X.

Great God! whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel—and live,
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

JOHN QUARLES.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

O GOD, unseen but not unknown,
Thine eye is ever fixed on me;
I dwell beneath Thy secret throne,
Encompassed by Thy deity.

Throughout this universe of space
To nothing am I long allied;
For flight of time, and change of place,
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they?
Friends whom I knew I know no more;
Companions, once that cheered my way,
Have dropped behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst a crowd
Of life and action hurrying round;
Now left alone—for, like a cloud,
They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself sometimes I part—
Unconscious sleep is nightly death—
Yet surely by my couch Thou art,
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done and said
How little can I now recall!
Forgotten things to me are dead;
With Thee they live,—Thou know'st them all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,
Witness to every conflict here;
Nor wilt Thou leave me at the tomb—
Before Thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes,—the only one
Of all my time to be foretold;
Yet when, and how, and where, can none
Among the race of man unfold:—

The moment comes when strength shall fail,
When — health, and hope, and courage flown—
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death with Thee alone.

Alone with Thee!—in that dread strife
Uphold me through mine agony;
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands,
Of Thee, my Saviour and my God—

Be mine eternal portion this—
Since Thou wert always here with me:
That I may view Thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with Thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth—
She is my maker's creature, therefore good.
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air—her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea—she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye—
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee?
Without Thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without Thy presence, heaven's itself no pleasure:
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire;
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness—
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

TIME PAST, TIME PASSING, TIME TO COME.

LORD, Thou hast been Thy people's rest,
Through all their generations—
Their refuge when by troubles pressed,
Their hope in tribulations:
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
Art God from everlasting.

Our life is like the transient breath,
That tells a mournful story—
Early or late stopped short by death—
And where is all our glory?
Our days are threescore years and ten,
And if the span be lengthened then,
Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors;
Our secret sins from darkness rise
At Thine awakening terrors:
Who shall abide the trying hour?
Who knows the thunder of Thy power?
We flee unto Thy mercy.

Lord, teach us so to mark our days
That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways
That we may love Thee truly;
Return, O Lord! our griefs behold,
And with Thy goodness, as of old,
Oh satisfy us early!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"THOU GOD UNSEARCHABLE."

THOU God unsearchable, unknown,
Who still conceal'st Thyself from me,
Hear an apostate spirit groan—
Broke off and banished far from Thee:
But conscious of my fall I mourn,
And fain I would to Thee return.

Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulf of night—
My poor desponding soul to cheer,
Till Thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all Thy glorious love.

A hidden God indeed Thou art—
Thy absence I this moment feel;
Yet must I own it from my heart—
Concealed, Thou art a Saviour still;
And though Thy face I cannot see,
I know Thine eye is fixed on me.

My Saviour Thou, not yet revealed;
Yet will I Thee my Saviour call,
Adore Thy hand—from sin withheld—
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
Now Lord, throughout my darkness shine
And show Thyself for ever mine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

GOD'S GREATNESS.

O GOD, Thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths Thou art!
O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart—
With love embrace and cover me!
While Thee, all infinite, I set
By faith before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight—
O'erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die!

Eternity Thy fountain was,
Which, like Thee, no beginning knew:
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glowed with stars th' ethereal blue.

Greatness unspeakable is Thine—
Greatness whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,—
When earth and heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life 's unbounded sea!
What lives and moves, lives by Thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is, from Thee.

Thy parent-hand, Thy forming skill,
Firm fixed this universal chain;
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By Thee was to perfection brought!
High is Thy power above all height;
Whate'er Thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,
Only to Thee, O God, is known!

Heaven's glory is Thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes Thy gracious sway;
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own—
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What our dim eye could never see
Is plain and naked to Thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to Thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light Thou dwell'st, light that no shade,
No variation, ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell stand all displayed,
And open to Thy piercing view.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
Th' immortal armies of the sky;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly!
With downcast eye th' angelic choir
Appear before Thy awful face;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault resound Thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all Thou art;
The conscious creature feels Thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone!
Justice and truth before Thee stand;
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows Thy tender love,
Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace;
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!
To Thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From Thee, great source of being, flow.

Parent of good, Thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in Thee live, move, and are—
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those Thy daily favors share
Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.
Thy sun Thou bidd'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all, who hate or bless Thy sway,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

Yet while, at length, who scorned Thy might
Shall feel Thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to Thy love aspire!
All creatures praise th' eternal name!
Ye hosts that to His court belong—
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames—
Awake the everlasting song!
Thrice holy! Thine the kingdom is—
The power omnipotent is Thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

JOACHIM JUSTUS BREITHAUPT. (German.)
Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
Thou only God—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,

Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence—for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

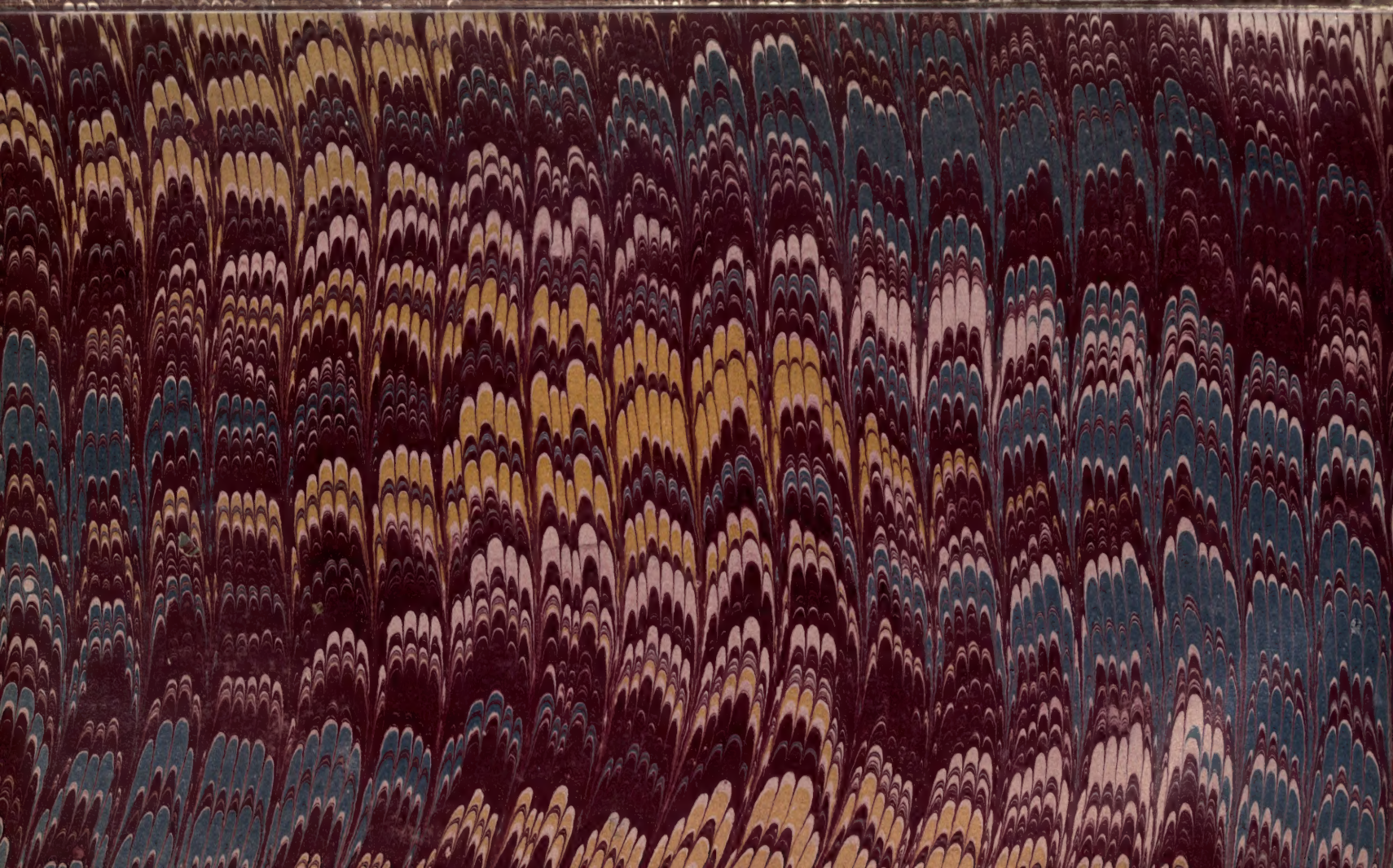
The chain of being is complete in me—
In me is matter's last gradation lost,

And the next step is spirit—deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its author there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! oh visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

GABRIEL ROMANOWITCH DERZHAVIN. (Russian.)
Translation of JOHN BOWRING



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